№ 301.



F. Hayman delin.

C. Grignion sculp. –

№ 301.



F. Hayman delin.

C. Grignion sculp. –

P.P. 5250 fa.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOLUME the FOURTH.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER.

MDCCLIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

DUKE

OF

MARLBOROUGH.

My Lord,

AS it is natural to have a Fondneſs for what has coſt us much Time and Attention to produce, I hope Your Grace will forgive an Endeavour to preſerve this Work

from Oblivion, by affixing to it Your memorable Name.

I ſhall not here preſume to mention the illuſtrious Paſſages of Your Life, which are celebrated by the whole Age, and have been the Subject of the moſt ſublime Pens; but if I could convey You to Poſterity in your private Character, and deſcribe the Stature, the Behaviour and Aſpect of the Duke of *Marlborough*, I queſtion not but it would fill the Reader with more agreeable Images, and give him a more delightful Entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other Book.

ONE cannot indeed without Offence, to Yourſelf, obſerve, that You excel the reſt of Mankind in the leaſt, as well as the greateſt

En-

Endowments. Nor were it a Circumſtance to be mentioned, if the Graces and Attractions of Your Perſon were not the only Pre-eminence You have above others, which is left, almoſt, unobſerved by greater Writers.

YET how pleaſing would it be to thoſe who ſhall read the ſurpriſing Revolutions in your Story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary Life and Deportment? How pleaſing would it be to hear that the ſame Man, who had carried Fire and Sword into the Countries of all that had oppoſed the Cauſe of Liberty, and ſtruck a Terrour into the Armies of *France*, had, in the midſt of His high Station, a Behaviour as gentle as is uſual in the firſt Steps towards Greatneſs? And if it were poſſible

to expreſs that eaſy Grandeur, which did at once perſuade and command; it would appear as clearly to thoſe to come, as it does to his Contemporaries, that all the great Events which were brought to paſs under the Conduct of ſo well-governed a Spirit, were the Bleſſings of Heaven upon Wiſdom and Valour; and all which ſeem adverſe fell out by divine Permiſſion, which we are not to ſearch into.

YOU have paſs'd that Year of Life wherein the moſt able and fortunate Captain, before Your Time, declared he had lived enough both to Nature and to Glory; and Your Grace may make that Reflexion with much more Juſtice. He ſpoke it after he had arrived at Empire, by an Uſurpa-

tion

tion upon thoſe whom he had enſlaved; but the Prince of *Mindelheim* may rejoice in a Sovereignty which was the Gift of Him whoſe Dominions he had preſerved.

GLORY eſtabliſhed upon the uninterrupted Succeſs of honourable Deſigns and Actions is not ſubject to Diminution; nor can any Attemps prevail againſt it, but in the Proportion which the narrow Circuit of Rumour bears to the unlimited Extent of Fame.

WE may congratulate Your Grace not only upon your high Atchievements, but likewiſe upon the happy Expiration of Your Command, by which your Glory is put out of the Power of Fortune: And when your Perſon ſhall be ſo too, that the Author and Diſpoſer of all Things may place You in that

higher Manſion of Bliſs and Immortality which is prepared for good Princes, Lawgivers, and Heroes, when HE in HIS due Time removes them from the Envy of Mankind, is the hearty Prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient,

moſt devoted

humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. IV.

THE SPECTATOR.

N° 252 *Wednesday, December* 19, 1711.

Errantis, quæſumque oculos, per cuncta ferenti.
Virg. Æn. 2. v. 570.

Exploring ev'ry Place with curious Eyes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM very ſorry to find by your Diſcourſe upon the Eye, that you have not thoroughly ſtudied the Nature and Force of that Part of a beauteous Face. Had you ever been in Love, you would have ſaid ten thouſand things, which it ſeems did not occur to you; Do but reflect upon the Nonſenſe it makes Men talk, the Flames which it is ſaid to kindle, the Tranſport it raiſes, the Dejection it cauſes in the braveſt Men; and if you do believe thoſe things are expreſſed to an Extravagance, yet you will own, that the Influence of it is very great which moves Men to that Extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole Strength of the Mind is ſometimes ſeated there; that a kind Look imparts all, that a Year's Diſcourſe could give you, in one Moment. What matters it what ſhe ſays

"to you, ſee how ſhe looks, is the Language of all who "know what Love is. When the Mind is thus ſummed up "and expreſſed in a Glance, did you never obſerve a ſud- "den Joy ariſe in the Countenance of a Lover? Did you "never ſee the Attendance of Years paid, over-paid in an "Inſtant? You a SPECTATOR, and not know that the "Intelligence of Affection is carried on by the Eye only; "that Good-breeding has made the Tongue falſify the "Heart, and act a Part of continual Conſtraint, while Na- "ture has preſerved the Eyes to herſelf, that ſhe may not "be diſguiſed or miſrepreſented. The poor Bride can give "her Hand, and ſay, *I do*, with a languiſhing Air, to the "Man ſhe is obliged by cruel Parents to take for merce- "nary Reaſons, but at the ſame time ſhe cannot look "as if ſhe loved; her Eye is full of Sorrow, and Reluc- "tance ſits in a Tear, while the offering of the Sacrifice "is performed in what we call the Marriage Ceremony. "Do you never go to Plays? Cannot you diſtinguiſh be- "tween the Eyes of thoſe who go to ſee, from thoſe who "come to be ſeen? I am a Woman turned of thirty, and "am on the Obſervation a little; therefore if you or your "Correſpondent had conſulted me in your Diſcourſe on "the Eye, I could have told you that the Eye of *Leonora* "is ſlily watchful while it looks negligent; ſhe looks "round her without the help of the Glaſſes you ſpeak of, "and yet ſeems to be employed on Objects directly before "her. This Eye is what affects Chance-medley, and on "a ſudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all "its Charms againſt an Ogler. The Eye of *Luſitania* is "an Inſtrument of premeditated Murder; but the Deſign "being viſible, deſtroys the Execution of it; and with "much more Beauty than that of *Leonora*, it is not half "ſo miſchievous. There is a brave Soldier's Daughter "in Town, that by her Eye has been the Death of more "than ever her Father made fly before him. A beautiful "Eye makes Silence eloquent, a kind Eye makes Con- "tradiction an Aſſent, an enraged Eye makes Beauty de- "formed. This little Member gives Life to every other "Part about us, and I believe the Story of *Argus* implies "no more than that the Eye is in every Part, that is to "ſay, every other Part would be mutilated, were not its "Force repreſented more by the Eye than even by itſelf.

"But

'But this is Heathen *Greek* to thoſe who have not converſed by Glances. This, Sir, is a Language in which 'there can be no Deceit, nor can a ſkilful Obſerver be 'impoſed upon by Looks even among Politicians and 'Courtiers. If you do me the Honour to print this 'among your Speculations, I ſhall in my next make you 'a Preſent of Secret Hiſtory, by Tranſlating all the Looks 'of the next Aſſembly of Ladies and Gentlemen into 'Words, to adorn ſome future Paper. I am,

SIR,

Your faithful Friend,

Mary Heartfree.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have a Sot of a Husband that lives a very ſcandalous 'Life, and waſtes away his Body and Fortune in 'Debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the Arguments 'I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether in 'ſome Caſes a Cudgel may not be allowed as a good 'Figure of Speech, and whether it may not be lawfully 'uſed by a Female Orator.

Your humble Servant,

Barbara Crabtree.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH I am a Practitioner in the Law of ſome 'ſtanding, and have heard many eminent Pleaders 'in my Time, as well as other eloquent Speakers of both 'Univerſities, yet I agree with you, that Women are better qualified to ſucceed in Oratory than the Men, and 'believe this is to be reſolved into natural Cauſes. You 'have mentioned only the Volubility of their Tongue; 'but what do you think of the ſilent Flattery of their 'pretty Faces, and the Perſuaſion which even an inſipid 'Diſcourſe carries with it when flowing from beautiful 'Lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? 'It is certain too, that they are poſſeſſed of ſome Springs 'of Rhetorick which Men want, ſuch as Tears, fainting 'Fits, and the like, which I have ſeen employed upon 'Occaſion with good Succeſs. You muſt know I am 'a plain Man and love my Money; yet I have a Spouſe 'who is ſo great an Orator in this Way, that ſhe draws 'from me what Sums ſhe pleaſes. Every Room in my

'Houſe

'House is furnished with Trophies of her Eloquence, 'rich Cabinets, Piles of China, Japan Screens, and costly 'Jars; and if you were to come into my great Parlour, 'you would fancy yourself in an *India* Ware-house: Be-'sides this she keeps a Squirrel, and I am doubly taxed 'to pay for the China he breaks. She is seized with pe-'riodical Fits about the Time of the Subscriptions to a 'new Opera, and is drowned in Tears after having seen 'any Woman there in finer Cloaths than herself. These 'are Arts of Persuasion purely Feminine, and which a 'tender Heart cannot resist. What I would therefore 'desire of you, is, to prevail with your Friend who has 'promised to dissect a Female Tongue, that he would at 'the same time give us the Anatomy of a Female Eye, 'and explain the Springs and Sluices which feed it with 'such ready Supplies of Moisture; and likewise shew by 'what means, if possible, they may be stopped at a rea-'sonable Expence: Or, indeed, since there is something 'so moving in the very Image of weeping Beauty, it 'would be worthy his Art to provide, that these eloquent 'Drops may no more be lavished on Trifles, or employed 'as Servants to their wayward Wills; but reserved for 'serious Occasions in Life, to adorn generous Pity, true 'Penitence, or real Sorrow.

T *I am, &c.*

No 253 *Thursday, December* 20.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 75.

I lose my Patience, and I own it too,
When Works are censur'd, not as Bad, but New. Pope.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great Mind, than the Abhorrence of Envy and Detraction. This Passion reigns more among bad Poets, than among any other Set of Men.

AS

AS there are none more ambitious of Fame, than those who are conversant in Poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to deprecate the Works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the Reputation of their Fellow-Writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own Pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a Level with them.

THE greatest Wits that ever were produced in one Age, lived together in so good an Understanding, and celebrated one another with so much Generosity, that each of them receives an additional Lustre from his Contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with Men of so extraordinary a Genius, than if he had himself been the sole Wonder of the Age. I need not tell my Reader, that I here point at the Reign of *Augustus*, and I believe he will be of my Opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained so great a Reputation in the World, had they not been the Friends and Admirers of each other. Indeed all the great Writers of that Age, for whom singly we have so great an Esteem, stand up together as Vouchers for one another's Reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mævius* were his declared Foes and Calumniators.

IN our own Country a Man seldom sets up for a Poet, without attacking the Reputation of all his Brothers in the Art. The Ignorance of the Moderns, the Scribblers of the Age, the Decay of Poetry, are the Topicks of Detraction, with which he makes his Entrance into the World: But how much more noble is the Fame that is built on Candour and Ingenuity, according to those beautiful Lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his Poem on *Fletcher*'s Works!

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise:
Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who, to secure their Reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best Judges, has admitted some Strokes

Strokes of this Nature into a very fine Poem; I mean *The Art of Criticiſm*, which was publiſh'd ſome Months ſince, and is a Maſter-piece in its kind. The Obſervations follow one another like thoſe in *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, without that methodical Regularity which would have been requiſite in a Proſe Author. They are ſome of them uncommon, but ſuch as the Reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them explained with that Elegance and Perſpicuity in which they are delivered. As for thoſe which are the moſt known, and the moſt recieved, they are placed in ſo beautiful a Light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt Alluſions, that they have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their Truth and Solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monſieur *Boileau* has ſo very well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that Wit and fine Writing do not conſiſt ſo much in advancing Things that are new, as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn. It is impoſſible for us, who live in the latter Ages of the World, to make Obſervations in Criticiſm, Morality, or in any Art or Science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common Senſe of Mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few Precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Ariſtotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the *Auguſtan* Age. His Way of expreſſing and applying them, not his Invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

FOR this Reaſon I think there is nothing in the World ſo tireſome as the Works of thoſe Criticks who write in a poſitive Dogmatick Way, without either Language, Genius, or Imagination. If the Reader would ſee how the beſt of the *Latin* Criticks writ, he may find their Manner very beautifully deſcribed in the Characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the Eſſay of which I am now ſpeaking.

SINCE I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his Reflexions has given us the ſame kind of Sublime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral paſſages that occaſioned them;

I cannot but take notice, that our *Engliſh* Author has after the ſame manner exemplified ſeveral of his Precepts in the very Precepts themſelves. I ſhall produce two or three Inſtances of this Kind. Speaking of the inſipid Smoothneſs which ſome Readers are ſo much in Love with, he has the following Verſes.

Theſe Equal Syllables *alone require,*
Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels *tire,*
While Expletives *their feeble Aid* do *join,*
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line.

THE gaping of the Vowels in the ſecond Line, the Expletive *do* in the third, and the ten Monoſyllables in the fourth, give ſuch a Beauty to this Paſſage, as would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet. The Reader may obſerve the following Lines in the ſame View.

A needleſs Alexandrine *ends the Song,*
That like a wounded Snake drags its ſlow Length along.

And afterwards,

'Tis not enough no Harſhneſs gives Offence,
The Sound *muſt ſeem an* Echo *to the* Senſe:
Soft *is the Strain when* Zephyr *gently blows,*
And the ſmooth Stream *in* ſmoother Numbers *flows;*
But when loud Surges laſh the ſounding Shore,
The hoarſe rough Verſe *ſhou'd like the* Torrent *rore.*
When Ajax *ſtrives ſome Rocks vaſt Weight to throw,*
The Line too labours, *and the Words move* ſlow;
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla *ſcours the Plain,*
Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and ſkims along the Main.

THE beautiful Diſtich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing Lines, puts me in mind of a Deſcription in *Homer*'s Odyſſey, which none of the Criticks have taken notice of. It is where *Siſyphus* is repreſented lifting his Stone up the Hill, which is no ſooner carried to the Top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the Bottom. This double Motion of the Stone is admirably deſcribed in the Numbers of theſe Verſes; As in the four firſt it is heaved up by ſeveral *Spondees* intermixed with proper Breathing places, and at laſt trundles down in a continual Line of *Dactyls*.

Kai

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατερὰ ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε πρὸς λόφον· ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀπὸς μετάτροπος κρατάιε,
Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

Odyſſ. l. 11.

I turn'd my Eye, and as I turn'd ſurvey'd
A mournful Vision! the *Siſyphian* Shade:
With many a weary Step, and many a Groan,
Up the high Hill he heaves a huge round Stone:
The huge round Stone, reſulting with a Bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and ſmokes along the Ground. POPE.

IT would be endleſs to quote Verſes out of *Virgil* which have this particular Kind of Beauty in the Numbers; but I may take an Occaſion in a future Paper to ſhew ſeveral of them which have eſcaped the Obſervation of others.

I cannot conclude this Paper without taking notice that we have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the ſame Nature, and each of them a Maſter-piece in its Kind; the Eſſay on tranſlated Verſe, the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry, and the Eſſay upon Criticiſm. C

Nº 254 *Friday, December* 21.

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δ' ὑπαὶ κυπρείδος ἔχως ὀφέλλει.

One Love of Virtue Reverence attends,
But Senſual Pleaſure in our Ruin ends.

WHEN I conſider the falſe Impreſſions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none more than a certain Levity of Thought, which many young Women of Quality have entertained, to the Hazard of their Characters, and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The firſt of the following Letters may beſt repreſent the Faults I would now

new point at, and the Answer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

My dear Harriot,

'IF thou art she, but oh how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an awkward Chamber-maid. For Variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with Madam in her Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this time I am sure well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

'BLEST Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels: After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradise*, like the first happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little Insolence in me perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any publick Places with your Husband, and never to saunter about St. *James*'s *Park* together: If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hide-Park* together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a tame loving Couple most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of

'ours

'ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and 'fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in 'the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to 'meet, you would think them perfect Strangers: She ne-'ver was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes 'care he shall never be the Subject of any Discourse that 'she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a 'Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to 'think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman* Wives much brigh-'ter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head 'to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come 'into Publick in the Habit as well as Air of a *Roman* Ma-'tron. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. *Mo-dish*'s Tea-Table; she says, she always thought you a 'discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with 'admirable Prudence: she dies to see what demure and 'serious Airs Wedlock has given you, but she says she 'shall never forgive your Choice of so galant a Man as '*Bellamour* to transform him to a mere sober Husband; 'twas unpardonable: You see, my Dear, we all envy 'your Happiness, and no Person more than

Your humble Servant,

Lydia.

'BE not in pain, good Madam, for my Appearance 'in Town; I shall frequent no publick Places, or 'make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife 'is ridiculous. As for your wild Rallery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you, and all the handsom young 'Women of your Acquaintance, shew yourselves to no 'other Purpose than to gain a Conquest over some Man 'of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and For-'tune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, 'the Design is modest and honourable, and all your 'Affectation can't disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other Concern but to please 'the Man I Love; he's the End of every care I have; if 'I dress 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to 'qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: 'He's almost the end of my Devotions; half my Prayers 'are for his Happiness----I love to talk of him, and ne-'ver hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I

'am

'am your Friend, and wiſh you Happineſs, but am ſorry 'to ſee by the Air of your Letter that there are a Set of 'Women who are got into the Common-Place Rallery 'of every Thing that is ſober, decent, and proper: Ma-'trimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People of 'little Wit and no Underſtanding. I own to you, I have 'learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a 'diſcreet, ingenious, pleaſant, pious Woman; I wiſh ſhe 'had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modiſh*; you would 'find, if you were too free with her, ſhe would ſoon 'make you as charming as ever you were, ſhe would 'make you bluſh as much as if you never had been fine 'Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is ſo kind as to viſit my 'Husband, and his agreeable Converſation has brought 'him to enjoy many ſober happy Hours when even I am 'ſhut out, and my dear Maſter is entertained only with 'his own Thoughts. Theſe Things, dear Madam, will 'be laſting Satisfactions, when the fine Ladies, and the 'Coxcombs by whom they form themſelves, are irrepa-'rably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age. I am,

Madam, your moſt humble Servant,

Mary Home.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have no Goodneſs in the World, and are not 'in earneſt in any thing you ſay that is ſerious, if 'you do not ſend me a plain Anſwer to this: I happened 'ſome Days paſt to be at the Play, where during the 'Time of Performance, I could not keep my Eyes off 'from a beautiful young Creature who ſat juſt before me, 'and who I have been ſince informed has no Fortune. 'It would utterly ruin my Reputation for Diſcretion to 'marry ſuch a one, and by what I can learn ſhe has a 'Character of great Modeſty, ſo that there is nothing to 'be thought on any other Way. My Mind has ever ſince 'been ſo wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger 'of doing ſomething very extravagant without your 'ſpeedy Advice to,

S I R, Your moſt humble Servant.

I am ſorry I cannot anſwer this impatient Gentleman, but by another Queſtion.

Dear

Dear Correſpondent,

WOULD you marry to pleaſe other People, or yourſelf? T

N° 255 *Saturday, December* 22.

Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecta poterunt recreare libello.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 36.

[IMITATED.]

Know, there are Rhymes, which (freſh and freſh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride. POPE.

THE Soul, conſidered abſtractedly from its Paſſions, is of a remiſs and ſedentary Nature, ſlow in its Reſolves, and languiſhing in its Executions. The Uſe therefore of the Paſſions is to ſtir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Underſtanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Proſecution of his Deſigns. As this is the End of the Paſſions in general, ſo it is particularly of Ambition, which puſhes the Soul to ſuch Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflexions higher, we may diſcover farther Ends of Providence in implanting this Paſſion in Mankind.

IT was neceſſary for the World, that Arts ſhould be invented and improved, Books written and tranſmitted to Poſterity, Nations conquered and civilized: Now ſince the proper and genuine Motives to theſe and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds; there would be but ſmall Improvements in the World, were there not ſome common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And ſuch a Principle is Ambition or a Deſire of Fame, by which great Endowments are not ſuffered to lie idle and uſeleſs to the Publick, and many vicious Men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Courſe of Action. For we may farther obſerve,

that

that Men of the greateſt Abilities are moſt fired with Ambition: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a Man's Senſe of his own Incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at Fame, or that he has not enough range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to his Intereſt or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of his Soul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a Paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the World, and a Torment to himſelf.

WERE not this Deſire of Fame very ſtrong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a Man from ſo vain a Purſuit.

HOW few are there who are furniſhed with Abilities ſufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of Mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a Level, and obſerves a kind of Proportion in its Diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every Perſon from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

AND among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by Nature, and accompliſhed by their own Induſtry, how few are there whoſe Virtues are not obſcured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe End or Intention; and others purpoſely miſrepreſent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

BUT the more to enforce this Conſideration, we may obſerve that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their Purſuit after Fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is *Saluſt*'s Remark upon *Cato*, that the leſs he coveted Glory the more he acquired it.

MEN take an ill-natur'd Pleaſure in croſſing our Inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our Hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate Deſire of Fame in the Ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf) they become

ſparing

ſparing and reſerved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applauſe, and look on their Praiſes rather as a Kindneſs done to his Perſon, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverſeneſs of Temper grow wary in their Praiſes of one, who ſets too great a Value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own Imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater Diſtance from themſelves.

BUT farther, this Deſire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into ſuch Indecencies as are a leſſening to his Reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his Actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his Deſerts ſhould be concealed from the Notice of the World, or receive any Diſadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty Boaſts and Oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtical Recitals of his own Performances: His Diſcourſe generally leans one Way, and, whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural Weakneſs of an ambitious Man, which expoſes him to the ſecret Scorn and Deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruins the Character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their Luſtre when they are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own Hand; and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boaſt will probably be cenſured when the great Action that occaſioned it is forgotten.

BESIDES, this very Deſire of Fame is looked on as a Meanneſs and Imperfection in the greateſt Character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial Greatneſs of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Cenſures and Applauſes of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noiſe and Striſe of Tongues. Accordingly we find in ourſelves a ſecret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves above us in a regular and illuſtrious Courſe of Virtue, without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to aſcribe it to

Vain-

Vain-Glory, and a Deſire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by ſo ſelfiſh a Motive, and to do that out of a Deſire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a diſintereſted Love to Mankind, or by a generous Paſſion for the Glory of him that made us.

THUS is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by thoſe who thirſt after it, ſince moſt Men have ſo much either of Ill-nature, or of Warineſs, as not to gratify or ſooth the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and ſince this very Thirſt after Fame naturally betrays him into ſuch Indecencies as are a leſſening to his Reputation, and is itſelf looked upon as a Weakneſs in the greateſt Characters.

IN the next place, Fame is eaſily loſt, and as difficult to be preſerved as it was at firſt to be acquired. But this I ſhall make the Subject of a following Paper. C

N° 256 *Monday, December* 24.

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κούφη μὲν ἀεῖραι
Ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν ——— Heſ.

Deſire of Fame by various Ways is croſt,
Hard to be gain'd, and eaſy to be loſt.

THERE are many Paſſions and Tempers of Mind which naturally diſpoſe us to depreſs and vilify the Merit of one riſing in the Eſteem of Mankind. All thoſe who made their Entrance into the World with the ſame Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflexion on their own Indeſerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of ſome paſt Action, or derogate from the Worth of the preſent, that they may ſtill keep him on the ſame Level with themſelves. The like Kind of Conſideration often ſtirs up the Envy of ſuch as were

were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to ſee another get ground upon them and overtake them in the Purſuits of Glory; and will therefore endeavour to ſink his Reputation, that they may the better preſerve their own. Thoſe who were once his Equals envy and defame him, becauſe they now ſee him their Superior; and thoſe who were once his Superiors, becauſe they look upon him as their Equal.

BUT farther, a Man whoſe extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Obſervation of Mankind draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that will narrowly inſpect every Part of him, conſider him nicely in all Views, and not be a little pleaſed when they have taken him in the worſt and moſt diſadvantageous Light. There are many who find a Pleaſure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in ſpreading abroad the Weakneſſes of an exalted Character. They publiſh their ill-natur'd Diſcoveries with a ſecret Pride, and applaud themſelves for the Singularity of their Judgment which has ſearched deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the World have overlooked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the Errors and Infirmities of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they diſcover none of the like Errors and Infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's Weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations, who are not ſubject to the like Infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of Vanity to ſee themſelves ſuperior in ſome reſpects to one of a ſublime and celebrated Reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious in publiſhing the Blemiſhes of an extraordinary Reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame Cenſures in their own Characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own Defects by the Authority of ſo high an Example, or raiſing an imaginary Applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a Perſon of an exalted Reputation, though in the blameable Parts of his Character. If all theſe ſecret Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Oſtentation of Wit ſets a Man on attacking an eſtabliſhed Name, and ſacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of thoſe about him. A Satire or a Libel on one of the

common

common Stamp, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at a Perſon whoſe Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it ſhews greater Art to expoſe and turn to ridicule a Man whoſe Character ſeems ſo improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleaſed by ſome implicit kind of Revenge to ſee him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in ſome meaſure reduced to our own Rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

THUS we ſee how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are ſearching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an Inſpection. For we may generally obſerve, that our Admiration of a famous Man leſſens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear the Deſcription of a celebrated Perſon, without a Catalogue of ſome notorious Weakneſſes and Infirmities. The Reaſon may be, becauſe any little Slip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his Conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his Character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a Man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important Part of his Life, and to keep a watchful Eye over all the inconſiderable Circumſtances of his Behaviour and Converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame Temper of Mind which inclines us to a Deſire of Fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch Slips and Unwarineſſes as are not incident to Men of a contrary Diſpoſition.

AFTER all it muſt be confeſs'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and diſſipates theſe little Spots and Sullies in its Reputation; but if by a miſtaken Purſuit after Fame, or through human Infirmity, any falſe Step be made in the more momentous Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Deſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller Stains and Blemiſhes may die away and diſappear amidſt the Brightneſs that ſurrounds them; but a Blot of a deeper Nature caſts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens

the whole Character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great Name, when he that has acquired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little Weakneſſes and Infirmities as are no ſmall Diminution to it when diſcovered, eſpecially when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed, and aggravated by ſuch as were once his Superiors or Equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhow their Judgment or their Wit, and by ſuch as are guilty or innocent of the ſame Slips or Miſconducts in their own Behaviour?

BUT were there none of theſe Diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous Man, nor any ſuch Miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendor. There muſt be always a noble Train of Actions to preſerve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhort-liv'd Paſſion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh Diſcoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succeſſion of Miracles riſing up to its View. And even the greateſt Actions of a celebrated Perſon labour under this Diſadvantage, that however ſurpriſing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raiſe the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to *his*.

ONE would think there ſhould be ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the Poſſeſſion of Fame, that, notwithſtanding all theſe mortifying Conſiderations, can engage a Man in ſo deſperate a Purſuit; and yet if we conſider the little Happineſs that attends a great Character, and the Multitude of Diſquietudes to which the Deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious Mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many reſtleſs Candidates for Glory.

AMBITION raiſes a ſecret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent Hurry of Thought: It is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary Good, that has not in it the Power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other Things we long for can allay the Cravings of their proper Senſe, and for a while ſet the Appetite at Reſt:

Reſt: But Fame is a Good ſo wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapted to it, nor any Organ in the Body to reliſh it; an Object of Deſire placed out of the Poſſibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleaſure, but it is ſuch a Pleaſure as makes a Man reſtleſs and uneaſy under it; and which does not ſo much ſatisfy the preſent Thirſt, as it excites freſh Deſires, and ſets the Soul on new Enterpriſes. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they deſired, and whoſe Thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very Height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumſtance in *Cæſar*'s Character which gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made uſe of in private Converſation, *That he was ſatisfied with his Share of Life and Fame, Se ſatis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their Purſuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Diſappointments they have met in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleaſure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldneſs of old Age; but ſeldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquieſcence in their preſent Enjoyments of it.

NOR is Fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the Deſire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles which thoſe are free from who have no ſuch a tender Regard for it. How often is the ambitious Man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no Praiſe where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very Praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought, which they ſeldom do unleſs increaſed by Flattery, ſince few Men have ſo good an Opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious Man can be ſo much grieved even with Praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the ſame Temper of Mind which makes him deſire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary Praiſes of Men, he will be as much dejected by their Cenſures. How little therefore is the Happineſs of an ambitious Man, who gives every one a Do-

minion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill Speeches of others, and puts it in the Power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a Fit of Melancholy, and deſtroy his natural Reſt and Repoſe of Mind? Eſpecially when we conſider that the World is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

WE may further obſerve, that ſuch a Man will be more grieved for the Loſs of Fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the Enjoyment of it. For tho' the Preſence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, the Abſence of it may make us miſerable: Becauſe in the Enjoyment of an Object we only find that Share of Pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the Loſs of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real Value it bears, but to the Value our Fancies and Imaginations ſet upon it.

SO inconſiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and ſo great the Diſquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The Deſire of it ſtirs up very uneaſy Motions in the Mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied by the Preſence of the Thing deſired. The Enjoyment of it brings but very little Pleaſure, tho' the Loſs or Want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting; and even this little Happineſs is ſo very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are diſappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their Praiſes. C

Nº 257 *Tuesday, December* 25.

——— Οὐχ' εὕδει Διὸς
Ὀφθαλμός· ἐσχύς δ' ἔστι καὶ παρὼν πόνῳ.
Incert. ex Stob.

No Slumber ſeals the Eye of Providence,
Preſent to ev'ry Action we commence.

THAT I might not loſe myſelf upon a Subject of ſo great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have firſt of all conſidered the Reaſons why Providence may have implanted in our Mind ſuch a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place ſhewn from many Conſiderations, firſt, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and eaſily loſt; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happineſs, but ſubjects him to much Uneaſineſs and Diſſatisfaction. I ſhall in the laſt Place ſhew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with Fulneſs of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End that Happineſs which is reſerved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it Fulneſs of Joy and Pleaſures for evermore.

HOW the Purſuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I ſhall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Conſiderations.

FIRST, Becauſe the ſtrong Deſire of Fame breeds ſeveral vicious Habits in the Mind.

SECONDLY, Becauſe many of thoſe Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happineſs.

THIRDLY, Becauſe if we ſhould allow the ſame Actions to be the proper Inſtruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this Happineſs, they would nevertheleſs fail in the Attainment of this laſt End, if they proceeded from a Deſire of the firſt.

THESE three Propoſitions are ſelf-evident to thoſe who are verſed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reaſon I ſhall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a Point of the ſame Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

FROM what has already been obſerved, I think we may have a natural Concluſion, that it is the greateſt Folly to ſeek the Praiſe or Approbation of any Being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two Reaſons; Becauſe no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our Merits; and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable Benefit or Advantage from the Eſteem and Approbation of any other Being.

IN the firſt Place, No other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings ſee nothing but our Outſide, and can therefore only frame a Judgment of us from our exterior Actions and Behaviour; but how unfit theſe are to give us a right Notion of each other's Perfections, may appear from ſeveral Conſiderations. There are many Virtues, which in their own Nature are incapable of any outward Repreſentation: Many ſilent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to human Nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the Knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without Noiſe or Show, and are only viſible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can expreſs the intire Purity of Thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous Man? That ſecret Reſt and Contentedneſs of Mind, which gives him a Perfect Enjoyment of his preſent Condition? That inward Pleaſure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Proſperity and Happineſs of another? Theſe and the like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the ſecret Graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal Eye, but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and ſhewing themſelves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, a proper Object and a fit Conjuncture of Circumſtances, for the due Exerciſe of it. A State of Poverty obſcures all the Virtues of Liberality and Muni-

Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confeſſor lie concealed in the flouriſhing Times of Chriſtianity. Some Virtues are only ſeen in Affliction, and ſome in Proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a publick Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the Poſſibilities of Action. He diſcovers the Martyr and Confeſſor without the Trial of Flames and Tortures, and will hereafter intitle many to the Reward of Actions, which they had never the Opportunity of performing. Another Reaſon why Men cannot form a right Judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame Actions may be aimed at different Ends, and ariſe from quite contrary Principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a Nature, and ſo full of Circumſtances, that as Men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome Parts more than others, they take different Hints, and put contrary Interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame Actions may repreſent a Man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which makes him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often ſees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the Object: So that on this Account alſo, *he* is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not gueſs at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodneſs of our Actions, but weighs the Goodneſs of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

BUT further; it is impoſſible for outward Actions to repreſent the Perfections of the Soul, becauſe they can never ſhew the Strength of thoſe Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expreſſions of our Virtues, and can only ſhew us what Habits are in the Soul, without diſcovering the Degree and Perfection of ſuch Habits. They are at beſt but weak Reſemblances of our Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may acquaint us with the general Deſign, but can never expreſs the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of human Improvement, from thoſe weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed them-

ſelves into regular Purpoſes and Deſigns, to the laſt intire Finiſhing and Conſummation of a good Habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progreſs, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the ſupreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper Merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a juſt Eſtimate of us, ſince there are many Perfections of a Man which are not capable of appearing in Actions; many which, allowing no natural Incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an Opportunity of doing it; or ſhould they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet thoſe Actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles; or though they plainly diſcovered the Principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of thoſe Principles.

AND as the ſupreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, ſo is he the only fit Rewarder of them. This is a Conſideration that comes home to our Intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our Ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh Man deſire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a Knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt Appearance of Perfection in him, and ſuch a Goodneſs as will proportion a Reward to it.

LET the ambitious Man therefore turn all his Deſire of Fame this Way; and, that he may propoſe to himſelf a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his Abilities to the beſt Advantage, the Time will come when the ſupreme Governor of the World, the great Judge of Mankind, who ſees every Degree of Perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible Perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his Worth before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Preſence of the whole Creation that beſt and moſt ſignificant of Applauſes, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Maſter's Joy.*

C

Wedneſday,

N° 258 *Wednesday, December* 26.

Divide & Impera.
Divide and Rule.

PLEASURE and Recreation of one Kind or other are abſolutely neceſſary to relieve our Minds and Bodies from too conſtant Attention and Labour: Where therefore publick Diverſions are tolerated, it behoves Perſons of Diſtinction, with their Power and Example, to preſide over them in ſuch a Manner as to check any thing that tends to the Corruption of Manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the Entertainment of reaſonable Creatures. As to the Diverſions of this Kind in this Town, we owe them to the Arts of Poetry and Muſick: My own private Opinion, with Relation to ſuch Recreations, I have heretofore given with all the Frankneſs imaginable; what concerns thoſe Arts at preſent the Reader ſhall have from my Correſpondents. The firſt of the Letters with which I acquit myſelf for this Day, is written by one who propoſes to improve our Entertainments of Dramatick Poetry, and the other comes from three Perſons, who, as ſoon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the preſent State of Muſick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am conſiderably obliged to you for your ſpeedy Publication of my laſt in yours of the 18th Inſtant, and 'am in no ſmall Hopes of being ſettled in the Poſt of '*Comptroller of the Cries*. Of all the Objections I have 'hearkened after in publick Coffee-houſes there is but one 'that ſeems to carry any Weight with it, *viz.* That ſuch 'a Poſt would come too near the Nature of a Monopo'ly. Now, Sir, becauſe I would have all Sorts of People 'made eaſy, and being willing to have more Strings than 'one to my Bow; in caſe that of *Comptroller* ſhould fail 'me, I have ſince formed another Project, which, being

'grounded on the dividing a preſent Monopoly, I hope 'will give the Publick an Equivalent to their full Content. 'You know, Sir, it is allowed that the Buſineſs of the 'Stage is, as the *Latin* has it, *Jucunda & Idonea dicere 'Vitæ*. Now there being but one Dramatick Theatre 'licenſed for the Delight and Profit of this extenſive 'Metropolis, I do humbly propoſe, for the Convenience 'of ſuch of its Inhabitants as are too diſtant from *Covent-'Garden*, that another *Theatre of Eaſe* may be erected in 'ſome ſpacious Part of the City; and that the Direction 'thereof may be made a Franchiſe in Fee to me, and my 'Heirs for ever. And that the Town may have no Jea-'louſy of my ever coming to an Union with the Set of 'Actors now in being, I do further propoſe to conſtitute 'for my Deputy my near Kinſman and Adventurer *Kit 'Crotchet*, whoſe long Experience and Improvements in 'thoſe Affairs need no Recommendation. 'Twas obvious 'to every Spectator what a quite different Foot the Stage 'was upon during his Government; and had he not 'been bolted out of his Trap-Doors, his Garriſon might 'have held out for ever, he having by long Pains and 'Perſeverance arriv'd at the Art of making his Army fight 'without Pay or Proviſions. I muſt confeſs it, with a 'melancholy Amazement, I ſee ſo wonderful a Genius 'laid aſide, and the late Slaves of the Stage now become 'its Maſters, Dunces that will be ſure to ſuppreſs all 'Theatrical Entertainments and Activities that they are 'not able themſelves to ſhine in!

'EVERY Man that goes to a Play is not obliged to 'have either Wit or Underſtanding; and I inſiſt upon it, 'that all who go there ſhould ſee ſomething which may 'improve them in a Way of which they are capable. In 'ſhort, Sir, I would have ſomething *done* as well as *ſaid* 'on the Stage. A Man may have an active Body, though 'he has not a quick Conception; for the Imitation there-'fore of ſuch as are, as I may ſo ſpeak, corporeal Wits 'or nimble Fellows, I would fain ask any of the preſent 'Miſmanagers, Why ſhould not Rope-dancers, Vaulters, 'Tumblers, Ladder-walkers, and Poſture-makers appear 'again on our Stage? After ſuch a Repreſentation, a Five-'bar Gate would be leaped with a better Grace next Time 'any of the Audience went a Hunting. Sir, theſe Things

'cry

'cry loud for Reformation and fall properly under the 'Province of SPECTATOR General; but how indeed 'ſhould it be otherwiſe, while Fellows (that for Twenty 'Years together were never paid but as their Maſter was 'in the Humour) now preſume to pay others more than 'ever they had in their Lives; and in Contempt of the 'Practice of Perſons of Condition, have the Inſolence to 'owe no Tradeſman a Farthing at the End of the Week. 'Sir, all I propoſe is the publick Good; for no one can 'imagine I ſhall ever get a private Shilling by it: There-'fore I hope you will recommend this Matter in one of 'your this Week's Papers, and deſire when my Houſe 'opens you will accept the Liberty of it for the Trouble 'you have receiv'd from,

SIR,

P. S. I have Aſſurances that the Trunk-maker will declare for us.

Your Humble Servant,
Ralph Crotchet.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE whoſe Names are ſubſcribed, think you the 'propereſt Perſon to ſignify what we have to 'offer the Town in Behalf of ourſelves, and the Art 'which we profeſs, *Muſick*. We conceive Hopes of your 'Favour from the Speculations on the Miſtakes which the 'Town run into with Regard to their Pleaſure of this 'Kind; and believing your Method of judging is, that 'you conſider Muſick only valuable, as it is agreeable to, 'and heightens the Purpoſe of Poetry, we conſent that 'That is not only the true Way of reliſhing that Plea-'ſure, but alſo, that without it a Compoſure of Muſick is 'the ſame thing as a Poem, where all the Rules of Poeti-'cal Numbers are obſerved, tho' the Words have no Senſe 'or Meaning; to ſay it ſhorter, mere muſical Sounds are 'in our Art no other than nonſenſe Verſes are in Poetry. 'Muſick therefore is to aggravate what is intended by 'Poetry; it muſt always have ſome Paſſion or Sentiment 'to expreſs, or elſe Violins, Voices, or any other Organs 'of Sound, afford an Entertainment very little above the 'Rattles of Children. It was from this Opinion of the 'Matter, that when Mr. *Clayton* had finiſhed his Studies

'in

'in *Italy*, and brought over the Opera of *Arſinoe*, that Mr. '*Haym* and Mr. *Dieupart*, who had the Honour to be 'well known and received among the Nobility and Gen'try, were zealouſly inclined to aſſiſt, by their Solicita'tions, in introducing ſo elegant an Entertainment as the '*Italian* Muſick grafted upon *Engliſh* Poetry. For this 'End Mr. *Dieupart* and Mr. *Haym*, according to their ſe'veral Opportunities, promoted the Introduction of *Ar'ſinoe*, and did it to the beſt Advantage ſo great a Novelty 'would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with Par'ticulars of the juſt Complaints we all of us have to make; 'but ſo it is, that without Regard to our obliging Pains, 'we are all equally ſet aſide in the preſent Opera. Our 'Application therefore to you is only to inſert this Letter 'in your Papers, that the Town may know we have all 'Three joined together to make Entertainments of Mu'ſick for the future at Mr. *Clayton*'s Houſe in *York-Build'ings*. What we promiſe ourſelves, is, to make a 'Subſcription of two Guineas, for eight Times; and 'that the Entertainment, with the Names of the Au'thors of the Poetry, may be printed, to be ſold in the 'Houſe, with an Account of the ſeveral Authors of the 'Vocal as well as the Inſtrumental Muſick for each Night; 'the Money to be paid at the Receipt of the Tickets, at 'Mr. *Charles Lillie*'s. It will, we hope, Sir, be eaſily al'lowed, that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit by 'our joint Force and different Qualifications all that can 'be done in Muſick; but leſt you ſhould think ſo dry a 'thing as an Account of our Propoſal ſhould be a Mat'ter unworthy your Paper, which generally contains 'ſomething of publick Uſe; give us leave to ſay, that 'favouring our Deſign is no leſs than reviving an Art, 'which runs to Ruin by the utmoſt Barbariſm under an 'Affectation of Knowledge. We aim at eſtabliſhing ſome 'ſettled Notion of what is Muſick, at recovering from 'Neglect and Want very many Families who depend up'on it, at making all Foreigners who pretend to ſucceed 'in *England* to learn the Language of it as we ourſelves 'have done, and not be ſo inſolent as to expect a whole 'Nation, a refined and learned Nation, ſhould ſubmit to 'learn theirs. In a word, Mr. SPECTATOR, with all 'Deference and Humility, we hope to behave ourſelves

'in

" in this Undertaking in ſuch a Manner, that all *Engliſh*
" Men who have any Skill in Muſick may be furthered in
" it for their Profit or Diverſion by what new Things we
" ſhall produce; never pretending to ſurpaſs others, or aſ-
" ſerting that any Thing which is a Science is not attain-
" able by all Men of all Nations who have proper Genius
" for it: We ſay, Sir, what we hope for is not expected
" will arrive to us by contemning others, but through
" the utmoſt Diligence recommending ourſelves.

We are, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servants,

Thomas Clayton.
Nicolino Haym.
Charles Dieupart.

T

N° 259 *Thurſday, December 27.*

Quod decet honeſtum eſt, & quod honeſtum eſt decet. Tull.

What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

THERE are ſome Things which cannot come under certain Rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward Civilities and Salutations. Theſe one would imagine might be regulated by every Man's common Senſe without the Help of an Inſtructor; but that which we call common Senſe ſuffers under that Word; for it ſometimes implies no more than that Faculty which is common to all Men, but ſometimes ſignifies right Reaſon, and what all Men ſhould conſent to. In this latter Acceptation of the Phraſe, it is no great Wonder People err ſo much againſt it, ſince it is not every one who is poſſeſſed of it, and there are fewer, who, againſt common Rules and Faſhions, dare obey its Dictates. As to Salutations, which I was about to talk of, I obſerve, as I ſtrole about Town, there are great Enormities committed with regard to this Particular,

lar. You ſhall ſometimes ſee a Man begin the Offer of a Salutation, and obſerve a forbidding Air, or eſcaping Eye, in the Perſon he is going to ſalute, and ſtop ſhort in the Pole of his Neck. This in the Perſon who believed he could do it with a good Grace, and was refuſed the Opportunity, is juſtly reſented with a Coldneſs the whole enſuing Seaſon. Your great Beauties, People in much Favour, or by any Means or for any Purpoſe overflattered, are apt to practiſe this which one may call the preventing Aſpect, and throw their Attention another Way, leſt they ſhould confer a Bow or a Curtſy upon a Perſon who might not appear to deſerve that Dignity. Others you ſhall find ſo obſequious, and ſo very courteous, as there is no eſcaping their Favours of this Kind. Of this Sort may be a Man who is in the fifth or ſixth Degree of Favour with a Miniſter; this good Creature is reſolved to ſhew the World, that great Honours cannot at all change his Manners; he is the ſame civil Perſon he ever was; he will venture his Neck to bow out of a Coach in full Speed, at once, to ſhew he is full of Buſineſs, and yet is not ſo taken up as to forget his old Friend. With a Man, who is not ſo well formed for Courtſhip and elegant Behaviour, ſuch a Gentleman as this ſeldom finds his Account in the Return of his Compliments, but he will ſtill go on, for he is in his own Way, and muſt not omit; let the Neglect fall on your Side, or where it will, his Buſineſs is ſtill to be well-bred to the End. I think I have read, in one of our *Engliſh* Comedies, a Deſcription of a Fellow that affected knowing every Body, and for Want of Judgment in Time and Place, would bow and ſmile in the Face of a Judge ſitting in the Court, would ſit in an oppoſite Gallery and ſmile in the Miniſter's Face as he came up into the Pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to ſome Familiarities between them in another Place. But now I happen to ſpeak of Salutation at Church, I muſt take notice that ſeveral of my Correſpondents have importuned me to conſider that Subject, and ſettle the Point of Decorum in that Particular.

I do not pretend to be the beſt Courtier in the World, but I have often on publick Occaſions thought it a very great Abſurdity in the Company (during the Royal Preſence) to exchange Salutations from all Parts of the Room, when

when certainly common Senſe ſhould ſuggeſt, that all Regards at that Time ſhould be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other Object, without Diſrepect to the Sovereign. But as to the Complaint of my Correſpondents, it is not to be imagined what Offence ſome of them take at the Cuſtom of Saluting in Places of Worſhip. I have a very angry Letter from a Lady, who tells me of one of her Acquaintance, who, out of mere Pride and a Pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no Civilities done to her in Time of Divine Service, and is the moſt religious Woman for no other Reaſon but to appear a Woman of the beſt Quality in the Church. This abſurd Cuſtom had better be aboliſhed than retained, if it were but to prevent Evils of no higher a Nature than this is; but I am informed of Objections much more conſiderable: A Diſſenter of Rank and Diſtinction was lately prevailed upon by a Friend of his to come to one of the greateſt Congregations of the Church of *England* about Town: After the Service was over, he declared he was very well ſatisfied with the little Ceremony which was uſed towards God Almighty; but at the ſame time he feared he ſhould not be able to go through thoſe required towards one another: As to this Point he was in a State of Deſpair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a Convert. There have been many Scandals of this Kind given to our Proteſtant Diſſenters from the outward Pomp and Reſpect we take to ourſelves in our Religious Aſſemblies. A Quaker who came one Day into a Church, fixed his Eye upon an old Lady with a Carpet larger than that from the Pulpit before her, expecting when ſhe would hold forth. An Anabaptiſt who deſigns to come over himſelf, and all his Family, within few Months, is ſenſible they want Breeding enough for our Congregations, and has ſent his two eldeſt Daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themſelves at Church: It is worth conſidering whether, in regard to aukward People with ſcrupulous Conſciences, a good Chriſtian of the beſt Air in the World ought not rather to deny herſelf the Opportunity of ſhewing ſo many Graces, than keep a baſhful Proſelyte without the Pale of the Church. T

Friday,

N° 260 *Friday, December 28.*

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 55.

Years following Years steal something ev'ry Day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away. POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am now in the sixty fifth Year of my Age, and having been the greater Part of my Days a Man of Pleasure, the Decay of my Faculties is a Stagnation of my Life. But how is it, Sir, that my Appetites are increased upon me with the Loss of Power to gratify them? I write this, like a Criminal, to warn People to enter upon what Reformation they please to make in themselves in their Youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond Opinion some have often in their Mouths, that if we do not leave our Desires they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my Dress, and as flippant if I see a pretty Woman, as when in my Youth I stood upon a Bench in the Pit to survey the whole Circle of Beauties. The Folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little Check of my Desires, or Resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own Thoughts, sit with my Spectacles on, writing Love-Letters to the Beauties that have been long since in their Graves. This is to warm my Heart with the faint Memory of Delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my Life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy Action done for my Country? If I had laid out that which I profused in Luxury and Wantonness, in Acts of Generosity or Charity? I have lived a Bachelor to this Day; and instead of a numerous Offspring, with which, in the regular Ways of Life, I might possibly have de-

lighted

'lighted myſelf, I have only to amuſe myſelf with the 'Repetition of Old Stories and Intrigues which no one 'will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know 'whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you 'cannot fall on a better Subject, than that of the Art of growing old. In ſuch a Lecture you muſt propoſe, that 'no one ſet his Heart upon what is tranſient; the Beauty 'grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The 'witty Man ſinks into an Humouriſt imperceptibly, for 'want of reflecting that all Things around him are in a 'Flux, and continually changing. Thus he is in the Space 'of ten or fifteen Years ſurrounded by a new Set of 'People, whoſe Manners are as natural to them as his 'Delights, Method of Thinking, and Mode of Living, 'were formerly to him and his Friends. But the Miſ-'chief is, he looks upon the ſame Kind of Errors which 'he himſelf was guilty of with an Eye of Scorn, and with 'that ſort of Ill-will which Men entertain againſt each 'other for different Opinions: Thus a crazy Conſtitu-'tion, and an uneaſy Mind is fretted with vexatious 'Paſſions for young Men doing fooliſhly what it is Folly 'to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my preſent State of 'Mind; I hate thoſe I ſhould laugh at, and envy thoſe 'I contemn. The Time of Youth and vigorous Man-'hood, paſſed the Way in which I have diſpoſed of it, 'is attended with theſe Conſequences; but to thoſe who 'live and paſs away Life as they ought, all Parts of it 'are equally pleaſant; only the Memory of good and 'worthy Actions is a Feaſt which muſt give a quicker 'Reliſh to the Soul than ever it could poſſibly taſte in 'the higheſt Enjoyments or Jollities of Youth. As for 'me, if I ſit down in my great Chair and begin to pon-'der, the Vagaries of a Child are not more ridiculous 'than the Circumſtances which are heaped up in my 'Memory; fine Gowns, Country Dances, Ends of 'Tunes, interrupted Converſations, and midnight Quar-'rels, are what muſt neceſſarily compoſe my Soliloquy. 'I beg of you to print this, that ſome Ladies of my 'Acquaintance, and my Years, may be perſuaded to 'wear warm Night-Caps this cold Seaſon: and that my 'old Friend *Jack Tawdry* may buy him a Cane, and 'not creep with the Air of a Strut. I muſt add to all

'this,

'this, that if it were not for one Pleaſure, which I 'thought a very mean one 'till of very late Years, I 'ſhould have no one great Satisfaction left; but if I 'live to the 10th of *March*, 1714, and all my Securities 'are good, I ſhall be worth Fifty thouſand Pound.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Jack Afterday.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will infinitely oblige a diſtreſſed Lover, if 'you will inſert in your very next Paper, the 'following Letter to my Miſtreſs. You muſt know, I 'am not a Perſon apt to deſpair, but ſhe has got an odd 'Humour of ſtopping ſhort unaccountably, and, as ſhe 'herſelf told a Confident of hers, ſhe has cold Fits. 'Theſe Fits ſhall laſt her a Month or ſix Weeks toge-'ther; and as ſhe falls into them without Provocation, 'ſo it is to be hoped ſhe will return from them without 'the Merit of new Services. But Life and Love will 'not admit of ſuch Intervals, therefore pray let her be 'admoniſhed as follows.

Madam,

'I Love you, and I honour you: therefore pray do 'not tell me of waiting till Decencies, till Forms, 'till Humours are conſulted and gratified. If you have 'that happy Conſtitution as to be indolent for ten Weeks 'together, you ſhould conſider that all that while I 'burn in Impatiences and Fevers; but ſtill you ſay it 'will be Time enough, tho' I and you too grow older 'while we are yet talking. Which do you think the 'more reaſonable, that you ſhould alter a State of In-'difference for Happineſs, and that to oblige me, or I 'live in Torment, and that to lay no manner of Obli-'gation upon you? While I indulge your Inſenſibility 'I am doing nothing; if you favour my Paſſion, you 'are beſtowing bright Deſires, gay Hopes, generous 'Cares, noble Reſolutions and tranſporting Raptures 'upon,

Madam,

Your moſt devoted humble Servant.

Mr

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HERE's a Gentlewoman lodges in the ſame Houſe
'with me, that I never did any Injury to in my
'whole Life; and ſhe is always railing at me to thoſe
'that ſhe knows will tell me of it. Don't you think ſhe
'is in Love with me? or would you have me break my
'Mind yet or not?

Your Servant,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Footman in a great Family, and am in Love
'with the Houſe-maid. We were all at Hot-cockles
'laſt Night in the Hall theſe Holidays; when I lay down
'and was blinded, ſhe pulled off her Shoe, and hit me
'with the Heel ſuch a Rap, as almoſt broke my Head to
'Pieces. Pray, Sir, was this Love or Spite? T

N° 261 *Saturday, December* 29.

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐυκτὸν κακόν. Frag. vet. Poet.

Wedlock's an Ill Men eagerly embrace.

MY Father, whom I mentioned in my firſt Speculation, and whom I muſt always name with Honour and Gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the Subject of Marriage. I was in my younger Years engaged, partly by his Advice, and partly by my own Inclinations in the Courtſhip of a Perſon who had a great deal of Beauty, and did not at my firſt Approaches ſeem to have any Averſion to me; but as my natural Taciturnity hindred me from ſhewing myſelf to the beſt Advantage, ſhe by degrees began to look upon me as a very ſilly Fellow, and being reſolved to regard Merit more than any Thing elſe in the Perſons who made their Applications to her, ſhe married a Captain

of

of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for Recruits in thoſe Parts.

THIS unlucky Accident has given me an Averſion to pretty Fellows ever ſince, and diſcouraged me from trying my Fortune with the Fair Sex. The Obſervations which I made in this Conjuncture, and the repeated Advices which I received at that Time from the good old Man above-mentioned, have produced the following Eſſay upon Love and Marriage.

THE pleaſanteſt Part of a Man's Life is generally that which paſſes in Courtſhip, provided his Paſſion be ſincere, and the Party beloved kind with Diſcretion. Love, Deſire, Hope, all the pleaſing Motions of the Soul riſe in the Purſuit.

IT is eaſier for an artful Man who is not in Love, to perſuade his Miſtreſs he has a Paſſion for her, and to ſucceed in his Purſuits, than for one who loves with the greateſt Violence. True Love has ten thouſand Griefs, Impatiences and Reſentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Perſon whoſe Affection he ſolicits; beſides, that it ſinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehenſions and Poorneſs of Spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himſelf.

THOSE Marriages generally abound moſt with Love and Conſtancy, that are preceded by a long Courtſhip. The Paſſion ſhould ſtrike Root, and gather Strength before Marriage be grafted on it. A long Courſe of Hopes and Expectations fixes the Idea in our Minds, and habituates us to a Fondneſs of the Perſon beloved.

THERE is Nothing of ſo great Importance to us, as the good Qualities of one to whom we join ourſelves for Life; they do not only make our preſent State agreeable, but often determine our Happineſs to all Eternity. Where the Choice is left to Friends, the chief Point under Conſideration is an Eſtate: Where the Parties chooſe for themſelves, their Thoughts turn moſt upon the Perſon. They have both their Reaſons. The firſt would procure many Conveniences and Pleaſures of Life to the Party whoſe Intereſts they eſpouſe; and at the ſame time may hope that the Wealth of their Friends will turn to their own Credit and Advantage. The others are preparing

paring for themſelves a perpetual Feaſt. A good Perſon does not only raiſe, but continue Love, and breeds a ſecret Pleaſure and Complacency in the Beholder, when the firſt Heats of Deſire are extinguiſhed. It puts the Wife or Huſband in Countenance both among Friends and Strangers, and generally fills the Family with a healthy and beautiful Race of Children.

I ſhould prefer a Woman that is agreeable in my own Eye, and not deformed in that of the World, to a celebrated Beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you muſt have a violent Paſſion for her, or you have not the proper Taſte of her Charms; and if you have ſuch a Paſſion for her, it is odds but it would be imbittered with Fears and Jealouſies.

GOOD-NATURE and Evenneſs of Temper will give you an eaſy Companion for Life; Virtue and good Senſe, an agreeable Friend; Love and Conſtancy, a good Wife or Huſband. Where we meet one Perſon with all theſe Accompliſhments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The World, notwithſtanding, is more intent on Trains and Equipages, and all the ſhowy Parts of Life; we love rather to dazzle the Multitude, than conſult our proper Intereſts; and, as I have elſewhere obſerved, it is one of the moſt unaccountable Paſſions of human Nature, that we are at greater pains to appear eaſy and happy to others, than really to make ourſelves ſo. Of all Diſparities, that in Humour makes the moſt unhappy Marriages, yet ſcarce enters into our Thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this Reſpect unequally yoked, and uneaſy for Life, with a Perſon of a particular Character, might have been pleaſed and happy with a Perſon of a contrary one, notwithſtanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their Kind.

BEFORE Marriage we cannot be too inquiſitive and diſcerning in the Faults of the Perſon beloved, nor after it too dim-ſighted and ſuperficial. However perfect and accompliſhed the Perſon appears to you at a Diſtance, you will find many Blemiſhes and Imperfections in her Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never diſcovered or perhaps ſuſpected. Here therefore Diſcretion and Good-nature are to ſhew their Strength; the firſt will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling

dwelling on what is diſagreeable, the other will raiſe in you all the Tenderneſs of Compaſſion and Humanity, and by degrees ſoften thoſe very Imperfections into Beauties.

MARRIAGE enlarges the Scene of our Happineſs and Miſeries. A Marriage of Love is pleaſant; a Marriage of Intereſt eaſy; and a Marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy Marriage has in it all the Pleaſures of Friendſhip, all the Enjoyments of Senſe and Reaſon, and indeed, all the Sweets of Life. Nothing is a greater Mark of a degenerate and vicious Age, than the common Ridicule which paſſes on this State of Life. It is, indeed, only happy in thoſe who can look down with Scorn or Neglect on the Impieties of the Times, and tread the Paths of Life together in a conſtant uniform Courſe of Virtue.

N° 262 *Monday, December* 31.

Nulla venenato Littera miſta Joco eſt.
Ovid. Triſt. l. 2. v. 566.

Satirical Reflexions I avoid.

I Think myſelf highly obliged to the Publick for their kind Acceptance of a Paper which viſits them every Morning, and has in it none of thoſe *Seaſonings* that recommend ſo many of the Writings which are in Vogue among us.

AS, on the one Side, my Paper has not in it a ſingle Word of News, a Reflexion in Politicks, nor a Stroke of Party; ſo on the other, there are no Faſhionable Touches of Infidelity, no obſcene Ideas, no Satires upon Prieſthood, Marriage, and the like popular Topicks of Ridicule; no private Scandal, nor any Thing that may tend to the Defamation of particular Perſons, Families, or Societies.

THERE is not one of theſe above-mentioned Subjects that would not ſell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the Publick by ſuch mean and baſe Methods.

Methods. But notwithſtanding I have rejected every Thing that ſavours of Party, every Thing that is looſe and immoral, and every Thing that might create Uneaſineſs in the Minds of particular Perſons, I find that the Demand of my Papers has increaſed every Month ſince their firſt Appearance in the World. This does not perhaps reflect ſo much Honour upon myſelf, as on my Readers, who give a much greater Attention to Diſcourſes of Virtue and Morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

WHEN I broke looſe from that great Body of Writers who have employed their Wit and Parts in propagating Vice and Irreligion, I did not queſtion but I ſhould be treated as an odd kind of Fellow that had a mind to appear ſingular in my Way of Writing: But the general Reception I have found, convinces me that the World is not ſo corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if thoſe Men of Parts who have been employed in vitiating the Age had endeavour'd to rectify and amend it, they needed not have ſacrificed their good Senſe and Virtue to their Fame and Reputation. No Man is ſo ſunk in Vice and Ignorance, but there are ſtill ſome hidden Seeds of Goodneſs and Knowledge in him; which give him a Reliſh of ſuch Reflexions and Speculations as have an Aptneſs to improve the Mind, and make the Heart better.

I have ſhewn in a former Paper, with how much Care I have avoided all ſuch Thoughts as are looſe, obſcene or immoral; and I believe my Reader would ſtill think the better of me, if he knew the Pains I am at in qualifying what I write after ſuch a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private Perſons. For this Reaſon when I draw any faulty Character, I conſider all thoſe Perſons to whom the Malice of the World may poſſibly apply it, and take care to daſh it with ſuch particular Circumſtances as may prevent all ſuch ill-natured Applications. If I write any Thing on a black Man, I run over in my Mind all the eminent Perſons in the Nation who are of that Complexion: When I place an imaginary Name at the Head of a Character, I examine every Syllable and Letter of it, that it may not bear any Reſemblance to one that is real. I know very well the Value which every Man ſets upon his Reputation, and how painful it is to be expoſed to the Mirth and Deriſion of

the

the Publick, and ſhould therefore ſcorn to divert my Reader, at the Expence of any private Man.

AS I have been thus tender of every particular Perſon's Reputation, ſo I have taken more than ordinary Care not to give Offence to thoſe who appear in the higher Figures of Life. I would not make myſelf merry even with a Piece of Paſteboard that is inveſted with a publick Character, for which Reaſon I have never glanced upon the late deſigned Proceſſion of his Holineſs and his Attendants, notwithſtanding it might have afforded Matter to many ludicrous Speculations. Among thoſe Advantages, which the Publick may reap from this Paper, it is not the leaſt, that it draws Mens Minds off from the Bitterneſs of Party, and furniſhes them with Subjects of Diſcourſe that may be treated without Warmth or Paſſion. This is ſaid to have been the firſt Deſign of thoſe Gentlemen who ſet on Foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good Effect, as it turned many of the greateſt Genius's of that Age to the Diſquiſitions of natural Knowledge, who, if they had engaged in Politicks with the ſame Parts and Application, might have ſet their Country in a Flame. The Air-Pump, the Barometer, the Quadrant, and the like Inventions were thrown out to thoſe buſy Spirits, as Tubs and Barrels are to a Whale, that he may let the Ship ſail on without Diſturbance, while he diverts himſelf with thoſe innocent Amuſements.

I have been ſo very ſcrupulous in this Particular of not hurting any Man's Reputation that I have forborn mentioning even ſuch Authors as I could not name without Honour. This I muſt confeſs to have been a Piece of very great Self-denial: For as the Publick reliſhes nothing better than the Ridicule which turns upon a Writer of any Eminence, ſo there is nothing which a Man that has but a very ordinary Talent in Ridicule may execute with greater Eaſe. One might raiſe Laughter for a Quarter of a Year together upon the Works of a Perſon who has publiſhed but a very few Volumes. For which Reaſon I am aſtoniſhed, that thoſe who have appeared againſt this Paper have made ſo very little of it. The Criticiſms which I have hitherto publiſhed, have been made with an Intention rather to diſcover Beauties and Excellencies in the Writers of my own Time, than to publiſh any of their

their Faults and Imperfections. In the mean while I ſhould take it for a very great Favour from ſome of my underhand Detractors, if they would break all Meaſures with me ſo far, as to give me a Pretence for examining their Performances with an impartial Eye: Nor ſhall I look upon it as any Breach of Charity to criticiſe the Author, ſo long as I keep clear of the Perſon.

IN the mean while, 'till I am provoked to ſuch Hoſtilities, I ſhall from time to time endeavour to do Juſtice to thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the politer Parts of Learning, and to point out ſuch Beauties in their Works as may have eſcaped the Obſervation of others.

AS the firſt Place among our *Engliſh* Poets is due to *Milton*; and as I have drawn more Quotations out of him than from any other, I ſhall enter into a regular Criticiſm upon his *Paradiſe Loſt*, which I ſhall publiſh every *Saturday* 'till I have given my Thoughts upon that Poem. I ſhall not however preſume to impoſe upon others my own particular Judgment on this Author, but only deliver it as my private Opinion. Criticiſm is of a very large Extent, and every particular Maſter in this Art has his favourite Paſſages in an Author, which do not equally ſtrike the beſt Judges. It will be ſufficient for me if I diſcover many Beauties or Imperfections which others have not attended to, and I ſhould be very glad to ſee any of our eminent Writers publiſh their Diſcoveries on the ſame Subject. In ſhort, I would always be underſtood to write my Papers of Criticiſm in the Spirit which *Horace* has expreſſed in thoſe two famous Lines;

——Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

Ep. 6. l. 1. v. ult.

'IF you have made any better Remarks of your own, 'communicate them with Candour; if not, make uſe 'of theſe I preſent you with.' C

N° 263 *Tueſday, January* 1. 1712.

Gratulor quod eum quem neceſſe erat diligere, qualiſcunque eſſet, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.

Trebonius apud Tull.

I rejoice, that the Perſon, whom it was my duty to love, good or bad, is ſuch an One, that I can love him with a willing Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the happy Father of a very towardly Son, in whom I do not only ſee my Life, but alſo my Manner of Life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to Society, if you would frequently reſume Subjects which ſerve to bind theſe ſort of Relations faſter, and endear the Ties of Blood with thoſe of Good-will, Protection, Obſervance, Indulgence, and Veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon Method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good Play, fit to undertake a Word wherein there will neceſſarily occur ſo many ſecret Inſtincts, and Biaſes of human Nature which would paſs unobſerved by common Eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous Offence againſt my own excellent Parents to anſwer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my paſt Life, from my earlieſt Infancy to this Time, there are many Faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even till I myſelf became a Father. I had not till then a Notion of the Earnings of Heart, which a Man has when he ſees his Child do a laudable Thing, or the ſudden Damp which ſeizes him when he fears he will act ſomething unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a Remorſe touched me for a long Train of childiſh Negligences of my Mother, when I ſaw my Wife the other Day look out of the Window, and turn as pale as Aſhes upon ſeeing my younger Boy ſliding upon the Ice. Theſe ſlight Intimations

'mations will give you to underſtand, that there are 'numberleſs little Crimes which Children take no notice 'of while they are doing, which upon Reflexion, when 'they ſhall themſelves become Fathers, they will look 'upon with the utmoſt Sorrow and Contrition, that they 'did not regard, before thoſe whom they offended were 'to be no more ſeen. How many thouſand Things do I 'remember, which would have highly pleaſed my Fa-'ther, and I omitted for no other Reaſon, but that I 'thought what he propoſed the Effect of Humour and 'old Age, which I am now convinced had Reaſon and 'good Senſe in it. I cannot now go into the Parlour to 'him, and make his Heart glad with an Account of a 'Matter which was of no Conſequence, but that I told 'it, and acted in it. The good Man and Woman are 'long ſince in their Graves, who uſed to ſit and plot 'the Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we 'were ſometimes laughing at the old Folks at another 'End of the Houſe. The Truth of it is, were we merely 'to follow Nature in theſe great Duties of Life, tho' we 'have a ſtrong Inſtinct towards the performing of them, 'we ſhould be on both Sides very deficient. Age is ſo 'unwelcome to the Generality of Mankind, and Growth 'towards Manhood ſo deſirable to all, that Reſignation 'to Decay is too difficult a Taſk in the Father; and De-'ference, amidſt the Impulſe of gay Deſires, appears un-'reaſonable to the Son. There are ſo few who can grow 'old with a good Grace, and yet fewer who can come ſlow 'enough into the World, that a Father, were he to be 'actuated by his Deſires, and a Son, were he to conſult 'himſelf only, could neither of them behave himſelf as 'he ought to the other. But when Reaſon interpoſes 'againſt Inſtinct, where it would carry either out of the 'Intereſts of the other, there ariſes that happieſt Inter-'courſe of good Offices between thoſe deareſt Relations 'of human Life. The Father, according to the Oppor-'tunities which are offered to him, is throwing down 'Bleſſings on the Son, and the Son endeavouring to ap-'pear the worthy Offſpring of ſuch a Father. It is after 'this manner that *Camillus* and his firſt-born dwell to-'gether. *Camillus* enjoys a pleaſing and indolent old 'Age, in which Paſſion is ſubdued, and Reaſon exalted.

'He waits the Day of his Diſſolution with a Reſignation 'mixed with Delight, and the Son fears the Acceſſion of 'his Father's Fortune with Diffidence, leſt he ſhould not 'enjoy or become it as well as his Predeceſſor. Add to 'this, that the Father knows he leaves a Friend to the 'Children of his Friends, an eaſy Landlord to his Te-'nants, and an agreeable Companion to his Acquain-'tance. He believes his Son's Behaviour will make him 'frequently remembred, but never wanted. This Com-'merce is ſo well cemented, that without the Pomp of 'ſaying, *Son, be a Friend to ſuch a one when I am gone*; *Camillus* knows, being in his Favour, is Direction 'enough to the grateful Youth who is to ſucceed him, 'without the Admonition of his mentioning it. Theſe 'Gentlemen are honoured in all their Neighbourhood, 'and the ſame Effect which the Court has on the Man-'ners of a Kingdom, their Characters have on all who 'live within the Influence of them.

'MY Son and I are not of Fortune to communicate 'our good Actions or Intentions to ſo many as theſe 'Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to ſay, my Son has, 'by the Applauſe and Approbation which his Behaviour 'towards me has gained him, occaſioned that many an 'old Man, beſides myſelf, has rejoiced. Other Mens 'Children follow the Example of mine, and I have the 'inexpreſſible Happineſs of overhearing our Neighbours, 'as we ride by, point to their Children, and ſay, with a 'Voice of Joy, There they go.

'YOU cannot, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, paſs your time 'better than inſinuating the Delights which theſe 'Relations well regarded beſtow upon each other. Or-'dinary Paſſages are no longer ſuch, but mutual Love 'gives an Importance to the moſt indifferent things, and 'a Merit to Actions the moſt inſignificant. When we 'look round the World, and obſerve the many Miſ-'underſtandings which are created by the Malice and 'Inſinuation of the meaneſt Servants between People 'thus related, how neceſſary will it appear that it were 'inculcated that Men would be upon their Guard to 'ſupport a Conſtancy of Affection, and that grounded 'upon the Principles of Reaſon, not the Impulſes of 'Inſtinct.

'IT

'IT is from the common Prejudices which Men receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept alive from one Generation to another; and when Men act by Inſtinct, Hatreds will deſcend when good Offices are forgotten. For the Degeneracy of human Life is ſuch, that our Anger is more eaſily tranſferred to our Children than our Love. Love always gives ſomething to the Object it delights in, and Anger ſpoils the Perſon againſt whom it is moved of ſomething laudable in him: From this Degeneracy therefore, and a ſort of Self-Love, we are more prone to take up the Ill-will of our Parents, than to follow them in their Friendſhips.

'ONE would think there ſhould need no more to make Men keep up this ſort of Relation with the utmoſt Sanctity, than to examine their own Hearts. If every Father remembred his own Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son, and every Son remembred what he expected from his Father, when he himſelf was in a State of Dependence, this one Reflexion would preſerve Men from being diſſolute or rigid in theſe ſeveral Capacities. The Power and Subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically Tyrants and Rebels againſt each other, with greater Cruelty of Heart, than the Diſruption of States and Empires can poſſibly produce. I ſhall end this Application to you with two Letters which paſſed between a Mother and Son very lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

'IF the Pleaſures, which I have the Grief to hear you purſue in Town, do not take up all your Time, do not deny your Mother ſo much of it, as to read ſeriouſly this Letter. You ſaid before Mr. *Letacre*, that an old Woman might live very well in the Country upon half my Jointure, and that your Father was a fond Fool to give me a Rent-Charge of Eight hundred a Year to the Prejudice of his Son. What *Letacre* ſaid to you upon that Occaſion, you ought to have born with more Decency, as he was your Father's well-beloved Servant, than to have called him *Country-put*. In the firſt place, *Frank*, I muſt tell you, I will have my Rent duly paid, for I will make up to your Siſters for the Partiality I

‘ was guilty of, in making your Father do ſo much as
‘ he has done for you. I may, it ſeems, live upon half
‘ my Jointure! I lived upon much leſs, *Frank*, when
‘ I carried you from Place to Place in theſe Arms, and
‘ could neither eat, dreſs, or mind any thing for feeding
‘ and tending you a weakly Child, and ſhedding Tears
‘ when the Convulſions you were then troubled with
‘ returned upon you. By my Care you outgrew them,
‘ to throw away the Vigour of your Youth in the Arms
‘ of Harlots, and deny your Mother what is not yours
‘ to detain. Both your Siſters are crying to ſee the
‘ Paſſion which I ſmother; but if you pleaſe to go on
‘ thus like a Gentleman of the Town, and forget all
‘ Regards to yourſelf and Family, I ſhall immediately
‘ enter upon your Eſtate for the Arrear due to me,
‘ and without one Tear more contemn you for forget-
‘ ting the Fondneſs of your Mother, as much as you
‘ have the Example of your Father. O *Frank*, do I live
‘ to omit writing myſelf,

Your Affectionate Mother,

A. T.

MADAM,

‘ I Will come down to-morrow and pay the Money on
‘ my Knees. Pray write ſo no more. I will take
‘ care you never ſhall, for I will be for ever hereafter,

Your moſt dutiful Son,

F. T.

‘ I will bring down new Heads for my Siſters. Pray
‘ let all be forgotten. T

Wedneſday,

N° 264 *Wedneſday, January* 2.

——*Secretum iter & fallentis Semita vitæ.*
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 103.

——*Cloſe Retirement, and a Life by Stealth.*
CREECH.

IT has been from Age to Age an Affectation to love the Pleaſure of Solitude, amongſt thoſe who cannot poſſibly be ſuppoſed qualified for paſſing Life in that manner. This People have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that Subject, for which we are beholden to excellent Perſons who delighted in being retired and abſtracted from the Pleaſures that inchant the Generality of the World. This way of Life is recommended indeed with great Beauty, and in ſuch a manner as diſpoſes the Reader for the time to a pleaſing Forgetfulneſs, or Negligence of the particular Hurry of Life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that State which he is charmed with in Deſcription. But when we conſider the World itſelf, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philoſophick Solitude, we ſhall be apt to change a Regard to that ſort of Solitude, for being a little ſingular in enjoying Time after the way a Man himſelf likes beſt in the World, without going ſo far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often obſerved, there is not a Man breathing who does not differ from all other Men, as much in the Sentiments of his Mind as the Features of his Face. The Felicity is, when any one is ſo happy as to find out and follow what is the proper Bent of his Genius, and turn all his Endeavours to exert himſelf according as that prompts him. Inſtead of this, which is an innocent Method of enjoying a Man's ſelf, and turning out of the general Tracks wherein you have Crouds of Rivals, there are thoſe who purſue their own way out of a Sourneſs and Spirit of Contradiction: Theſe Men do every thing which they are able to ſupport, as if Guilt and Impunity could not go to-

gether. They chooſe a thing only becauſe another diſlikes it; and affect forſooth an inviolable Conſtancy in Matters of no manner of Moment. Thus ſometimes an old Fellow ſhall wear this or that ſort of Cut in his Clothes with great Integrity, while all the reſt of the World are degenerated into Buttons, Pockets and Loops unknown to their Anceſtors. As inſignificant as even this is, if it were ſearched to the Bottom, you perhaps would find it not ſincere, but that he is in the Faſhion in his Heart, and holds out from mere Obſtinacy. But I am running from my intended Purpoſe, which was to celebrate a certain particular Manner of paſſing away Life, and is a Contradiction to no Man, but a Reſolution to contract none of the exorbitant Deſires by which others are enſlaved. The beſt way of ſeparating a Man's ſelf from the World, is to give up the Deſire of being known to it. After a Man has preſerved his Innocence, and performed all Duties incumbent upon him, his Time ſpent his own Way is what makes his Life differ from that of a Slave. If they who affect Show and Pomp knew how many of their Spectators derided their trivial Taſte, they would be very much leſs elated, and have an Inclination to examine the Merit of all they have to do with: They would ſoon find out that there are many who make a Figure below what their Fortune or Merit intitles them to, out of mere Choice, and an elegant Deſire of Eaſe and Diſincumbrance. It would look like Romance to tell you in this Age of an old Man who is contented to paſs for an Humouriſt, and one who does not underſtand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of Ten Shillings a Week with only one Servant: While he dreſſes himſelf according to the Seaſon in Cloth or in Stuff, and has no one neceſſary Attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. I ſay it would look like a Fable to report that this Gentleman gives away all which is the Overplus of a great Fortune, by ſecret Methods to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Profeſſors of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conſcience that the Widow, the Fatherleſs, the Mourner, and the Stranger bleſs his unſeen Hand in their Prayers. This Humouriſt gives up all the Compliments which People of his

his own Condition could make to him, for the Pleaſures of helping the Afflicted, ſupplying the Needy, and befriending the Neglected. This Humouriſt keeps to himſelf much more than he wants, and gives a vaſt Refuſe of his Superfluities to purchaſe Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of Worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with him thither.

OF all Men who affect living in a particular Way, next to this admirable Character, I am the moſt enamoured of *Irus*, whoſe Condition will not admit of ſuch Largeſſes, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, tho' he is now turn'd of Fifty, has not appeared in the World, in his real Character, ſince five and twenty, at which Age he ran out a ſmall Patrimony, and ſpent ſome Time after with Rakes who had lived upon him: A Courſe of ten Years time, paſſed in all the little Alleys, By-Paths, and ſometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *Irus* a perfect Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acting accordingly. He ſeriouſly conſidered he was poor, and the general Horror which moſt Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irus* judg'd very rightly, that while he could keep his Poverty a Secret, he ſhould not feel the Weight of it; he improved this Thought into an Affectation of Cloſeneſs and Covetouſneſs. Upon this one Principle he reſolved to govern his future Life; and in the thirty ſixth Year of his Age he repaired to *Long-lane*, and looked upon ſeveral Dreſſes which hung there deſerted by their firſt Maſters, and expoſed to the purchaſe of the beſt Bidder. At this Place he exchanged his gay Shabbineſs of Clothes fit for a much younger Man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little oaken Cane in the Form of a ſubſtantial Man that did not mind his Dreſs, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty Pounds in ready Money; and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his preſent Lodging in St. *John Street*, at the Manſion-Houſe of a Tailor's Widow, who waſhes and can clear-ſtarch his Bands. From that Time to this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration under or over to the value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a

Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the Play of Back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Irus* has, ever ſince he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations, he ſkilfully could, of being a cloſe Hunks worth Money: No body comes to viſit him, he receives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has, from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally paſſes, ſhuns all Diſcourſes of Money, but ſhrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities; he denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being ſo: He is the Oracle of a Neighbouring Juſtice of Peace, who meets him at the Coffee-houſe; the Hopes that what he has muſt come to Somebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that Effect where-ever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes care to chooſe in ſuch a manner, as not to ſeem inclined to the richer Man. All the young Men reſpect him, and ſay he is juſt the ſame Man he was when they were Boys. He uſes no Artifice in the World, but makes uſe of Mens Deſigns upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Peeviſhneſs, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could poſſibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mien, his Dreſs, his Carriage, and his Language are ſuch, that you would be at a loſs to gueſs whether in the Active Part of his Life he had been a ſenſible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. Theſe are the great Circumſtances in the Life of *Irus*, and thus does he paſs away his Days a Stranger to Mankind; and at his Death, the worſt that will be ſaid of him will be, that he got by every Man who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an Inclination to print the following Letters; for that I have heard the Author of them has ſomewhere or other ſeen me, and by an excellent Faculty in Mimickry my Correſpondents tell me he can aſſume my Air, and give my Taciturnity a Slineſs which diverts more than any Thing I could ſay if I were preſent. Thus I am glad my Silence is atoned for to the good Company in Town. He has carried his Skill in Imitation ſo far, as to have forged a Letter from my Friend

Sir

Sir ROGER in ſuch a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING obſerv'd in *Lilly*'s Grammar how ſweetly '*Bacchus* and *Apollo* run in a Verſe: I have (to 'preſerve the Amity between them) call'd in *Bacchus* to 'the Aid of my Profeſſion of the *Theatre*. So that while 'ſome People of Quality are beſpeaking Plays of me to 'be acted upon ſuch a Day, and others, Hogſheads for 'their Houſes againſt ſuch a Time; I am wholly em-'ploy'd in the agreeable Service of Wit and Wine: Sir, 'I have ſent you Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s Letter to me, 'which pray comply with in Favour of the *Bumper* 'Tavern. Be kind, for you know a Player's utmoſt 'Pride is the Approbation of the SPECTATOR.

I am your Admirer, tho' unknown,

Richard Eſtcourt.

To Mr. *Eſtcourt* at his Houſe in *Covent-Garden.*

Coverley, December the 18th, 1711.

Old Comical Ones,

'THE Hogſheads of Neat Port came ſafe, and have 'gotten thee good Reputation in theſe Parts; and 'I am glad to hear, that a Fellow who has been laying 'out his Money ever ſince he was born, for the mere 'Pleaſure of Wine, has bethought himſelf of joining 'Profit and Pleaſure together. Our Sexton (poor Man) 'having received Strength from thy Wine ſince his fit of 'the Gout, is hugely taken with it: He ſays it is given 'by Nature for the Uſe of Families, that no Steward's 'Table can be without it, that it ſtrengthens Digeſtion, 'excludes Surfeits, Fevers and Phyſick; which green 'Wines of any kind can't do. Pray get a pure ſnug 'Room, and I hope next Term to help fill your Bumper 'with our People of the Club; but you muſt have no 'Bells ſtirring when the *Spectator* comes; I forbore 'ringing to Dinner while he was down with me in the 'Country. Thank you for the little Hams and *Portugal* 'Onions;

‘ Onions; pray keep ſome always by you. You know
‘ my Supper is only good *Cheſhire* Cheeſe, beſt Muſtard,
‘ a golden Pippin, attended with a Pipe of *John Sly*'s
‘ Beſt. Sir *Harry* has ſtoln all your Songs, and tells the
‘ Story of the 5th of *November* to Perfection.

Yours to ſerve you,

Roger de Coverley.

‘ We've loſt old *John* ſince you were here. T

Nº 265 *Thurſday, January* 3.

Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? & rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?

Ovid. de Art. Am. lib. 3. v. 7.

But ſome exclaim; what Frenzy rules your Mind?
Wou'd you increaſe the Craft of Womankind;
Teach 'em new Wiles and Arts? As well you may
Inſtruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey.

CONGREVE.

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a Woman to be ζῶον φιλόκοσμον, *an Animal that delights in Finery.* I have already treated of the Sex in two or three Papers, conformably to this Definition, and have in particular obſerved, that in all Ages they have been more careful than the Men to adorn that Part of the Head, which we generally call the Outſide.

THIS Obſervation is ſo very notorious, that when in ordinary Diſcourſe we ſay a Man has a fine Head, a long Head, or a good Head, we expreſs ourſelves metaphorically, and ſpeak in relation to his Underſtanding; whereas when we ſay of a Woman, ſhe has a fine, a long or a good Head, we ſpeak only in relation to her Commode.

IT is obſerved among Birds, that Nature has laviſhed all her Ornaments upon the Male, who very often appears in a moſt beautiful Head-dreſs: Whether it be a Creſt, a Comb, a Tuft of Feathers, or a natural little Plume,

Plume, erected like a kind of Pinacle on the very Top of the Head. As Nature on the contrary has poured out her Charms in the greateſt Abundance upon the Female Part of our Species, ſo they are very aſſiduous in beſtowing upon themſelves the fineſt Garnitures of Art. The Peacock, in all his Pride, does not diſplay half the Colours that appear in the Garments of a *Britiſh* Lady, when ſhe is dreſſed either for a Ball or a Birth-day.

BUT to return to our Female Heads. The Ladies have been for ſome time in a kind of *moulting Seaſon*, with regard to that Part of their Dreſs, having *caſt* great Quantities of Ribbon, Lace, and Cambrick, and in ſome meaſure reduced that Part of the human Figure to the beautiful globular Form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of Ornament would be ſubſtituted in the Place of thoſe antiquated Commodes. But our Female Projectors were all the laſt Summer ſo taken up with the Improvement of their Petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing elſe; but having at length ſufficiently adorned their lower Parts, they now begin to turn their Thoughts upon the other Extremity, as well remembring the old Kitchen Proverb, that if you light your Fire at both Ends, the middle will ſhift for itſelf.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a Sight which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was ſtanding in the hinder Part of the Box, I took notice of a little Cluſter of Women ſitting together in the prettieſt coloured Hoods that I ever ſaw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another Philomot; the fourth was of a Pink Colour, and the fifth of a pale Green. I looked with as much Pleaſure upon this little party-coloured Aſſembly, as upon a Bed of Tulips, and did not know at firſt whether it might not be an Embaſſy of *Indian* Queens; but upon my going about into the Pit, and taking them in Front, I was immediately undeceived, and ſaw ſo much Beauty in every Face, that I found them all to be *Engliſh*. Such Eyes and Lips, Cheeks and Foreheads, could be the Growth of no other Country. The Complexion of their Faces hindred me from obſerving any farther the Colour of their Hoods, though I could eaſily perceive by that unſpeakable Satisfaction which appeared in their Looks,

that

that their own Thoughts were wholly taken up on thoſe pretty Ornaments they wore upon their Heads.

I am informed that this Faſhion ſpreads daily, inſomuch that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin already to hang out different Colours, and to ſhew their Principles in their Head-dreſs. Nay if I may believe my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB, there is a certain old Coquette of his Acquaintance who intends to appear very ſuddenly in a Rainbow Hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, not queſtioning but that among ſuch variety of Colours ſhe ſhall have a Charm for every Heart.

MY Friend WILL, who very much values himſelf upon his great Inſights into Galantry, tells me, that he can already gueſs at the Humour a Lady is in by her Hood, as the Courtiers of *Morocco* know the Diſpoſition of their preſent Emperor by the Colour of the Dreſs which he puts on. When *Meleſinda* wraps her Head in Flame Colour, her Heart is ſet upon Execution. When ſhe covers it with Purple, I would not, ſays he, adviſe her Lover to approach her; but if ſhe appears in White, it is Peace, and he may hand her out of her Box with Safety.

WILL informs me likewiſe, that theſe Hoods may be uſed as Signals. Why elſe, ſays he, does *Cornelia* always put on a Black Hood when her Huſband is gone into the Country?

SUCH are my Friend HONEYCOMB's Dreams of Galantry. For my own part, I impute this Diverſity of Colours in the Hoods to the Diverſity of Complexion in the Faces of my pretty Country Women. *Ovid* in his Art of Love has given ſome Precepts as to this Particular, though I find they are different from thoſe which prevail among the Moderns. He recommends a red ſtriped Silk to the pale Complexion; White to the Brown, and dark to the Fair. On the contrary my Friend WILL, who pretends to be a greater Maſter in this Art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the paleſt Features look the moſt agreeable in white Sarſenet; that a Face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepeſt Scarlet, and that the darkeſt Complexion is not a little alleviated by a Black Hood. In ſhort, he is for loſing the Colour of the Face in that of the Hood, as a Fire burns dimly, and a Candle goes half out, in the Light of the Sun.

This,

This, ſays he, your *Ovid* himſelf has hinted, where we treats of theſe Matters, when he tells us that the blue Water Nymphs are dreſſed in Sky-coloured Garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the Light of the Riſing Sun, is robed in Saffron.

WHETHER theſe his Obſervations are juſtly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have ſtood together behind the Ladies, praiſe or diſpraiſe the Complexion of a Face which he never ſaw, from obſerving the Colour of her Hood, and has been very ſeldom out in theſe his Gueſſes.

AS I have Nothing more at Heart than the Honour and Improvement of the Fair Sex, I cannot conclude this Paper without an Exhortation to the *Britiſh* Ladies, that they would excel the Women of all other Nations as much in Virtue and good Senſe, as they do in Beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as induſtrious to cultivate their Minds, as they are to adorn their Bodies: In the mean while I ſhall recommend to their moſt ſerious Conſideration the Saying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ' ὐ χρυσία. C

Nº 266 *Friday, January* 4.

Id verò eſt, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperiſſe, quomodo adoleſcentulus
Meretricum ingenia & mores poſſit noſcere:
Maturè ut cùm cognôrit perpetuò oderit.

Ter. Eun. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

I look upon it as my Maſter-piece, that I have found out how a young Fellow may know the Diſpoſition and Behaviour of Harlots, and by early knowing come to deteſt them.

NO Vice or Wickedneſs which People fall into from Indulgence to Deſires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the Compaſſion of the virtuous Part of the World; which indeed often makes me a little apt to ſuſpect the Sincerity of their Virtue, who

who are too warmly provoked at other Peoples perſonal Sins. The unlawful Commerce of the Sexes is of all other the hardeſt to avoid; and yet there is no one which you ſhall hear the rigider Part of Womankind ſpeak of with ſo little Mercy. It is very certain that a modeſt Woman cannot abhor the Breach of Chaſtity too much; but pray let her hate it for herſelf, and only pity it in others. WILL HONEYCOMB calls theſe over-offended Ladies, the Outrageouſly Virtuous.

I do not deſign to fall upon Failures in general, with relation to the Gift of Chaſtity, but at preſent only enter upon that large Field, and begin with the Conſideration of poor and publick Whores. The other Evening paſſing along near *Covent-Garden*, I was jogged on the Elbow as I turned into the Piazza, on the right Hand coming out of *James-ſtreet*, by a ſlim young Girl of about Seventeen, who with a pert Air aſked me if I was for a Pint of Wine. I do not know but I ſhould have indulged my Curioſity in having ſome Chat with her, but that I am informed the Man of the *Bumper* knows me; and it would have made a Story for him not very agreeable to ſome Part of my Writings, though I have in others ſo frequently ſaid that I am wholly unconcerned in any Scene I am in, but merely as a Spectator. This Impediment being in my Way, we ſtood under one of the Arches by Twilight; and there I could obſerve as exact Features as I had ever ſeen, the moſt agreeable Shape, the fineſt Neck and Boſom, in a word, the whole Perſon of a Woman exquiſitely Beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced Wantonneſs in her Look and Air; but I ſaw it checked with Hunger and Cold: Her Eyes were wan and eager, her Dreſs thin and tawdry, her Mien genteel and childiſh. This ſtrange Figure gave me much Anguiſh of Heart, and to avoid being ſeen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a Crown. The poor thing ſighed, curtſied, and with a Bleſſing expreſſed with the utmoſt Vehemence, turned from me. This Creature is what they call *newly come upon the Town*, but who, I ſuppoſe, falling into cruel Hands was left in the firſt Month from her Diſhonour, and expoſed to paſs through the Hands and Diſcipline of one of thoſe Hags of Hell whom we call Bawds. But leſt I ſhould grow too

ſuddenly

ſuddenly grave on this Subject, and be myſelf outrageouſly good. I ſhall turn to a Scene in one of *Fletcher*'s Plays, where this Character is drawn, and the Oeconomy of Whoredom moſt admirably deſcribed. The Paſſage I would point to is in the third Scene of the ſecond Act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. *Leucippe* who is Agent for the King's Luſt, and bawds at the ſame time for the whole Court, is very pleaſantly introduced, reading her Minutes as a Perſon of Buſineſs, with two Maids, her Under-Secretaries, taking Inſtructions at a Table before her. Her Women, both thoſe under her preſent Tutelage, and thoſe which ſhe is laying wait for, are alphabetically ſet down in her Book; and ſhe is looking over the Letter *C*, in a muttering Voice, as if between Soliloquy and ſpeaking out, ſhe ſays,

Her Maidenhead will yield me; let me ſee now;
She is not Fifteen they ſay: For her Complexion ——
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, *here I have her,*
Cloe, *the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;*
Her Age upon Fifteen. Now her Complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rolling,
The Body neatly built; ſhe ſtrikes a Lute well,
Sings moſt enticingly: Theſe Helps conſider'd,
Her Maidenhead will amount to ſome three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handſomly.
Her Father's poor, ſome little Share deducted,
To buy him a Hunting Nag ——

THESE Creatures are very well inſtructed in the Circumſtances and Manners of all who are any way related to the Fair One whom they have a Deſign upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchaſed with 350 Crowns, and the Father taken off with a Pad; the Merchant's Wife next to her, who abounds in Plenty, is not to have downright Money, but the mercenary Part of her Mind is engaged with a Preſent of Plate and a little Ambition. She is made to underſtand that it is a Man of Quality who dies for her. The Examination of a young Girl for Buſineſs, and the crying down her Value for being a ſlight Thing, together with every other Circumſtance in the Scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true Spirit of Comedy; tho' it were

to

to be wiſhed the Author had added a Circumſtance which ſhould make *Leucippe*'s Baſeneſs more odious.

IT muſt not be thought a Digreſſion from my intended Speculation, to talk of Bawds in a Diſcourſe upon Wenches; for a Woman of the Town is not thoroughly and properly ſuch, without having gone through the Education of one of theſe Houſes. But the compaſſionate Caſe of very many is, that they are taken into ſuch Hands without any the leaſt Suſpicion, previous Temptation, or Admonition to what Place they are going. The laſt Week I went to an Inn in the City to inquire for ſome Proviſions which were ſent by a Waggon out of the Country; and as I waited in one of the Boxes till the Chamberlain had looked over his Parcel, I heard an old and a young Voice repeating the Queſtions and Reſponſes of the Church-Catechiſm. I thought it no Breach of Good-manners to peep at a Creviſe, and look in at People ſo well employed; but who ſhould I ſee there but the moſt artful Procureſs in the Town, examining a moſt beautiful Country-Girl, who had come up in the ſame Waggon with my Things, *Whether ſhe was well educated, could forbear playing the Wanton with Servants and idle Fellows, of which this Town*, ſays ſhe, *is too full*: At the ſame time, *Whether ſhe knew enough of Breeding, as that if a Squire or a Gentleman, or one that was her Betters, ſhould give her a civil Salute, ſhe ſhould curtſy and be humble, nevertheleſs*. Her innocent *forſooths, yes's, and't pleaſe you's, and ſhe would do her Endeavour*, moved the good old Lady to take her out of the Hands of a Country Bumkin her Brother, and hire her for her own Maid. I ſtaid till I ſaw them all marched out to take Coach; the Brother loaded with a great Cheeſe, he prevailed upon her to take for her Civilities to his Siſter. This poor Creature's Fate is not far off that of her's whom I ſpoke of above, and it is not to be doubted, but after ſhe has been long enough a Prey to Luſt ſhe will be delivered over to Famine. The Ironical Commendation of the Induſtry and Charity of theſe antiquated Ladies, theſe Directors of Sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the Beauty of the inimitable Dedication to the *Plain-Dealer*, and is a Maſter-piece of Rallery on this Vice. But to underſtand all the Purlues of this Game the better, and to illuſtrate this

this Subject in future Diſcourſes, I muſt venture myſelf, with my Friend WILL into the Haunts of Beauty and Galantry; from pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy, to diſtreſſed indigent Wickedneſs expelled the Harbours of the Brothel. T

Nº 267 *Saturday, January* 5.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii.
Propert. El. 34. l. 2. v. 65.

Give place, ye Roman, *and ye* Grecian *Wits.*

THERE is nothing in Nature ſo irkſom as general Diſcourſes, eſpecially when they turn chiefly upon Words. For this Reaſon I ſhall wave the Diſcuſſion of that Point which was ſtarted ſome Years ſince, whether *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* may be called an Heroick Poem? Thoſe who will not give it that Title, may call it (if they pleaſe) a *Divine Poem*. It will be ſufficient to its Perfection, if it has in it all the Beauties of the higheſt kind of Poetry; and as for thoſe who alledge it is not an Heroick Poem, they advance no more to the Diminution of it, than if they ſhould ſay *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I ſhall therefore examine it by the Rules of Epic Poetry, and ſee whether it falls ſhort of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the Beauties which are eſſential to that kind of Writing. The firſt thing to be conſidered in an Epic Poem, is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action which it relates is more or leſs ſo. This Action ſhould have three Qualifications in it. Firſt, It ſhould be but One Action. Secondly, It ſhould be an intire Action; and, Thirdly, It ſhould be a great Action. To conſider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradiſe Loſt*, in theſe three ſeveral Lights. *Homer* to preſerve the Unity of his Action haſtens into the Midſt of Things, as *Horace* has obſerved: Had he gone up to *Leda*'s Egg, or begun much

much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the Inveſting of *Troy*, it is manifeſt that the Story of the Poem would have been a Series of ſeveral Actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the Diſcord of his Princes, and artfully interweaves, in the ſeveral ſucceeding Parts of it, an Account of every Thing material which relates to them, and had paſſed before that fatal Diſſenſion. After the ſame manner, *Æneas* makes his firſt Appearance in the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and within Sight of *Italy*, becauſe the Action propoſed to be celebrated was that of his ſettling himſelf in *Latium*. But becauſe it was neceſſary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding Parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Hero relate it by way of Epiſode in the ſecond and third Books of the *Æneid*. The Contents of both which Books come before thoſe of the firſt Book in the Thread of the Story, tho' for preſerving of this Unity of Action they follow them in the Diſpoſition of the Poem. *Milton*, in imitation of theſe two great Poets, opens his *Paradiſe Loſt* with an Infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he propoſed to celebrate; and as for thoſe great Actions, which preceded, in point of Time, the Battle of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which would have intirely deſtroyed the Unity of his principal Action, had he related them in the ſame Order that they happened) he caſt them into the fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh Books, by way of Epiſode to this noble Poem.

Ariſtotle himſelf allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boaſt of as to the Unity of his Fable, tho' at the ſame time that great Critick and Philoſopher endeavours to palliate this Imperfection in the *Greek* Poet, by imputing it in ſome meaſure to the very Nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* alſo labours in this Particular, and has Epiſodes which may be looked upon as Excreſcencies rather than as Parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our Conſideration, hath no other Epiſodes than ſuch as naturally ariſe from the Subject, and yet is filled with ſuch a multitude of aſtoniſhing Incidents, that it gives us at the ſame time a Pleaſure of the greateſt Variety, and of the greateſt Simplicity;

city; uniform in its Nature, tho' diverſified in the Execution.

I muſt obſerve alſo, that as *Virgil*, in the Poem which was deſigned to celebrate the Original of the *Roman* Empire, has deſcribed the Birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth: *Milton*, with the like Art in his Poem on the *Fall of Man*, has related the Fall of thoſe Angels who are his profeſſed Enemies. Beſides the many other Beauties in ſuch an Epiſode, its running parallel with the great Action of the Poem hinders it from breaking the Unity ſo much as another Epiſode would have done, that had not ſo great an Affinity with the principal Subject. In ſhort, this is the ſame kind of Beauty which the Criticks admire in *The Spaniſh Frier*, or *The Double Diſcovery*, where the two different Plots look like Counter-parts and Copies of one another.

THE ſecond Qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem, is, that it ſhould be an *entire* Action: An Action is entire when it is complete in all its Parts; or, as *Ariſtotle* deſcribes it, when it conſiſts of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. Nothing ſhould go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no ſingle Step ſhould be omitted in that juſt and regular Proceſs which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its Original to its Conſummation. Thus we ſee the Anger of *Achilles* in its Birth, its Continuance and Effects; and *Æneas*'s Settlement in *Italy*, carried on thro' all the Oppoſitions in his Way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this Particular; we ſee it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and puniſhed by Heaven. The Parts of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, and grow out of one another in the moſt natural Method.

THE third Qualification of an Epic Poem is its *Greatneſs*. The Anger of *Achilles* was of ſuch Conſequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, deſtroyed the Heroes of *Troy*, and engaged all the Gods in Factions. *Æneas*'s Settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæſars*, and gave Birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton*'s Subject was ſtill greater than either of the former; it does not determine the Fate of ſingle Perſons or Nations, but of a whole Species. The united Powers of Hell are joined together

for

for the Deſtruction of Mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itſelf interpoſed. The principal Actors are Man in his greateſt Perfection, and Woman in her higheſt Beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels; The Meſſiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole Circle of Being, whether within the Verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper Part aſſigned it in this noble Poem.

IN Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the Whole, but the principal Members, and every Part of them, ſhould be Great. I will not preſume to ſay, that the Book of Games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil*'s Simile of the Top, and many other of the ſame kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any Cenſure in this Particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe wonderful Performances, that there is an unqueſtionable Magnificence in every Part of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan Syſtem.

BUT *Ariſtotle*, by the Greatneſs of the Action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its Nature, but alſo in its Duration, or in other Words that it ſhould have a due Length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatneſs. The juſt Meaſure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following Similitude. An Animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the Eye, becauſe the Sight takes it in at once, and has only a confuſed Idea of the Whole, and not a diſtinct Idea of all its Parts; if on the contrary you ſhould ſuppoſe an Animal of ten thouſand Furlongs in length, the Eye would be ſo filled with a ſingle Part of it, that it could not give the Mind an Idea of the Whole. What theſe Animals are to the Eye, a very ſhort or a very long Action would be to the Memory. The firſt would be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have ſhewn their principal Art in this Particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the Invention of *Epiſodes*, and the Machinery of Gods, with the like poetical Ornaments, that they make up an agreeable Story, ſufficient

ſufficient to employ the Memory without overcharging it. *Milton*'s Action is enriched with ſuch a Variety of Circumſtances, that I have taken as much Pleaſure in reading the Contents of his Books, as in the beſt invented Story I ever met with. It is poſſible, that the Traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more Circumſtances in them than the Hiſtory of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Beſides, it was eaſier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to daſh the Truth with Fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their Country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few Circumſtances upon which to raiſe his Poem, but was alſo obliged to proceed with the greateſt Caution in every thing that he added out of his own Invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the Reſtraints he was under, he has filled his Story with ſo many ſurpriſing Incidents, which bear ſo cloſe an Analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate Reader, without giving Offence to the moſt ſcrupulous.

THE modern Criticks have collected from ſeveral Hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the Space of Time, which is taken up by the Action of each of thoſe Poems; but as a great Part of *Milton*'s Story was tranſacted in Regions that lie out of the Reach of the Sun and the Sphere of Day, it is impoſſible to gratify the Reader with ſuch a Calculation, which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive; none of the Criticks, either Ancient or Modern, having laid down Rules to circumſcribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determin'd Number of Years, Days or Hours.

This Piece of Criticiſm on Milton's Paradiſe Loſt *ſhall be carried on in the following* Saturdays *Papers.* L.

Monday,

N° 268 *Monday, January 7.*

——*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus Horum Hominum——

Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 29.

He cannot bear the Raillery of the Age. CREECH.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at preſent I wholly forbear any Attempt towards it: I am of opinion that I ought ſometimes to lay before the World the plain Letters of my Correſpondents in the Artleſs Dreſs in which they haſtily ſend them, that the Reader may ſee I am not Accuſer and Judge myſelf, but that the Indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed againſt the Criminal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS you are *Spectator-General*, I apply myſelf to you in the following Caſe, *viz.* I do not wear a Sword, but I often divert myſelf at the Theatre, where I frequently ſee a Set of Fellows pull plain People, by way of Humour and Frolick, by the Noſe, upon frivolous or no Occaſions. A Friend of mine the other Night applauding what a graceful Exit Mr. *Wilks* made, one of theſe Noſe-wringers overhearing him, pinched him by the Noſe. I was in the Pit the other Night, (when it was very much crouded) a Gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requeſted him to remove his Hand; for which he pulled me by the Noſe. I would not reſent it in ſo publick a Place, becauſe I was unwilling to create a Diſturbance; but have ſince reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and diſingenuous, renders the Noſe-puller odious, and makes the Perſon pulled by the Noſe look little and contemptible. This Grievance I humbly requeſt you would endeavour to redreſs. *I am your Admirer*, &c.

James Eaſy.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Diſcourſe of the 29th of *December* on Love and Marriage is of ſo uſeful a Kind, that I cannot forbear adding my Thoughts to yours on that Subject. Methinks it is a Misfortune, that the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is adapted to give us the completeſt Happineſs this Life is capable of, ſhould be ſo uncomfortable a one to ſo many as it daily proves. But the Miſchief generally proceeds from the unwiſe Choice People make for themſelves, and an Expectation of Happineſs from Things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good Qualities of the Perſon beloved can be a Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Diſcretion; and whoever expect Happineſs from any Thing but Virtue, Wiſdom, Good-humour, and a Similitude of Manners, will find themſelves widely miſtaken. But how few are there who ſeek after theſe Things, and do not rather make Riches their chief if not their only Aim? How rare is it for a Man, when he engages himſelf in the Thoughts of Marriage, to place his hopes of having in ſuch a Woman a conſtant, agreeable Companion? One who will divide his Cares and double his Joys? Who will manage that Share of his Eſtate he intruſts to her Conduct with Prudence and Frugality, govern his Houſe with Oeconomy and Diſcretion, and be an Ornament to himſelf and Family? Where ſhall we find the Man who looks out for one who places her chief Happineſs in the Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty her continual Pleaſure? No: Men rather ſeek for Money as the Complement of all their Deſires; and regardleſs of what kind of Wives they take, they think Riches will be a Miniſter to all kind of Pleaſures, and enable them to keep Miſtreſſes, Horſes, Hounds, to drink, feaſt, and game with their Companions, pay their Debts contracted by former Extravagancies, or ſome ſuch vile and unworthy End; and indulge themſelves in Pleaſures which are a Shame and Scandal to human Nature. Now as for the Women; how few of them are there who place the Happineſs of their Marriage in the having a wiſe and virtuous Friend? One who

'will be faithful and juſt to all, and conſtant and lov-
'ing to them? Who with Care and Diligence will
'look after and improve the Eſtate, and without grudg-
'ing allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Ra-
'ther, how few are there who do not place their Hap-
'pineſs in out-ſhining others in Pomp and Show? and
'that do not think within themſelves when they have
'married ſuch a rich Perſon, that none of their Ac-
'quaintance ſhall appear ſo fine in their Equipage, ſo
'adorned in their Perſons, or ſo magnificent in their
'Furniture as themſelves? Thus their Heads are filled
'with vain Ideas; and I heartily wiſh I could ſay that
'Equipage and Show were not the Chief Good of ſo
'many Women as I fear it is.

'AFTER this manner do both Sexes deceive them-
'ſelves, and bring Reflexions and Diſgrace upon the
'moſt happy and moſt honourable State of Life; where-
'as if they would but correct their depraved Taſte, mode-
'rate their Ambition, and place their Happineſs upo
'proper Objects, we ſhould not find Felicity in the Ma
'riage State ſuch a Wonder in the World as it now is.

'SIR, if you think theſe Thoughts worth inſerting
'among your own, be pleaſed to give them a better
'Dreſs, and let them paſs abroad; and you will oblige

Your Admirer,

A. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I was this Day walking in the Street, there
'happened to paſs by on the other Side of the Way
'a Beauty, whoſe Charms were ſo attracting that I
'drew my Eyes wholly on that Side, inſomuch that I
'neglected my own Way, and chanced to run my Noſe
'directly againſt a Poſt; which the Lady no ſooner per-
'ceived, but fell out into a Fit of Laughter, though at
'the ſame time ſhe was ſenſible that herſelf was the
'Cauſe of my Misfortune, which in my Opinion was
'the greater Aggravation of her Crime. I being buſy
'wiping off the Blood which trickled down my Face,
'had not Time to acquaint her with her Barbarity and
'alſo with my Reſolution, *viz.* never to look out of
'my Way for one of her Sex more: Therefore, that

'you

'your humble Servant may be revenged, he desires you 'to insert this in one of your next Papers, which he 'hopes will be a Warning to all the rest of the Women-'Gazers, as well as to poor

Anthony Gape.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Desire to know in your next, if the merry Game 'of *The Parson has lost his Cloke*, is not mightily in 'Vogue amongst the fine Ladies this *Christmas*; be-'cause I see they wear Hoods of all Colours, which I 'suppose is for that Purpose; If it is, and you think it 'proper, I will carry some of those Hoods with me to 'our Ladies in *Yorkshire*; because they injoined me to 'bring them something from *London* that was very 'New. If you can tell any Thing in which I can obey 'their Commands more agreeably, be pleased to in-'form me, and you will extremely oblige

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Dec.* 29.

'SINCE you appear inclined to be a Friend to the 'distressed, I beg you would assist me in an Affair 'under which I have suffered very much. The reigning 'Toast of this Place is *Patetia*; I have pursued her with 'the utmost Diligence this Twelve-month, and find no-'thing stands in my Way but one who flatters her more 'than I can. Pride is her Favourite Passion; therefore 'if you would be so far my Friend as to make a favour-'able Mention of her in one of your Papers, I believe I 'should not fail in my Addresses. The Scholars stand in 'Rows, as they did to be sure in your Time, at her 'Pew-door; and she has all the Devotion paid to her 'by a Crowd of Youths who are unacquainted with 'the Sex, and have Inexperience added to their Pas-'sion: However, if it succeeds according to my Vows, 'you will make me the happiest Man in the World, 'and the most obliged amongst all

Your humble Servants.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Came to my Miſtreſs's Toilet this Morning, for I am admitted when her Face is ſtark naked: She frowned, and cried Piſh when I ſaid a Thing that I ſtole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam, ſaid I, you ſhall forbear that Part of your Dreſs; it may be well in others, but you cannot place a Patch where it does not hide a Beauty. T

N° 269 *Tueſday, January* 8.

——— *Ævo rariſſima noſtro*
Simplicitas ——— Ovid. Ars Am. l. 1. v. 241.

And brings our old Simplicity again. DRYDEN.

I Was this Morning ſurpriſed with a great knocking at the Door, when my Landlady's Daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a Man below deſired to ſpeak with me. Upon my aſking her who it was, ſhe told me it was a very grave elderly Perſon; but that ſhe did not know his Name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the Coachman of my worthy Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. He told me that his Maſter came to Town laſt Night, and would be glad to take a Turn with me in *Grays-Inn* Walks. As I was wondring in myſelf what had brought Sir ROGER to Town, not having lately received any Letter from him, he told me that his Maſter was come up to get a Sight of Prince *Eugene*, and that he deſired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleaſed with the Curioſity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him ſay more than once in private Diſcourſe, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for ſo the Knight

Knight always calls him) to be a greater Man than *Scanderbeg*.

I was no ſooner come into *Grays-Inn* Walks, but I heard my Friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himſelf with great Vigour, for he loves to clear his Pipes in good Air (to make uſe of his own Phraſe) and is not a little pleaſed with any one who takes notice of the Strength which he ſtill exerts in his Morning Hems.

I was touched with a ſecret Joy at the Sight of the good old Man, who before he ſaw me was engaged in Converſation with a Beggar-Man that had aſked an Alms of him. I could hear my Friend chide him for not finding out ſome Work; but at the ſame time ſaw him put his Hand in his Pocket and give him Six-pence.

OUR Salutations were very hearty on both Sides, conſiſting of many kind Shakes of the Hand, and ſeveral affectionate Looks which we caſt upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good Friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at my Service, and that the *Sunday* before he had made a moſt incomparable Sermon out of Dr. *Barrow*. I have left, ſays he, all my Affairs in his Hands, and being willing to lay an Obligation upon him, have depoſited with him thirty Marks, to be diſtributed among his poor Pariſhioners.

HE then proceeded to acquaint me with the Welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his Hand into his Fob and preſented me in his Name with a Tobacco-Stopper, telling me that *Will* had been buſy all the Beginning of the Winter in turning great Quantities of them; and that he made a Preſent of one to every Gentleman in the Country who has good Principles, and ſmokes. He added, that poor *Will* was at preſent under great Tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the Law of him for cutting ſome Hazel Sticks out of one of his Hedges.

AMONG other Pieces of News which the Knight brought from his Country-Seat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a Month after her Death the Wind was ſo very high, that it blew down the End of one of his Barns. But for my own part, ſays

Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old Woman had any hand in it.

HE afterwards fell into an Account of the Diverſions which had paſſed in his Houſe during the Holidays; for Sir ROGER, after the laudable Cuſtom of his Anceſtors, always keeps open Houſe at *Chriſtmas*. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat Hogs for this Seaſon, that he had dealt about his Chines very liberally amongſt his Neighbours, and that in particular he had ſent a ſtring of Hogs-puddings with a pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Pariſh. I have often thought, ſays Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Chriſtmas* ſhould fall out in the middle of Winter. It is the moſt dead uncomfortable Time of the Year, when the poor People would ſuffer very much from their Poverty and Cold, if they had not good Cheer, warm Fires, and *Chriſtmas* Gambols to ſupport them. I love to rejoice their poor Hearts at this ſeaſon, and to ſee the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double Quantity of Malt to my ſmall Beer, and ſet it a running for twelve Days to every one that calls for it. I have always a Piece of cold Beef and a Mince-Pye upon the Table, and am wonderfully pleaſed to ſee my Tenants paſs away a whole Evening in playing their innocent Tricks, and ſmutting one another. Our Friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and ſhews a thouſand roguiſh Tricks upon theſe Occaſions.

I was very much delighted with the Reflexion of my old Friend, which carried ſo much Goodneſs in it. He then lanched out into the Praiſe of the late Act of Parliament for ſecuring the Church of *England*, and told me, with great Satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take Effect, for that a rigid Diſſenter who chanced to dine at his Houſe on *Chriſtmas* Day had been obſerved to eat very plentifully of his Plumb porridge.

AFTER having diſpatched all our Country Matters Sir ROGER made ſeveral Inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old Antagoniſt Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He aſked me with a kind of a Smile whether Sir ANDREW had not taken the Advantage

of his Abſence, to vent among them ſome of his Republican Doctrines; but ſoon after gathering up his Countenance into a more than ordinary Seriouſneſs, Tell me truly, ſays he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a Hand in the Pope's Proceſſion——but without giving me time to anſwer him, Well, well, ſays he, I know you are a wary Man, and do not care to talk of publick Matters.

THE Knight then aſked me, if I had ſeen Prince *Eugenio*, and made me promiſe to get him a Stand in ſome convenient Place where he might have a full Sight of that extraordinary Man, whoſe Preſence does ſo much Honour to the *Britiſh* Nation. He dwelt very long on the Praiſes of this Great General, and I found that, ſince I was with him in the Country, he had drawn many Obſervations together out of his reading in *Baker*'s Chronicle, and other Authors, who always lie in his Hall Window, which very much redound to the Honour of this Prince.

HAVING paſſed away the greateſt Part of the Morning in hearing the Knight's Reflexions, which were partly private, and partly political, he aſked me if I would ſmoke a Pipe with him over a Diſh of Coffee at *Squire*'s. As I love the old Man, I take Delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-houſe, where his venerable Figure drew upon us the Eyes of the whole Room. He had no ſooner ſeated himſelf at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Diſh of Coffee, a Wax-Candle, and the *Supplement*, with ſuch an Air of Chearfulneſs and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who ſeemed to take pleaſure in ſerving him) were at once employed on his ſeveral Errands, inſomuch that no Body elſe could come at a Diſh of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniencies about him. L

Nº 270 *Wedneſday, January* 9.

Diſcit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud,
Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat ——
Hor Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 262.

For what's derided by the cenſuring Crowd,
Is thought on more than what is juſt and good.
CREECH.

I Do not know that I have been in greater Delight for theſe many Years, than in beholding the Boxes at the Play the laſt Time *The Scornful Lady* was acted. So great an Aſſembly of Ladies placed in gradual Rows in all the Ornaments of Jewels, Silks and Colours, gave ſo lively and gay an Impreſſion to the Heart, that methought the Seaſon of the Year was vaniſhed; and I did not think it an ill Expreſſion of a young Fellow who ſtood near me, that called the Boxes Thoſe Beds of Tulips. It was a pretty Variation of the Proſpect, when any one of theſe fine Ladies roſe up and did Honour to herſelf and Friend at a Diſtance, by curtſying; and gave Opportunity to that Friend to ſhew her Charms to the ſame Advantage in returning the Salutation. Here that Action is as proper and graceful, as it is at Church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I muſt take the Liberty to obſerve that I did not ſee any one who is uſually ſo full of Civilities at Church, offer at any ſuch Indecorum during any Part of the Action of the Play. Such beautiful Proſpects gladden our Minds, and when conſidered in general, give innocent and pleaſing Ideas. He that dwells upon any one Object of Beauty may fix his Imagination to his Diſquiet; but the Contemplation of a whole Aſſembly together, is a Defence againſt the Incroachment of Deſire: At leaſt to me, who have taken pains to look at Beauty abſtracted from the Conſideration of its being the Object of Deſire; at Power, only as it ſits upon another, without any Hopes of partaking any Share

Share of it; at Wiſdom and Capacity, without any Pretenſions to rival or envy its Acquiſitions: I ſay to Me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the Perſons of beautiful Women, or warming myſelf into Ambition from the Succeſſes of other Men, this World is not only a mere Scene, but a very pleaſant one. Did Mankind but know the Freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the World, I ſhould have more Imitators, than the powerfulleſt Man in the Nation has Followers. To be no Man's Rival in Love, or Competitor in Buſineſs, is a Character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to Benevolence among thoſe whom you live with, yet has it certainly this Effect, that you do not ſtand ſo much in need of their Approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in ſetting your Heart on the ſame things which the Generality dote on. By this Means, and with this eaſy Philoſophy, I am never leſs at a Play than when I am at the Theatre; but indeed I am ſeldom ſo well pleaſed with Action as in that Place; for moſt Men follow Nature no longer than while they are in their Night-Gowns, and all the buſy Part of the Day are in Characters which they neither become nor act in with Pleaſure to themſelves or their Beholders. But to return to my Ladies: I was very well pleaſed to ſee ſo great a Crowd of them aſſembled at a Play, wherein the Heroine, as the Phraſe is, is ſo juſt a Picture of the Vanity of the Sex in tormenting their Admirers. The Lady who pines for the Man whom ſhe treats with ſo much Impertinence and Inconſtancy, is drawn with much Art and Humour. Her Reſolutions to be extremely civil, but her Vanity ariſing juſt at the Inſtant that ſhe reſolved to expreſs herſelf kindly, are deſcribed as by one who had ſtudied the Sex. But when my Admiration is fixed upon this excellent Character, and two or three others in the Play, I muſt confeſs I was moved with the utmoſt Indignation at the trivial, ſenſeleſs, and unnatural Repreſentation of the Chaplain. It is poſſible there may be a Pedant in Holy Orders, and we have ſeen one or two of them in the World; but ſuch a Driveler as Sir *Roger*, ſo bereft of all manner of Pride, which is the Characteriſtick of a Pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the Head of the ſame Man who drew the reſt of the Play. The

Meeting between *Welford* and him ſhews a Wretch without any Notion of the Dignity of his Function; and it is out of all common Senſe that he ſhould give an Account of himſelf *as one ſent four or five Miles in a Morning on Foot for Eggs*. It is not to be denied, but his Part and that of the Maid, whom he makes Love to, are excellently well performed; but a Thing which is blameable in itſelf, grows ſtill more ſo by the Succeſs in the Execution of it. It is ſo mean a Thing to gratify a looſe Age with a ſcandalous Repreſentation of what is reputable among Men, not to ſay what is ſacred, that no Beauty, no Excellence in an Author ought to atone for it; nay, ſuch Excellence is an Aggravation of his Guilt, and an Argument that he errs againſt the Conviction of his own Underſtanding and Conſcience. Wit ſhould be tried by this Rule, and an Audience ſhould riſe againſt ſuch a Scene, as throws down the Reputation of any thing which the Conſideration of Religion or Decency ſhould preſerve from Contempt. But all this Evil ariſes from this one Corruption of Mind, that makes Men reſent Offences againſt their Virtue, leſs than thoſe againſt their Underſtanding. An Author ſhall write as if he thought there was not one Man of Honour or Woman of Chaſtity in the Houſe, and come off with Applauſe: For an Inſult upon all the Ten Commandments, with the little Criticks, is not ſo bad as the Breach of an Unity of Time or Place. Half Wits do not apprehend the Miſeries that muſt neceſſarily flow from Degeneracy of Manners; nor do they know that Order is the Support of Society. Sir *Roger* and his Miſtreſs are Monſters of the Poets own forming; the Sentiments in both of them are ſuch as do not ariſe in Fools of their Education. We all know that a ſilly Scholar, inſtead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the Rank of ſuch as are really his Superiors: His Arrogance is always founded upon particular Notions of Diſtinction in his own Head, accompanied with a pedantick Scorn of all Fortune and Preeminence, when compared with his Knowledge and Learning. This very one Character of Sir *Roger*, as ſilly as it really is, has done more towards the Diſparagement of Holy Orders, and conſequently of Virtue itſelf, than all the Wit that Author or any other could make up

for

for in the Conduct of the longeſt Life after it. I do not pretend, in ſaying this, to give myſelf Airs of more Virtue than my Neighbours, but aſſert it from the Principles by which Mankind muſt always be governed. Sallies of Imagination are to be overlook'd, when they are committed out of Warmth in the Recommendation of what is Praiſe-worthy; but a deliberate advancing of Vice, with all the Wit in the World, is as ill an Action as any that comes before the Magiſtrate, and ought to be received as ſuch by the People. T

N° 271 *Thurſday, January* 10.

Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores.
Virg. Æn. 4. v. 701

Drawing a thouſand Colours from the Light.
DRYDEN.

I Receive a double Advantage from the Letters of my Correſpondents, firſt, as they ſhew me which of my Papers are moſt acceptable to them; and in the next place as they furniſh me with Materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make uſe of the Letter itſelf, but form the Hints of it into Plans of my own Invention; ſometimes I take the Liberty to change the Language or Thought into my own Way of Speaking and Thinking, and always (if it can be done without Prejudice to the Senſe) omit the many Compliments and Applauſes which are uſually beſtowed upon me.

BESIDES the two Advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the Letters that are ſent me, they give me an Opportunity of lengthening out my Paper by the ſkilful Management of the ſubſcribing Part at the End of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the Eaſe, both of myſelf and Reader.

SOME will have it, that I often write to myſelf, and am the only punctual Correſpondent I have. This Objection would indeed be material, were the Letters I com-

communicate to the Publick ſtuffed with my own Commendations; and if inſtead of endeavouring to divert or inſtruct my Readers, I admired in them the Beauty of my own Performances. But I ſhall leave theſe wiſe Conjectures to their own Imaginations, and produce the three following Letters for the Entertainment of the Day.

SIR,

'I Was laſt *Thurſday* in an Aſſembly of Ladies, where 'there were thirteen different coloured Hoods. Your '*Spectator* of that Day lying upon the Table, they or-'dered me to read it to them, which I did with a very 'clear Voice, 'till I came to the *Greek* Verſe at the 'End of it. I muſt confeſs I was a little ſtartled at its 'popping upon me ſo unexpectedly. However, I co-'vered my Confuſion as well as I could, and after 'having mutter'd two or three hard Words to myſelf, 'laugh'd heartily, and cried, *A very good Jeſt, faith.* 'The Ladies deſired me to explain it to them; but 'I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that 'if it had been proper for them to hear, they may be 'ſure the Author would not have wrapp'd it up in '*Greek.* I then let drop ſeveral Expreſſions, as if there 'was ſomething in it that was not fit to be ſpoken be-'fore a Company of Ladies. Upon which the Matron 'of the Aſſembly, who was dreſſed in a Cherry-coloured 'Hood, commended the Diſcretion of the Writer for 'having thrown his filthy Thoughts into *Greek*, which 'was likely to corrupt but few of his Readers. At the 'ſame time ſhe declared herſelf very well pleaſed, that 'he had not given a deciſive Opinion upon the new-fa-'ſhioned Hoods; for to tell you truly, ſays ſhe, I was 'afraid he would have made us aſhamed to ſhew our 'Heads. Now, Sir, you muſt know, ſince this un-'lucky Accident happened to me in a Company of 'Ladies, among whom I paſſed for a moſt ingenious 'Man, I have conſulted one who is well verſed in the '*Greek* Language, and he aſſures me upon his Word, 'that your late Quotation means no more, than that '*Manners and not Dreſs are the Ornaments of a Woman.* 'If this comes to the Knowledge of my Female Ad-'mirers, I ſhall be very hard put to it to bring my-

'ſelf

'ſelf off handſomly. In the mean while I give you this 'Account, that you may take care hereafter not to be-'tray any of your Well-wiſhers into the like Incon-'veniences. It is in the Number of theſe that I beg 'leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Tom Trippit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Readers are ſo well pleaſed with your Cha-'racter of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, that there 'appeared a ſenſible Joy in every Coffee-houſe, upon 'hearing the old Knight was come to Town. I am now 'with a Knot of his Admirers, who make it their joint 'Requeſt to you, that you would give us publick No-'tice of the Window or Balcony where the Knight in-'tends to make his Appearance. He has already given 'great Satisfaction to ſeveral who have ſeen him at '*Squire*'s Coffee-houſe. If you think fit to place your 'ſhort Face at Sir ROGER's Left Elbow, we ſhall take 'the Hint, and gratefully acknowledge ſo great a Favour.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt devoted humble Servant,

C. D.

SIR,

'KNOWING that you are very inquiſitive after 'every Thing that is curious in Nature, I will 'wait on you if you pleaſe in the Duſk of the Evening, 'with my *Show* upon my Back, which I carry about 'with me in a Box, as only conſiſting of a Man, a Wo-'man, and an Horſe. The two firſt are married, in 'which State the little Cavalier has ſo well acquitted 'himſelf, that his Lady is with Child. The big-bellied 'Woman, and her Huſband, with their whimſical Pal-'fry, are ſo very light, that when they are put together 'into a Scale, an ordinary Man may weigh down the 'whole Family. The little Man is a Bully in his Na-'ture; but when he grows cholerick I confine him to 'his Box till his Wrath is over, by which Means I have 'hitherto prevented him from doing Miſchief. His 'Horſe is likewiſe very vicious, for which Reaſon I am 'forced to tie him cloſe to his Manger with a Pack-thread.

'The

'The Woman is a Coquette. She Struts as much as it 'is poſſible for a Lady of two Foot high, and would 'ruin me in Silks, were not the Quantity that goes to 'a large Pin-Cuſhion ſufficient to make her a Gown and 'Petticoat. She told me the other Day, that ſhe heard 'the Ladies wore coloured Hoods, and ordered me to 'get her one of the fineſt Blue. I am forced to com-'ply with her Demands while ſhe is in her preſent 'Condition, being very willing to have more of the 'ſame Breed. I do not know what ſhe may produce me, 'but provided it be a *Show* I ſhall be very well ſatisfied. 'Such Novelties ſhould not, I think, be concealed from 'the *Britiſh Spectator*; for which Reaſon I hope you 'will excuſe this Preſumption in

Your moſt dutiful, moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant,

L S. T.

N° 272 *Friday, January* 11.

——— *Longa eſt injuria, longæ*
Ambages ——— Virg. Æn. 1. v. 345.

Great is the Injury, and long the Tale.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Occaſion of this Letter is of ſo great Im-'portance, and the Circumſtances of it ſuch, that 'I know you will but think it juſt to inſert it, 'in Preference of all other Matters that can preſent 'themſelves to your Conſideration. I need not, after 'I have ſaid this, tell you that I am in Love. The 'Circumſtances of my Paſſion I ſhall let you underſtand 'as well as a diſordered Mind will admit. That curſed 'Pickthank Mrs. *Jane!* Alas, I am railing at one to 'you by her Name as familiarly as if you were acquainted

'with

'with her as well as myſelf: But I will tell you all, as 'faſt as the alternate Interruptions of Love and Anger 'will give me Leave. There is a moſt agreeable young 'Woman in the World whom I am paſſionately in Love 'with, and from whom I have for ſome ſpace of Time 'received as great Marks of Favour as were fit for her 'to give, or me to deſire. The ſucceſsful Progreſs of 'the Affair of all others the moſt eſſential towards a 'Man's Happineſs, gave a new Life and Spirit not on-'ly to my Behaviour and Diſcourſe, but alſo a certain 'Grace to all my Actions in the Commerce of Life in 'all Things tho' never ſo remote from Love. You 'know the predominant Paſſion ſpreads itſelf thro' all a 'Man's Tranſactions, and exalts or depreſſes him accord-'ing to the Nature of ſuch Paſſion. But alas, I have not 'yet begun my Story, and what is making Sentences 'and Obſervations when a Man is pleading for his Life? 'To begin then: This Lady has correſponded with me 'under the Names of Love, ſhe my *Belinda*, I her '*Cleanthes*. Tho' I am thus well got into the Account 'of my Affair, I cannot keep in the Thread of it ſo 'much as to give you the Character of Mrs. *Jane*, 'whom I will not hide under a borrowed Name; but 'let you know that this Creature has been ſince I knew 'her very handſom, (tho' I will not allow her even ſhe '*has been* for the future) and during the Time of her 'Bloom and Beauty was ſo great a Tyrant to her Lovers, 'ſo over-valued herſelf and under-rated all her Preten-'ders, that they have deſerted her to a Man; and ſhe 'knows no Comfort but that common one to all in her 'Condition, the Pleaſure of interrupting the Amours of 'others. It is impoſſible but you muſt have ſeen ſeveral 'of theſe Volunteers in Malice, who paſs their whole 'Time in the moſt laborious way of Life, in getting In-'telligence, running from Place to Place with new 'Whiſpers, without reaping any other Benefit but the 'Hopes of making others as unhappy as themſelves. Mrs. '*Jane* happened to be at a Place where I, with many 'others well acquainted with my Paſſion for *Belinda*, 'paſſed a *Chriſtmas*-Evening. There was among the reſt 'a young Lady, ſo free in Mirth, ſo amiable in a juſt 'Reſerve that accompanied it; I wrong her to call it a

'Reſerve,

'Reſerve, but there appeared in her a Mirth or Chear-
'fulneſs which was not a Forbearance of more immode-
'rate Joy, but the natural Appearance of all which could
'flow from a Mind poſſeſſed of an Habit of Innocence
'and Purity. I muſt have utterly forgot *Belinda* to have
'taken no notice of one who was growing up to the ſame
'womanly Virtues which ſhine to Perfection in her, had
'I not diſtinguiſhed one who ſeemed to promiſe to the
'World the ſame Life and Conduct with my faithful and
'lovely *Belinda*. When the Company broke up, the
'fine young Thing permitted me to take care of her
'Home. Mrs. *Jane* ſaw my particular regard to her,
'and was informed of my attending her to her Father's
'Houſe. She came early to *Belinda* the next Morning,
'and aſked her if Mrs. *Such-a-one* had been with her?
'No. If Mr. *Such-a-one*'s Lady? No. Nor your
'Couſin *Such-a-one?* No. Lord, ſays Mrs. *Jane*,
'what is the Friendſhip of Women?———Nay, they
'may laugh at it. And did no one tell you any thing
'of the Behaviour of your Lover Mr. *What d'ye call*
'laſt Night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that
'he is to be married to young Mrs.———on *Tueſday*
'next? *Belinda* was here ready to die with Rage and
'Jealouſy. Then Mrs. *Jane* goes on: I have a young
'Kinſman who is Clerk to a great Conveyancer, who
'ſhall ſhew you the rough Draught of the Marriage Set-
'tlement. The World ſays her Father gives him Two
'Thouſand Pounds more than he could have with you.
'I went innocently to wait on *Belinda* as uſual, but
'was not admitted; I writ to her, and my Letter was
'ſent back unopened. Poor *Betty* her Maid, who is on
'my Side, has been here juſt now blubbering, and told
'me the whole Matter. She ſays ſhe did not think I
'could be ſo baſe; and that ſhe is now odious to her
'Miſtreſs for having ſo often ſpoke well of me, that ſhe
'dare not mention me more. All our Hopes are placed
'in having theſe Circumſtances fairly repreſented in the
'SPECTATOR, which *Betty* ſays ſhe dare not but
'bring up as ſoon as it is brought in; and has promiſed
'when you have broke the Ice to own this was laid be-
'tween us: And when I can come to an Hearing, the
'young Lady will ſupport what we ſay by her Teſtimony,

'that

'that I never ſaw her but that once in my whole Life. 'Dear Sir, do not omit this true Relation, nor think it 'too particular; for there are Crowds of forlorn Coquettes 'who intermingle themſelves with other Ladies, and 'contract Familiarities out of Malice, and with no other 'Deſign but to blaſt the Hopes of Lovers, the Expecta-'tion of Parents, and the Benevolence of Kindred. I 'doubt not but I ſhall be,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

CLEANTHES.

SIR, *Will's* Coffee-houſe, *Jan.* 10.

'THE other Day entring a Room adorned with the 'Fair Sex, I offered, after the uſual Manner, to 'each of them a Kiſs; but one, more ſcornful than the 'reſt, turned her Cheek. I did not think it proper to 'take any notice of it till I had aſked your Advice.

Your humble Servant,

E. S.

THE Correſpondent is deſir'd to ſay which Cheek the Offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Pariſh-Veſtry, *January* 9.

All Ladies who come to Church in the New-faſhioned Hoods, are deſired to be there before Divine Service begins, leſt they divert the Attention of the Congregation.

T RALPH.

Saturday,

N° 273 *Saturday, January* 12.

———*Notandi ſunt tibi* Mores.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 156.

Note well the Manners.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradiſe Loſt*, let us in the next place conſider the Actors. This is *Ariſtotle*'s Method of conſidering, firſt the Fable, and ſecondly the Manners; or, as we generally call them in *Engliſh*, the Fable and the Characters.

HOMER has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote in the Multitude and Variety of his Characters. Every God that is admitted into his Poem, acts a Part which would have been ſuitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much diſtinguiſhed by their Manners, as by their Dominions; and even thoſe among them, whoſe Characters ſeem wholly made up of Courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of Courage in which they excel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a Speech or Action in the *Iliad*, which the Reader may not aſcribe to the Perſon that ſpeaks or acts, without ſeeing his Name at the Head of it.

HOMER does not only outſhine all other Poets in the Variety, but alſo in the Novelty of his Characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a Perſon who had lived thrice the Age of Man, and converſed with *Theſeus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the firſt Race of Heroes. His principal Actor is the Son of a Goddeſs, not to mention the Offſpring of other Deities, who have likewiſe a Place in his Poem, and the venerable *Trojan* Prince, who was the Father of ſo many Kings and Heroes. There is in theſe ſeveral Characters of *Homer*, a certain Dignity as well as Novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. Tho' at the ſame time, to give them the greater Variety, he has deſcribed a *Vulcan*, that is a Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Therſites* among his Mortals.

VIRGIL

VIRGIL falls infinitely ſhort of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety and Novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he's ſtil'd the Hero's Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deſerve that Title. *Gyas*, *Mneſtheus*, *Sergeſtus* and *Cloanthus*, are all of them Men of the ſame Stamp and Character.

——— *Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

THERE are indeed ſeveral Natural Incidents in the Part of *Aſcanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be ſufficiently admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote Copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lauſus* and *Mezentius* are almoſt Parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The Characters of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget the Parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and ſome few others, which are fine Improvements on the *Greek* Poet. In ſhort, there is neither that Variety nor Novelty in the Perſons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in thoſe of the *Iliad*.

IF we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the Variety his Fable was capable of receiving. The whole Species of Mankind was in two Perſons at the Time to which the Subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct Characters in theſe two Perſons. We ſee Man and Woman in the higheſt Innocence and Perfection, and in the moſt abject State of Guilt and Infirmity. The two laſt Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new than any Characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole Circle of Nature.

MILTON was ſo ſenſible of this Defect in the Subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a Shadowy and Fictitious Nature, in the Perſons of *Sin* and *Death*, by which means he has wrought into the Body of his Fable a very beautiful and well-invented Allegory. But notwithſtanding the Fineneſs of this Allegory may atone for it in ſome meaſure; I cannot think that Perſons of ſuch a Chimerical Exiſtence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of Probability

bability annexed to them, which is requiſite in Writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhew more at large hereafter.

VIRGIL has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an Actreſs in the *Æneid*, but the Part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired Circumſtances in that divine Work. We find in Mock-heroic Poems, particularly in the *Diſpenſary* and the *Lutrin*, ſeveral Allegorical Perſons of this Nature, which are very beautiful in thoſe Compoſitions, and may, perhaps, be uſed as an Argument, that the Authors of them were of Opinion, ſuch Characters might have a Place in an Epic Work. For my own part I ſhould be glad the Reader would think ſo, for the ſake of the Poem I am now examining, and muſt further add, that if ſuch empty unſubſtantial Beings may be ever made uſe of on this Occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper Actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

ANOTHER Principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The Part of *Ulyſſes* in *Homer*'s *Odyſſey* is very much admired by *Ariſtotle*, as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable Plots and Intricacies, not only by the many Adventures in his Voyage, and the Subtilty of his Behaviour, but by the various Concealments and Diſcoveries of his Perſon in ſeveral Parts of that Poem. But the crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer Voyage than *Ulyſſes*, puts in practice many more Wiles and Stratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater Variety of Shapes and Appearances, all of which are ſeverally detected, to the great Delight and Surpriſe of the Reader.

WE may likewiſe obſerve with how much Art the Poet has varied ſeveral Characters of the Perſons that ſpeak in his infernal Aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting itſelf towards Man in its full Benevolence under the Threefold Diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

NOR muſt we omit the Perſon of *Raphael*, who, amidſt his Tenderneſs and Friendſhip for Man, ſhews ſuch a Dignity and Condeſcenſion in all his Speech and Behaviour, as are ſuitable to a Superior Nature. The Angels are indeed as much diverſified in *Milton*, and diſtinguiſhed by

by their proper Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find nothing aſcribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective Characters.

THERE is another Circumſtance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar Beauty to thoſe two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great Judgment. I mean the Authors having choſen, for their Heroes, Perſons who were ſo nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the Parts of their Story, and ſympathized with their Heroes in all their Adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the Eſcapes, Succeſſes and Victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any Defeats, Misfortunes or Diſappointments that befel him; as a *Greek* muſt have had the ſame Regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of thoſe Poems have loſt this great Advantage, among thoſe Readers to whom their Heroes are as Strangers, or indifferent Perſons.

MILTON's Poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince it is impoſſible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Perſons who are the principal Actors in it; but what is ſtill infinitely more to its Advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Repreſentatives. We have an actual Intereſt in every thing they do, and no leſs than our utmoſt Happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake in all their Behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable Obſervation out of *Ariſtotle*, which hath been very much miſrepreſented in the Quotations of ſome Modern Criticks. 'If a Man of perfect and conſummate 'Virtue falls into a Misfortune, it raiſes our Pity, but 'not our Terror, becauſe we do not fear that it may 'be our own Caſe, who do not reſemble the Suffering 'Perſon.' But as that great Philoſopher adds, 'If we ſee 'a Man of Virtue mixt with Infirmities, fall into any 'Misfortune, it does not only raiſe our Pity but our Ter-'ror; becauſe we are afraid that the like Misfortunes

'may

'may happen to ourſelves, who reſemble the Character 'of the Suffering Perſons.

I ſhall take another Opportunity to obſerve, that a Perſon of an abſolute and conſummate Virtue ſhould never be introduced in Tragedy, and ſhall only remark in this Place, that the foregoing Obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, tho' it may be true in other Occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe in the preſent Caſe, though the Perſons who fall into Misfortune are of the moſt perfect and conſummate Virtue, it is not to be conſidered as what may poſſibly be, but what actually is our own Caſe; ſince we are embarked with them on the ſame Bottom, and muſt be Partakers of their Happineſs or Miſery.

IN this, and ſome other very few Inſtances, *Ariſtotle*'s Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his Reflexions upon *Homer*) cannot be ſuppoſed to quadrate exactly with the Heroic Poems which have been made ſince his Time; ſince it is plain his Rules would ſtill have been more perfect, could he have peruſed the *Æneid* which was made ſome hundred Years after his Death.

IN my next, I ſhall go through other Parts of *Milton*'s Poem; and hope that what I ſhall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only ſerve as a Comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Ariſtotle*.

N° 274 *Monday, January* 14.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis———

Hor. Sat. 2. l. 1. v. 37.

All you, who think the City ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend.———

POPE.

I Have upon ſeveral Occaſions (that have occurred ſince I firſt took into my Thoughts the preſent State of Fornication) weighed with myſelf, in behalf of guilty Females, the Impulſes of Fleſh and Blood, together with the

the Arts and Galantries of crafty Men; and reflect with ſome Scorn that moſt Part of what we in our Youth think gay and polite, is nothing elſe but an Habit of indulging a Pruriency that Way. It will coſt ſome Labour to bring People to ſo lively a Senſe of this, as to recover the manly Modeſty in the Behaviour of my Men Readers, and the baſhful Grace in the Faces of my Women; but in all Caſes which come into Debate, there are certain things previouſly to be done before we can have a true Light into the Subject Matter; therefore it will, in the firſt Place, be neceſſary to conſider the impotent Wenchers and induſtrious Hags, who are ſupplied with, and are conſtantly ſupplying new Sacrifices to the Devil of Luſt. You are to know then, if you are ſo happy as not to know it already, that the great Havock which is made in the Habitations of Beauty and Innocence, is committed by ſuch as can only lay waſte and not enjoy the Soil. When you obſerve the preſent State of Vice and Virtue, the Offenders are ſuch as one would think ſhould have no Impulſe to what they are purſuing; as in Buſineſs, you ſee ſometimes Fools pretend to be Knaves, ſo in Pleaſure, you will find old Men ſet up for Wenchers. This latter ſort of Men are the great Baſis and Fund of Iniquity in the Kind we are ſpeaking of: You ſhall have an old rich Man often receive Scrawls from the ſeveral Quarters of the Town, with Deſcriptions of the new Wares in their Hands, if he will pleaſe to ſend Word when he will be waited on. This Interview is contrived, and the Innocent is brought to ſuch Indecencies as from time to time baniſh Shame and raiſe Deſire. With theſe Preparatives the Hags break their Wards by little and little, 'till they are brought to loſe all Apprehenſions of what ſhall befal them in the Poſſeſſion of younger Men. It is a common Poſtſcript of a Hag to a young Fellow whom ſhe invites to a new Woman, *She has, I aſſure you, ſeen none but old Mr. Such-a-one.* It pleaſes the old Fellow that the Nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his Bounty ſhe is accommodated with enough to dreſs her for other Lovers. This is the moſt ordinary Method of bringing Beauty and Poverty into the Poſſeſſion of the Town: But the particular Caſes of kind Keepers, ſkilful Pimps, and all others who drive a ſeparate Trade, and are not in the general

neral Society or Commerce of Sin, will require diſtinct Conſideration. At the ſame time that we are thus ſevere on the Abandoned, we are to repreſent the Caſe of others with that Mitigation as the Circumſtances demand. Calling Names does no Good; to ſpeak worſe of any thing than it deſerves, does only take off from the Credit of the Accuſer, and has implicitly the Force of an Apology in the Behalf of the Perſon accuſed. We ſhall therefore, according as the Circumſtances differ, vary our Appellations of theſe Criminals: Thoſe who offend only againſt themſelves, and are not Scandalous to Society, but out of Deference to the ſober Part of the World, have ſo much Good left in them as to be aſhamed, muſt not be huddled in the common Word due to the worſt of Women; but Regard is to be had to their Circumſtances when they fell, to the uneaſy Perplexity under which they lived under ſenſeleſs and ſevere Parents, to the Importunity of Poverty, to the Violence of a Paſſion in its Beginning well grounded, and all other Alleviations which make unhappy Women reſign the Characteriſtick of their Sex, Modeſty. To do otherwiſe than thus, would be to act like a Pedantick Stoick, who thinks all Crimes alike, and not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon them with all the Circumſtances that diminiſh or enhance the Guilt. I am in hopes, if this Subject be well purſued, Women will hereafter from their Infancy be treated with an Eye to their future State in the World; and not have their Tempers made too untractable from an improper Sourneſs or Pride, or too complying from Familiarity or Forwardneſs contracted at their own Houſes. After theſe Hints on this Subject, I ſhall end this Paper with the following genuine Letter; and deſire all who think they may be concerned in future Speculations on this Subject, to ſend in what they have to ſay for themſelves for ſome Incidents in their Lives, in order to have proper Allowances made for their Conduct.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Jan.* 5, 1711.

'THE Subject of your Yeſterday's Paper is of ſo 'great Importance, and the thorough handling of 'it may be ſo very uſeful to the Preſervation of many 'an innocent young Creature, that I think every one is

'obliged

'obliged to furniſh you with what Lights he can, to ex-
'poſe the pernicious Arts and Practices of thoſe unnatural
'Women called Bawds. In order to this the Incloſed is
'ſent you, which is *verbatim* the Copy of a Letter written
'by a Bawd of Figure in this Town to a noble Lord. I
'have concealed the Names of both, my Intention being
'not to expoſe the Perſons but the Thing.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

My Lord,

'I Having a great Eſteem for your Honour, and a better
'Opinion of you than of any of the Quality, makes
'me acquaint you of an Affair that I hope will oblige
'you to know. I have a Neice that came to Town about
'a Fortnight ago. Her Parents being lately dead ſhe came
'to me, expecting to a found me in ſo good a Condition
'as to a ſet her up in a Milliner's Shop. Her Father gave
'fourſcore Pounds with her for five Years: Her Time is
'out, and ſhe is not Sixteen; as pretty a black Gentle-
'woman as ever you ſaw, a little Woman, which I know
'your Lordſhip likes: well ſhaped, and as fine a Com-
'plexion for Red and White as ever I ſaw; I doubt not
'but your Lordſhip will be of the ſame Opinion. She
'deſigns to go down about a Month hence except I can
'provide for her, which I cannot at preſent; Her Father
'was one with whom all he had died with him, ſo there is
'four Children left deſtitute; ſo if your Lordſhip thinks
'fit to make an Appointment where I ſhall wait on you
'with my Neice, by a Line or two, I ſtay for your An-
'ſwer; for I have no Place fitted up ſince I left my
'Houſe, fit to entertain your Honour. I told her ſhe
'ſhould go with me to ſee a Gentleman a very good
'Friend of mine; ſo I deſire you to take no notice of
'my Letter by reaſon ſhe is ignorant of the Ways of the
'Town. My Lord, I deſire if you meet us to come
'alone; for upon my Word and Honour you are the firſt
'that ever I mentioned her to. So I remain,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt humble Servant to command.

'I beg of you to burn it when you've read it. T

N° 275 *Tueſday, January* 15.

——*tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile*——

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 300.

A Head, no Helebore can cure.

I WAS Yeſterday engaged in an Aſſembly of Virtuoſos, where one of them produced many curious Obſervations which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an Human Body. Another of the Company communicated to us ſeveral wonderful Diſcoveries, which he had alſo made on the ſame Subject, by the Help of very fine Glaſſes. This gave Birth to a great Variety of uncommon Remarks, and furniſhed Diſcourſe for the remaining Part of the Day.

THE different Opinions which were ſtarted on this Occaſion, preſented to my Imagination ſo many new Ideas, that by mixing with thoſe which were already there, they employed my Fancy all the laſt Night, and compoſed a very wild extravagant Dream.

I was invited, methought, to the Diſſection of a *Beau*'s *Head* and of a *Coquette*'s *Heart*, which were both of them laid on a Table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the firſt with a great deal of Nicety, which, upon a curſory and ſuperficial View, appeared like the Head of another Man; but upon applying our Glaſſes to it, we made a very odd Diſcovery, namely, that what we looked upon as Brains, were not ſuch in reality, but an Heap of ſtrange Materials wound up in that Shape and Texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the ſeveral Cavities of the Scull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the Blood of the Gods is not real Blood, but only ſomething like it; ſo we found that the Brain of a Beau is not real Brain, but only ſomething like it.

THE *Pineal Gland*, which many of our Modern Philoſophers ſuppoſe to be the Seat of the Soul, ſmelt very ſtrong of Eſſence and Orange-flower Water, and was encompaſſed with a kind of horny Subſtance, cut into a thouſand

ſand little Faces or Mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked Eye, inſomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, muſt have been always taken up in contemplating her own Beauties.

WE obſerved a long *Antrum* or Cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with Ribbons, Lace and Embroidery, wrought together in a moſt curious Piece of Network, the Parts of which were likewiſe imperceptible to the naked Eye. Another of theſe *Antrums* or Cavities was ſtuffed with inviſible Billet-doux, Love-Letters, pricked Dances, and other Trumpery of the ſame Nature. In another we found a kind of Powder, which ſet the whole Company a Sneezing, and by the Scent diſcovered itſelf to be right *Spaniſh*. The ſeveral other Cells were ſtored with Commodities of the ſame kind, of which it would be tedious to give the Reader an exact Inventory.

THERE was a large Cavity on each ſide of the Head, which I muſt not omit. That on the right Side was filled with Fictions, Flatteries, and Falſhoods, Vows, Promiſes, and Proteſtations; that on the left with Oaths and Imprecations. There iſſued out a *Duct* from each of theſe Cells, which ran into the Root of the Tongue, where both joined together, and paſſed forward in one common *Duct* to the Tip of it. We diſcovered ſeveral little Roads or Canals running from the Ear into the Brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their ſeveral Paſſages. One of them extended itſelf to a Bundle of Sonnets and little muſical Inſtruments. Others ended in ſeveral Bladders which were filled either with Wind or Froth. But the latter Canal entered into a great Cavity of the Skull, from whence there went another Canal into the Tongue. This great Cavity was filled with a kind of ſpungy Subſtance, which the *French* Anatomiſts call *Galimatias*, and the *Engliſh* Nonſenſe.

THE Skins of the Forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much ſurpriſed us, had not in them any ſingle Blood-veſſel that we were able to diſcover, either with or without our Glaſſes; from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive muſt have been intirely deprived of the Faculty of Bluſhing.

THE *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly ſtuffed, and in ſome Places damaged with Snuff. We could not but take

notice in particular of that ſmall Muſcle which is not often diſcovered in Diſſections, and draws the Noſe upwards, when it expreſſes the Contempt which the Owner of it has, upon ſeeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not underſtand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that Muſcle which performs the Motion ſo often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets, when they talk of a Man's cocking his Noſe, or playing the Rhinoceros.

WE did not find any thing very remarkable in the Eye, ſaving only, that the *Muſculi Amatorii*, or, as we may tranſlate it into *Engliſh*, the *Ogling Muſcles*, were very much worn and decayed with uſe; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the Muſcle which turns the Eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been uſed at all.

I have only mentioned in this Diſſection ſuch new Diſcoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of thoſe Parts which are to be met with in common Heads. As for the Skull, the Face, and indeed the whole outward Shape and Figure of the Head, we could not diſcover any Difference from what we obſerve in the Heads of other Men. We were informed, that the Perſon to whom this Head belonged, had paſſed for *a Man* above five and thirty Years; during which time he Eat and Drank like other People, dreſſed well, talked loud, laugh'd frequently, and on particular Occaſions had acquitted himſelf tolerably at a Ball or an Aſſembly; to which one of the Company added, that a certain Knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the Flower of his Age by the Blow of a Paring-ſhovel, having been ſurpriſed by an eminent Citizen, as he was tendring ſome Civilities to his Wife.

WHEN we had thoroughly examined this Head with all its Apartments, and its ſeveral kinds of Furniture, we put up the Brain, ſuch as it was, into its proper Place, and laid it aſide under a broad Piece of Scarlet Cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great Repoſitory of Diſſections; our Operator telling us that the Preparation would not be ſo difficult as that of another Brain, for that he had obſerved ſeveral of the little Pipes and Tubes which ran through the Brain were already filled with a kind of Mercurial Subſtance, which he looked upon to be true Quick-ſilver.

HE

HE applied himſelf in the next Place to the *Coquette's Heart*, which he likewiſe laid open with great Dexterity. There occurred to us many Particularities in this Diſſection; but being unwilling to burden my Reader's Memory too much, I ſhall reſerve this Subject for the Speculation of another Day. L.

N° 276 *Wedneſday, January* 16.

Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 42.

Miſconduct ſcreen'd behind a ſpecious Name.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Hope you have Philoſophy enough to be capable of bearing the mention of your Faults. Your Papers which regard the fallen Part of the Fair Sex, are, I think, written with an Indelicacy, which makes them unworthy to be inſerted in the Writings of a Moraliſt who knows the World. I cannot allow that you are at liberty to obſerve upon the Actions of Mankind with the Freedom which you ſeem to reſolve upon; at leaſt if you do ſo, you ſhould take along with you the Diſtinction of Manners of the World, according to the Quality and Way of Life of the Perſons concerned. A Man of Breeding ſpeaks of even Misfortune among Ladies without giving it the moſt terrible Aſpect it can bear: And this Tenderneſs towards them, is much more to be preſerved when you ſpeak of Vices. All Mankind are ſo far related, that care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in Terms which ſhall diſguſt another. Thus to tell a rich Man of the Indigence of a Kinſman of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous Woman of the Lapſe of one who till then was in the ſame degree of Eſteem with herſelf, is in a kind involving each of them in ſome Participation of thoſe Diſadvantages. It is therefore expected from every Writer, to treat his Argument in ſuch a manner, as is moſt proper to entertain the ſort of Readers to whom his

'Diſcourſe is directed. It is not neceſſary when you write 'to the Tea table, that you ſhould draw Vices which carry 'all the Horror of Shame and Contempt: If you paint an 'impertinent Self-love, an artful Glance, an aſſumed Com-'plexion, you ſay all which you ought to ſuppoſe they 'can poſſibly be guilty of. When you talk with this Li-'mitation, you behave yourſelf ſo as that you may expect 'others in Converſation may ſecond your Rallery; but 'when you do it in a Stile which every body elſe for-'bears in reſpect to their Quality, they have an eaſy Re-'medy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more 'of their Faults. A Man that is now and then guilty of 'Intemperance is not to be called a Drunkard; but the 'Rule of polite Rallery, is to ſpeak of a Man's Faults as 'if you lov'd him. Of this nature is what was ſaid by '*Cæſar:* When one was railing with an uncourtly Ve-'hemence, and broke out, What muſt we call him who 'was taken in an Intrigue with another Man's Wife? '*Cæſar* anſwered very gravely, *A careleſs Fellow.* This 'was at once a Reprimand for ſpeaking of a Crime which 'in thoſe Days had not the Abhorrence attending it as it 'ought, as well as an Intimation that all intemperate Be-'haviour before Superiors loſes its Aim, by accuſing in a 'Method unfit for the Audience. A Word to the Wiſe. 'All I mean here to ſay to you is, That the moſt free 'Perſon of Quality can go no further than being a kind 'Woman; and you ſhould never ſay of a Man of Figure worſe, than that he knows the World.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Francis Courtly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Woman of an unſpotted Reputation, and know 'nothing I have ever done which ſhould encourage 'ſuch Inſolence; but here was one the other Day, and 'he was dreſs'd like a Gentleman too, who took the Li-'berty to name the Words, *Luſty Fellow*, in my Preſence. 'I doubt not but you will reſent it in behalf of,

SIR, Your humble Servant,

CELIA.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU lately put out a dreadful Paper, wherein you promiſe a full Account of the State of criminal Love; and call all the Fair who have tranſgreſſed in that kind by one very rude Name which I do not care to repeat: But I deſire to know of you whether I am or I am not of thoſe? My Caſe is as follows. I am kept by an old Bachelor, who took me ſo young, that I knew not how he came by me: He is a Bencher of one of the Inns of Court, a very gay healthy old Man; which is a very lucky thing for him, who has been, he tells me, a Scowrer, a Scamperer, a Breaker of Windows, an Invader of Conſtables, in the Days of Yore, when all Dominion ended with the Day, and Males and Females met helter ſkelter, and the Scowrers drove before them all who pretended to keep up Order or Rule to the Interruption of Love and Honour. This is his way of Talk, for he is very gay when he viſits me; but as his former Knowledge of the Town has alarmed him into an invincible Jealouſy, he keeps me in a pair of Slippers, neat Bodice, warm Petticoats, and my own Hair woven in Ringlets, after a Manner, he ſays, he remembers. I am not Miſtreſs of one Farthing of Money, but have all Neceſſaries provided for me, under the Guard of one who procured for him while he had any Deſires to gratify. I know nothing of a Wench's Life, but the Reputation of it: I have a natural Voice, and a pretty untaught Step in Dancing. His Manner is to bring an old Fellow who has been his Servant from his Youth, and is gray-headed: This Man makes on the Violin a certain Jiggiſh Noiſe to which I dance, and when that is over I ſing to him ſome looſe Air that has more Wantonneſs than Muſick in it. You muſt have ſeen a ſtrange window'd Houſe near *Hide-Park*, which is ſo built that no one can look out of any of the Apartments; my Rooms are after that manner, and I never ſee Man, Woman or Child, but in Company with the two Perſons above-mentioned. He ſends me in all the Books, Pamphlets, Plays, Operas and Songs that come out; and his utmoſt Delight in me as a Woman, is to talk over all his old Amours in my Preſence,

'to play with my Neck, ſay *the Time was*, give me a 'Kiſs, and bid me be ſure to follow the Directions of my 'Guardian, (the above-mentioned Lady) and I ſhall ne-'ver want. The Truth of my Caſe is, I ſuppoſe, that 'I was educated for a Purpoſe he did not know he ſhould 'be unfit for when I came to Years. Now, Sir, what I 'aſk of you, as a Caſuiſt, is to tell me how far in theſe 'Circumſtances I am innocent, though ſubmiſſive; he 'guilty, though impotent?

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant Reader,

PUCELLA.

To the Man called the SPECTATOR.

Friend,

'FORASMUCH as at the Birth of thy Labour, thou 'didſt promiſe upon thy Word, that letting alone 'the Vanities that do abound, thou wouldſt only endea-'vour to ſtrengthen the crooked Morals of this our *Ba-'bylon*, I gave Credit to thy fair Speeches, and admit-'ted one of thy Papers, every Day ſave *Sunday*, into my 'Houſe; for the Edification of my Daughter *Tabitha*, 'and to the end that *Suſannah* the Wife of my Boſom 'might profit thereby. But alas! my Friend, I find that 'thou art a Liar, and that the Truth is not in thee; elſe 'why didſt thou in a Paper which thou didſt lately put 'forth, make mention of thoſe vain Coverings for the 'Heads of our Females, which thou loveſt to liken unto 'Tulips, and which are lately ſprung up among us? Nay 'why didſt thou make mention of them in ſuch a ſeem-'ing, as if thou didſt approve the Invention, inſomuch 'that my Daughter *Tabitha* beginneth to wax wanton, 'and to luſt after theſe fooliſh Vanities? Surely thou doſt 'ſee with the Eyes of the Fleſh. Verily therefore, unleſs 'thou doſt ſpeedily amend and leave off following thine 'own Imaginations, I will leave off thee.

Thy Friend as hereafter thou doſt demean thyſelf,

Hezekiah Broadbrim.

T

Thurſday,

N° 277 *Thurſday, January* 17.

———*fas eſt & ab hoſte doceri.*

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 428.

Receive Inſtruction from an Enemy.

I Preſume I need not inform the Polite Part of my Readers, that before our Correſpondence with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the War, our Ladies had all their Faſhions from thence; which the Milliners took care to furniſh them with by means of a Jointed Baby, that came regularly over, once a Month, habited after the manner of the moſt eminent Toaſts in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hotteſt time of the War, the Sex made ſeveral Efforts, and raiſed large Contributions towards the Importation of this wooden *Madamoiſelle*.

WHETHER the Veſſel they ſet out was loſt or taken, or whether its Cargo was ſeized on by the Officers of the Cuſtom-houſe as a piece of Contraband Goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain their firſt Attempts were without Succeſs, to the no ſmall Diſappointment of our whole Female World; but as their Conſtancy and Application, in a matter of ſo great Importance, can never be ſufficiently commended, I am glad to find, that in ſpite of all Oppoſition, they have at length carried their Point, of which I received Advice by the two following Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM ſo great a Lover of whatever is *French*, that 'I lately diſcarded an humble Admirer, becauſe he 'neither ſpoke that Tongue, nor drank Claret. I have 'long bewailed, in ſecret, the Calamities of my Sex dur-'ing the War, in all which time we have laboured under 'the inſupportable Inventions of *Engliſh* Tire-Women, 'who, tho' they ſometimes copy indifferently well, can 'never compoſe with that *Goût* they do in *France*.

'I was almoſt in Deſpair of ever more ſeeing a Model 'from that dear Country, when laſt *Sunday* I over-heard 'a Lady, in the next Pew to me, whiſper another, that at 'the *Seven Stars* in *King-ſtreet Covent-garden*, there was 'a *Madamoiſelle* completely dreſſed juſt come from *Paris*.

'I was in the utmoſt Impatience during the remaining 'part of the Service, and as ſoon as ever it was over, hav-'ing learnt the Milliner's *Addreſſe*, I went directly to 'her Houſe in *King-ſtreet*, but was told that the *French* 'Lady was at a Perſon of Quality's in *Pall-mall*, and 'would not be back again 'till very late that Night. I 'was therefore obliged to renew my Viſit very early this 'Morning, and had then a full View of the dear Moppet 'from Head to Foot.

'YOU cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculouſly 'I find we have all been truſſed up during the War, and 'how infinitely the *French* Dreſs excels ours.

'THE Mantua has no Leads in the Sleeves, and I 'hope we are not lighter than the *French* Ladies, ſo as to 'want that kind of Ballaſt; the Petticoat has no Whale-'bone, but ſits with an Air altogether galant and *degagé*: 'the *Coiffure* is inexpreſſibly pretty, and in ſhort, the 'whole Dreſs has a thouſand Beauties in it, which I 'would not have as yet made too publick.

'I thought fit, however, to give this Notice, that you 'may not be ſurpriſed at my appearing *à la mode de Paris* 'on the next Birth-night.

I am, SIR, your humble Servant,

Teraminta.

WITHIN an Hour after I had read this Letter, I received another from the Owner of the Puppet.

SIR,

'ON *Saturday* laſt being the 12th Inſtant, there ar-'rived at my Houſe in *King-ſtreet, Covent-Garden*, 'a *French* Baby for the Year 1712. I have taken the ut-'moſt Care to have her dreſſed by the moſt celebrated 'Tire-women and Mantua-makers in *Paris*, and do not 'find that I have any Reaſon to be ſorry for the Expence 'I have been at in her Clothes and Importation: How-'ever, as I know no Perſon who is ſo good a Judge of

'Dreſs

'Dreſs as yourſelf, if you pleaſe to call at my Houſe in 'your Way to the City, and take a view of her, I pro- 'miſe to amend whatever you ſhall diſapprove in your 'next Paper, before I exhibit her as a Pattern to the 'Publick.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Admirer,

and moſt obedient Servant,

Betty Croſs-ſtitch.

AS I am willing to do any thing in reaſon for the Service of my Country-women, and had much rather prevent Faults than find them, I went laſt Night to the Houſe of the above-mentioned Mrs. *Croſs-ſtitch*. As ſoon as I enter'd, the Maid of the Shop, who, I ſuppoſe, was prepared for my coming, without aſking me any Queſtions, introduced me to the little Damſel, and ran away to call her Miſtreſs.

THE Puppet was dreſſed in a Cherry-coloured Gown and Petticoat, with a ſhort working Apron over it, which diſcovered her Shape to the moſt Advantage. Her Hair was cut and divided very prettily, with ſeveral Ribbons ſtuck up and down in it. The Milliner aſſured me, that her Complexion was ſuch as was worn by all the Ladies of the beſt Faſhion in *Paris*. Her Head was extremely high, on which Subject having long ſince declared my Sentiments, I ſhall ſay nothing more to it at preſent. I was alſo offended at a ſmall Patch ſhe wore on her Breaſt, which I cannot ſuppoſe is placed there with any good Deſign.

HER Necklace was of an immoderate Length, being tied before in ſuch a manner, that the two Ends hung down to her Girdle; but whether theſe ſupply the Place of Kiſſing-ſtrings in our Enemy's Country, and whether our *Britiſh* Ladies have any occaſion for them, I ſhall leave to their ſerious Conſideration.

AFTER having obſerved the Particulars of her Dreſs, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the Shop-maid, who is a pert Wench, told me that *Madamoiſelle* had ſomething very curious in the tying of her Garters; but

as

as I pay a due Reſpect even to a pair of Sticks when they are in Petticoats, I did not examine into that Particular.

UPON the whole I was well enough pleaſed with the Appearance of this gay Lady, and the more ſo becauſe ſhe was not Talkative, a Quality very rarely to be met with in the reſt of her Country-women.

AS I was taking my leave, the Milliner farther informed me, that with the Aſſiſtance of a Watch-maker, who was her Neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. *Powel*, ſhe had alſo contrived another Puppet, which by the help of ſeveral little Springs to be wound up within it, could move all its Limbs, and that ſhe had ſent it over to her Correſpondent in *Paris* to be taught the various Leanings and Bendings of the Head, the Riſing of the Boſom, the Curtſy and Recovery, the genteel Trip, and the agreeable Jet, as they are now practiſed in the Court of *France*.

SHE added that ſhe hoped ſhe might depend upon having my Encouragement as ſoon as it arrived; but as this was a Petition of too great Importance to be anſwered *extempore*, I left her without Reply, and made the beſt of my way to WILL HONEYCOMB's Lodgings, without whoſe Advice I never communicate any thing to the Publick of this nature. X

N° 278 *Friday, January* 18.

——Sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum—— Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 250.
I rather chooſe a low and creeping Stile.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

'YOUR having done conſiderable Services in this great City, by rectifying the Diſorders of Families, and ſeveral Wives having preferred your Advice and Directions to thoſe of their Huſbands, 'em-

'emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a 'Shop-keeper, and tho' but a young Man, I find by 'Experience that nothing but the utmoſt Diligence 'both of Huſband and Wife (among trading People) 'can keep Affairs in any tolerable Order. My Wife 'at the Beginning of our Eſtabliſhment ſhewed herſelf 'very aſſiſting to me in my Buſineſs as much as could 'lie in her Way, and I have Reaſon to believe 'twas 'with her Inclination; but of late ſhe has got acquainted 'with a Schoolman, who values himſelf for his great 'Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue. He entertains her 'frequently in the Shop with Diſcourſes of the Beauties 'and Excellencies of that Language; and repeats to 'her ſeveral Paſſages out of the *Greek* Poets, wherein 'he tells her there is unſpeakable Harmony and agree-'able Sounds that all other Languages are wholly unac-'quainted with. He has ſo infatuated her with his Jar-'gon, that inſtead of uſing her former Diligence in the 'Shop, ſhe now neglects the Affairs of the Houſe, and 'is wholly taken up with her Tutor in learning by 'heart Scraps of *Greek*, which ſhe vents upon all Occa-'ſions. She told me ſome Days ago, that whereas I uſe 'ſome *Latin* Inſcriptions in my Shop, ſhe adviſed me with 'a great deal of Concern to have them changed into '*Greek*; it being a Language leſs underſtood, would be 'more conformable to the Myſtery of my Profeſſion; 'that our good Friend would be aſſiſting to us in this 'Work; and that a certain Faculty of Gentlemen 'would find themſelves ſo much obliged to me, that they 'would infallibly make my Fortune: In ſhort her fre-'quent Importunities upon this and other Impertí-'nencies of the like nature make me very uneaſy; 'and if your Remonſtrances have no more Effect upon 'her than mine, I am afraid I ſhall be obliged to ruin 'myſelf to procure her a Settlement at *Oxford* with her 'Tutor, for ſhe's already too mad for *Bedlam*. Now, 'Sir, you ſee the Danger my Family is expoſed to, 'and the Likelihood of my Wife's becoming both trou-'bleſom and uſeleſs, unleſs her reading herſelf in your 'Paper may make her reflect. She is ſo very learned 'that I cannot pretend by Word of Mouth to argue 'with her. She laugh'd out at your ending a Paper in

'*Greek*,

'*Greek*, and ſaid 'twas a Hint to Women of Literature, and very civil not to tranſlate it to expoſe them to the vulgar. You ſee how it is with,

SIR, Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you have that Humanity and Compaſſion in your Nature that you take ſuch Pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your Advice to a diſtreſſed Damſel, who intends to be determined by your Judgment in a Matter of great Importance to her. You muſt know then, There is an agreeable young Fellow, to whoſe Perſon, Wit, and Humour no Body makes any Objection, that pretends to have been long in Love with me. To this I muſt add, (whether it proceeds from the Vanity of my Nature, or the ſeeming Sincerity of my Lover, I won't pretend to ſay) that I verily believe he has a real Value for me; which if true, you'll allow may juſtly augment his Merit with his Miſtreſs. In ſhort, I am ſo ſenſible of his good Qualities, and what I owe to his Paſſion, that I think I could ſooner reſolve to give up my Liberty to him than any Body elſe, were there not an Objection to be made to his Fortunes, in regard they don't anſwer the utmoſt mine may expect, and are not ſufficient to ſecure me from undergoing the reproachful Phraſe ſo commonly uſed, That ſhe has played the Fool. Now, tho' I am one of thoſe few who heartily deſpiſe Equipage, Diamonds, and a Coxcomb, yet ſince ſuch oppoſite Notions from mine prevail in the World, even amongſt the beſt, and ſuch as are eſteemed the moſt prudent People, I can't find in my Heart to reſolve upon incurring the Cenſure of thoſe wiſe Folks, which I am conſcious I ſhall do, if when I enter into a married State, I diſcover a Thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing my Fortunes. Under this Difficulty I now labour, not being in the leaſt determined whether I ſhall be governed by the vain World, and the frequent Examples I meet with, or hearken to the Voice of my Lover, and the Motions I find in my Heart in favour of him. Sir,

'Your

'Your Opinion and Advice in this Affair, is the only 'thing I know can turn the Balance; and which I ear-'neſtly intreat I may receive ſoon; for 'till I have your 'Thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my Swain 'a final Diſcharge.

'BESIDES the particular Obligation you will lay 'on me, by giving this Subject Room in one of your 'Papers, 'tis poſſible it may be of uſe to ſome others of 'my Sex, who will be as grateful for the Favour as,

SIR, Your humble Servant,

Florinda.

P. S. *To tell you the Truth I am married to him already, but pray ſay ſomething to juſtify me.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will forgive us Profeſſors of Muſick if we 'make a ſecond Application to you, in order to 'promote our Deſign of exhibiting Entertainments of 'Muſick in *York-buildings*. It is induſtriouſly inſinuated 'that our Intention is to deſtroy Operas in general, 'but we beg of you to inſert this plain Explanation of 'ourſelves in your Paper. Our Purpoſe is only to im-'prove our Circumſtances, by improving the Art which 'we profeſs. We ſee it utterly deſtroyed at preſent, 'and as we were the Perſons who introduced Operas, 'we think it a groundleſs Imputation that we ſhould ſet 'up againſt the Opera itſelf. What we pretend to 'aſſert is, That the Songs of different Authors injudi-'ciouſly put together, and a foreign Tone and Manner 'which are expected in every thing now performed 'among us, has put Muſick itſelf to a ſtand; inſomuch 'that the Ears of the People cannot now be entertained 'with any thing but what has an impertinent Gaiety, 'without any juſt Spirit, or a Languiſhment of Notes, 'without any Paſſion or Common Senſe. We hope 'thoſe Perſons of Senſe and Quality who have done 'us the Honour to ſubſcribe, will not be aſhamed 'of their Patronage towards us, and not receive Impreſ-'ſions that patroniſing us is being for or againſt the Opera,

'but

'but truly promoting their own Diverſions in a more 'juſt and elegant Manner than has been hitherto per-'formed.

We are, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servants,

Thomas Clayton.
Nicolino Haym.
Charles Dieupart.

There will be no Performances in York-buildings *till after that of the Subſcription.* T

N° 279 *Saturday, January* 19.

Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 316.

He knows what beſt beſits each Character.

WE have already taken a general Survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*. The Parts which remain to be conſidered, according to *Ariſtotle*'s Method, are the *Sentiments* and the *Language*. Before I enter upon the firſt of theſe, I muſt adverti ſe my Reader, that it is my Deſign as ſoon as I have finiſhed my general Reflexions on theſe four ſeveral Heads, to give particular Inſtances out of the Poem which is now before us of Beauties and Imperfections which may be obſerved under each of them, as alſo of ſuch other Particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premiſe, that the Reader may not judge too haſtily of this Piece of Criticiſm, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has ſeen the whole Extent of it.

THE Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author aſcribes to the Perſons whom he introduces, and are *juſt* when they are conformable to the Characters of the ſeveral Perſons. The Sentiments have likewiſe a relation to *Things* as well as *Perſons*,

Perſons, and are then perfect when they are ſuch as are adapted to the Subject. If in either of theſe Caſes the Poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminiſh, to raiſe Love or Hatred, Pity or Terror, or any other Paſſion, we ought to conſider whether the Sentiments he makes uſe of are proper for thoſe Ends. *Homer* is cenſured by the Critieks for his Defect as to this Particular in ſeveral parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, tho' at the ſame time thoſe, who have treated this great Poet with Candour, have attributed this Defect to the Times in which he lived. It was the fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that Delicacy in ſome of his Sentiments which now appears in the Works of Men of a much inferior Genius. Beſides, if there are Blemiſhes in any particular Thoughts, there is an infinite Beauty in the greateſt Part of them. In ſhort, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the Meanneſs of ſome of his Sentiments, there are none who could have riſen up to the Greatneſs of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* ſhines likewiſe very much in this Particular: Nor muſt we omit one Conſideration which adds to his Honour and Reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Perſons whoſe Characters are commonly known among Men, and ſuch as are to be met with either in Hiſtory, or in ordinary Converſation. *Milton*'s Characters, moſt of them, lie out of Nature, and were to be formed purely by his own Invention. It ſhews a greater Genius in *Shakeſpear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotſpur*, or *Julius Cæſar*: The one was to be ſupplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, Hiſtory and Obſervation. It was much eaſier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Aſſembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diverſify his infernal Council with proper Characters, and inſpire them with a Variety of Sentiments. The Loves of *Dido* and *Æneas* are only Copies of what has paſſed between other Perſons. *Adam* and *Eve*, before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are deſcended from them; and none but a Poet of the moſt unbounded Invention, and the moſt exquiſite Judgment, could have filled their Converſation and Be-

Behaviour with ſo many apt Circumſtances during their State of Innocence.

NOR is it ſufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with ſuch Thoughts as are *Natural*, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are *Sublime*. *Virgil* in this Particular falls ſhort of *Homer*. He has not indeed ſo many Thoughts that are Low and Vulgar; but at the ſame time has not ſo many Thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The Truth of it is, *Virgil* ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the Force of his own Genius; but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*.

MILTON's chief Talent, and indeed his diſtinguiſhing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other Part of Poetry; but in the Greatneſs of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both Modern and Ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impoſſible for the Imagination of Man to diſtend itſelf with greater Ideas, than thoſe which he has laid together in his firſt, ſecond, and ſixth Books. The ſeventh, which deſcribes the Creation of the World, is likewiſe wonderfully ſublime, tho' not ſo apt to ſtir up Emotion in the Mind of the Reader, nor conſequently ſo perfect in the Epic Way of Writing, becauſe is is filled with leſs Action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has obſerved on ſeveral Paſſages in *Homer*, and he will find Parallels for moſt of them in the *Paradiſe Loſt*.

FROM what has been ſaid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be purſued in an Heroic Poem, there are alſo two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of Thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil:* He has none of thoſe trifling Points and Puerilities that are ſo often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatick Turns of *Lucan*, none of thoſe ſwelling Sentiments which are ſo frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of thoſe mixed Embelliſhments of *Taſſo*. Every thing is juſt and natural.

His

His Sentiments ſhew that he had a perfect Inſight into human Nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr. *Dryden* has in ſome Places, which I may hereafter take notice of, miſrepreſented *Virgil*'s way of thinking as to this Particular, in the Tranſlation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the Faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the falſe Refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it muſt be confeſt, has ſometimes erred in this Reſpect, as I ſhall ſhew more at large in another Paper; tho' conſidering how all the Poets of the Age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious Taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among Modern Writers.

BUT ſince ſeveral Thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an Epic Poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great Field of Rallery to Men of more Delicacy than Greatneſs of Genius, by the Homelineſs of ſome of his Sentiments. But, as I have before ſaid, theſe are rather to be imputed to the Simplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed, than to any Imperfection in that divine Poet. *Zoilus*, among the Ancients, and Monſieur *Perrault*, among the Moderns, puſhed their Ridicule very far upon him, on account of ſome ſuch Sentiments. There is no Blemiſh to be obſerved in *Virgil* under this Head, and but a very few in *Milton*.

I ſhall give but one Inſtance of this Impropriety of Thought in *Homer*, and at the ſame time compare it with an Inſtance of the ſame Nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments, which raiſe Laughter, can very ſeldom be admitted with any Decency into an Heroic Poem, whoſe Buſineſs it is to excite Paſſions of a much nobler Nature. *Homer*, however, in his Characters of *Vulcan* and *Therſites*, in his Story of *Mars* and *Venus*, in his Behaviour of *Irus*, and in other Paſſages, has been obſerved to have lapſed into the Burleſque Character, and

and to have departed from that ſerious Air which ſeems eſſential to the Magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one Laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which riſes in the fifth Book, upon *Monætes*, where he is repreſented as thrown overboard, and drying himſelf upon a Rock. But this Piece of Mirth is ſo well timed, that the ſevereſt Critick can have nothing to ſay againſt it; for it is in the Book of Games and Diverſions, where the Reader's Mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an Entertainment. The only Piece of Pleaſantry in *Paradiſe Loſt*, is where the Evil Spirits are deſcribed as rallying the Angels upon the Succeſs of their new-invented Artillery. This Paſſage I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing elſe but a String of Puns, and thoſe too very indifferent ones.

———*Satan beheld their Plight,*
And to his Mates thus in Deriſion call'd.
O Friends, why come not on thoſe Victors proud?
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front,
And Breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of Compoſition, *ſtraight they chang'd their Minds,*
Flew *off, and into ſtrange Vagaries fell*
As they would dance: yet for a Dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
For Joy of offer'd Peace; but I ſuppoſe
If our Propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick Reſult.
To whom thus Belial *in like gameſome Mood:*
Leader, the Terms we ſent were Terms of Weight,
Of hard Contents, *and full of force urg'd home;*
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled *many: who receives them right,*
Had need from Head to Foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, *this Gift they have beſides,*
They ſhew us when our Foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing——— L

Monday,

N° 280 *Monday, January* 21.

Principibus placuiſſe viris non ultima laus eſt.
Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 35.

To pleaſe the Great is not the ſmalleſt Praiſe.
CREECH.

THE Deſire of Pleaſing makes a Man agreeable or unwelcome to thoſe with whom he converſes, according to the Motive from which that Inclination appears to flow. If your Concern for pleaſing others ariſes from innate Benevolence, it never fails of Succeſs; if from a Vanity to excel, its Diſappointment is no leſs certain. What we call an agreeable Man, is he who is endowed with the natural Bent to do acceptable things from a Delight he takes in them merely as ſuch; and the Affectation of that Character is what conſtitutes a Fop. Under theſe Leaders one may draw up all thoſe who make any manner of Figure, except in dumb Show. A rational and ſelect Converſation is compoſed of Perſons, who have the Talent of Pleaſing with Delicacy of Sentiments flowing from habitual Chaſtity of Thought; but mixed Company is frequently made up of Pretenders to Mirth, and is uſually peſtered with conſtrained, obſcene, and painful Witticiſms. Now and then you meet with a Man, ſo exactly formed for Pleaſing, that it is no matter what he is doing or ſaying, that is to ſay, that there need no manner of Importance in it, to make him gain upon every Body who hears or beholds him. This Felicity is not the Gift of Nature only, but muſt be attended with happy Circumſtances, which add a Dignity to the familiar Behaviour which diſtinguiſhes him whom we call an agreeable Man. It is from this that every Body loves and eſteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the Vigour of his Age and the Gaiety of Life, but has paſſed through very conſpicuous Scenes in it; though no Soldier, he has ſhared the Danger,

Danger, and acted with great Galantry and Generosity on a decisive Day of Battle. To have those Qualities which only make other Men conspicuous in the World as it were supernumerary to him, is a Circumstance which gives Weight to his most indifferent Actions; for as a known Credit is ready Cash to a Trader, so is acknowledged Merit immediate Distinction, and serves in the Place of Equipage to a Gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in Mirth, important in Business, and regarded with Love, in every ordinary Occurrence. But not to dwell upon Characters which have such particular Recommendations to our Hearts, let us turn our Thoughts rather to the Methods of Pleasing which must carry Men through the World who cannot pretend to such Advantages. Falling in with the particular Humour or Manner of one above you, abstracted from the general Rules of good Behaviour, is the Life of a Slave. A Parasite differs in nothing from the meanest Servant, but that the Footman hires himself for bodily Labour, subjected to go and come at the Will of his Master, but the other gives up his very Soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the Mode of him whom he courts. This Servitude to a Patron, in an honest Nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his Livery; therefore we will speak of those Methods only, which are worthy and ingenuous.

THE happy Talent of Pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the Opinion they have of your Sincerity. This Quality is to attend the agreeable Man in all the Actions of his Life; and I think there need no more be said in Honour of it, than that it is what forces the Approbation even of your Opponents. The guilty Man has an Honour for the Judge who with Justice pronounces against him the Sentence of Death itself. The Author of the Sentence at the Head of this Paper, was an excellent Judge of human Life, and passed his own in Company the most agreeable that ever was in the World. *Augustus* lived amongst his Friends, as if he had his Fortune to make in his own Court: Candour and Affability, accompanied with as much Power as ever Mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost Manner agreeable among a Set of admirable Men,

Men, who had Thoughts too high for Ambition, and Views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the Diſpoſal of an Empire, without the Pleaſures of their mutual Converſation. A certain Unanimity of Taſte and Judgment, which is natural to all of the ſame Order in the Species, was the Band of this Society; and the Emperor aſſumed no Figure in it, but what he thought was his due from his private Talents and Qualifications, as they contributed to advance the Pleaſures and Sentiments of the Company.

CUNNING People, Hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wiſe, are incapable of taſting the refined Pleaſure of ſuch an equal Company as could wholly exclude the Regard of Fortune in their Converſations. *Horace*, in the Diſcourſe from whence I take the Hint of the preſent Speculation, lays down excellent Rules for Conduct in Converſation with Men of Power; but he ſpeaks it with an Air of one who had no Need of ſuch an Application for any thing which related to himſelf. It ſhews he underſtood what it was to be a ſkilful Courtier, by juſt Admonitions againſt Importunity, and ſhewing how forcible it was to ſpeak modeſtly of your own Wants. There is indeed ſomething ſo ſhameleſs in taking all Opportunities to ſpeak of your own Affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the Beggar, who expoſes his Sores, which inſtead of moving Compaſſion makes the Man he begs of turn away from the Object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about ſixteen Years ago an honeſt Fellow, who ſo juſtly underſtood how diſagreeable the Mention or Appearance of his Wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a Counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This Man, whom I have miſſed for ſome Years in my Walks, and have heard was ſomeway employed about the Army, made it a Maxim, That good Wigs, delicate Linen, and a chearful Air, were to a poor Dependent the ſame that working Tools are to a poor Artificer. It was no ſmall Entertainment to me, who knew his Circumſtances, to ſee him, who had faſted two Days, attribute the Thinneſs they told him of to the Violence of ſome Galantries he had lately been guilty of. The ſkilful

Diſſembler

Diſſembler carried this on with the utmoſt Addreſs; and if any ſuſpected his Affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himſelf in ſome faſhionable Vice rather than an irreproachable Poverty, which ſaved his Credit with thoſe on whom he depended.

THE main Art is to be as little troubleſom as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a Favour from your Patron than Claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the Method of Pleaſing ſo as to ſucceed in the World, when there are Crowds who have, in City, Town, Court, and Country, arrived at conſiderable Acquiſitions, and yet ſeem incapable of acting in any conſtant Tenour of Life, but have gone on from one ſucceſsful Error to another: Therefore I think I may ſhorten this Inquiry after the Method of Pleaſing; and as the old Beau ſaid to his Son, once for all, *Pray*, Jack, *be a fine Gentleman*, ſo may I, to my Reader, abridge my Inſtructions, and finiſh the Art of Pleaſing, in a Word, *Be rich*. T

N° 281 *Tueſday, January* 22.

Pectoribus inhians ſpirantia conſulit exta.
Virg. Æn. 4. v. 64.

Anxious the reeking Entrails he conſults.

HAVING already given an Account of the Diſſection of a *Beau*'s *Head*, with the ſeveral Diſcoveries made on that Occaſion; I ſhall here, according to my Promiſe, enter upon the Diſſection of a *Coquette*'s Heart, and communicate to the Publick ſuch Particularities as we obſerved in that curious Piece of Anatomy.

I ſhould perhaps have waved this Undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my Promiſe by ſeveral of my unknown Correſpondents, who are very importunate with me to make an Example of the Coquette, as I have already done of the Beau. It is therefore in Compliance with

with the Requeſt of Friends, that I have looked over the Minutes of my former Dream, in order to give the Publick an exact Relation of it, which I ſhall enter upon without farther Preface.

OUR Operator, before he engaged in this Viſionary Diſſection, told us, that there was nothing in his Art more difficult than to lay open the Heart of a Coquette, by reaſon of the many Labyrinths and Receſſes which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the Heart of any other Animal.

HE deſired us firſt of all to obſerve the *Pericardium*, or outward Caſe of the Heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our Glaſſes diſcern'd in it Millions of little Scars, which ſeem'd to have been occaſioned by the Points of innumerable Darts and Arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward Coat; though we could not diſcover the ſmalleſt Orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward Subſtance.

EVERY Smatterer in Anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or Caſe of the Heart, contains in it a thin reddiſh Liquor, ſuppoſed to be bred from the Vapours which exhale out of the Heart, and, being ſtopt here, are condenſed into this watry Subſtance. Upon examining this Liquor, we found that it had in it all the Qualities of that Spirit which is made uſe of in the Thermometer, to ſhew the Change of Weather.

NOR muſt I here omit an Experiment one of the Company aſſured us he himſelf had made with this Liquor, which he found in great Quantity about the Heart of a Coquette whom he had formerly diſſected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually incloſed it in a ſmall Tube made after the manner of a Weather Glaſs; but that inſtead of acquainting him with the Variations of the Atmoſphere, it ſhewed him the Qualities of thoſe Perſons who entered the Room where it ſtood. He affirmed alſo, that it roſe at the Approach of a Plume of Feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves; and that it fell as ſoon as an ill-ſhaped Periwig, a clumſy Pair of Shoes, or an unfaſhionable Coat came into his Houſe: Nay, he proceeded ſo far as to aſſure us, that upon his Laughing aloud when he ſtood

by it, the Liquor mounted very ſenſibly, and immediately ſunk again upon his looking ſerious. In ſhort, he told us, that he knew very well by this Invention whenever he had a Man of Senſe or a Coxcomb in his Room.

HAVING cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the Caſe and Liquor above-mentioned, we came to the Heart itſelf. The outward Surface of it was extremely ſlippery, and the *Mucro*, or Point, ſo very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the Fingers like a ſmooth Piece of Ice.

THE Fibres were turned and twiſted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are uſually found in other Hearts; inſomuch that the whole Heart was wound up together in a Gordian Knot, and muſt have had very irregular and unequal Motions, whilſt it was employed in its vital Function.

ONE thing we thought very obſervable, namely, that, upon examining all the Veſſels which came into it or iſſued out of it, we could not diſcover any Communication that it had with the Tongue.

WE could not but take notice likewiſe, that ſeveral of thoſe little Nerves in the Heart which are affected by the Sentiments of Love, Hatred, and other Paſſions, did not deſcend to this before us from the Brain, but from the Muſcles which lie about the Eye.

UPON weighing the Heart in my Hand, I found it to be extremely light, and conſequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inſide of it, I ſaw Multitudes of Cells and Cavities running one within another, as our Hiſtorians deſcribe the Apartments of *Roſamond*'s Bower. Several of theſe little Hollows were ſtuffed with innumerable ſorts of Trifles, which I ſhall forbear giving any particular Account of, and ſhall therefore only take notice of what lay firſt and uppermoſt, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our Microſcopes to it, appeared to be a Flame-coloured Hood.

WE were informed that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addreſſes of ſeveral who made Love to her, and did not only give each of them Encouragement, but made every one ſhe converſed with believe that

that ſhe regarded him with an Eye of Kindneſs; for which Reaſon we expected to have ſeen the Impreſſion of Multitudes of Faces among the ſeveral Plaits and Foldings of the Heart; but to our great Surpriſe not a ſingle Print of this nature diſcovered itſelf till we came into the very Core and Center of it. We there obſerved a little Figure, which, upon applying our Glaſſes to it, appeared dreſſed in a very fantaſtick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had ſeen the Face before, but could not poſſibly recollect either the Place or Time; when, at length, one of the Company, who had examined this Figure more nicely than the reſt, ſhew'd us plainly by the Make of its Face, and the ſeveral Turns of its Features, that the little Idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the Heart was the deceaſed Beau, whoſe Head I gave ſome Account of in my laſt *Tueſday*'s Paper.

AS ſoon as we had finiſhed our Diſſection, we reſolved to make an Experiment of the Heart, not being able to determine among ourſelves the Nature of its Subſtance, which differ'd in ſo many Particulars from that of the Heart in other Females. Accordingly we laid it into a Pan of burning Coals, when we obſerved in it a certain Salamandrine Quality, that made it capable of living in the midſt of Fire and Flame, without being conſumed, or ſo much as ſinged.

AS we were admiring this ſtrange *Phænomenon*, and ſtanding round the Heart in a Circle, it gave a moſt prodigious Sigh or rather Crack, and diſperſed all at once in Smoke and Vapour. This imaginary Noiſe, which methought was louder than the Burſt of a Cannon, produced ſuch a violent Shake in my Brain, that it diſſipated the Fumes of Sleep, and left me in an Inſtant broad awake.

L

Nº 282 *Wedneſday, January* 23.

———*Spes incerta futuri.* Virg. Æn. 8. v. 580.

Hopes and Fears in equal Balance laid.

DRYDEN.

IT is a lamentable thing that every Man is full of Complaints, and conſtantly uttering Sentences againſt the Fickleneſs of Fortune, when People generally bring upon themſelves all the Calamities they fall into, and are conſtantly heaping up Matter for their own Sorrow and Diſappointment. That which produces the greateſt Part of the Deluſions of Mankind, is a falſe Hope which People indulge with ſo ſanguine a Flattery to themſelves, that their Hearts are bent upon fantaſtical Advantages which they had no Reaſon to believe ſhould ever have arrived to them. By this unjuſt Meaſure of calculating their Happineſs, they often mourn with real Affliction for imaginary Loſſes. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourſelves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular Set of People, who, in their own Favour, reſolve every thing that is poſſible into what is probable, and then reckon on that Probability as on what muſt certainly happen. WILL HONEYCOMB, upon my obſerving his looking on a Lady with ſome particular Attention, gave me an Account of the great Diſtreſſes which had laid waſte that her very fine Face, and had given an Air of Melancholy to a very agreeable Perſon. That Lady, and a couple of Siſters of hers, were, ſaid WILL, fourteen Years ago, the greateſt Fortunes about Town; but without having any Loſs by bad Tenants, by bad Securities, or any Damage by Sea or Land, are reduced to very narrow Circumſtances. They were at that time the moſt inacceſſible haughty Beauties in Town; and their Pretenſions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, was rais'd upon the

the following Scheme, according to which all their Lovers were answered.

'OUR Father is a youngish Man, but then our Mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any Children: His Estate, being 800 *l. per Annum*, at 20 Years Purchase, is worth 16,000 *l.* Our Uncle who is above 50, has 400 *l. per Annum*, which at the aforesaid Rate, is 8000 *l.* There's a Widow Aunt, who has 10,000 *l.* at her own Disposal left by her Husband, and an old Maiden Aunt who has 6000 *l.* Then our Father's Mother has 900 *l. per Annum*, which is worth 18,000 *l.* and 1000 *l.* each of us has of her own, which can't be taken from us. These summ'd up together stand thus.

Father's 800	16,000	This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000 *l.* each; and Allowance being given for Enlargement upon common Fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000 *l.* Fortunes.
Uncle's 400	8000	
Aunts 10,000		
Aunts 6000	16,000	
Grandmother 900	18,000	
Own 1000 each	3000	
Total	61,000	

IN Prospect of this, and the Knowledge of their own personal Merit, every one was contemptible in their Eyes, and they refus'd those Offers which had been frequently made 'em. *But mark the End:* The Mother dies, the Father is married again, and has a Son, on him was entail'd the Father's, Uncle's, and Grand-mother's Estate. This cut off 43,000 *l.* The Maiden Aunt married a tall *Irishman*, and with her went the 6000. The Widow died, and left but enough to pay her Debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three Girls but their own 1000 *l.* They had by this time passed their Prime, and got on the wrong side of Thirty; and must pass the Remainder of their Days, upbraiding Mankind that they mind nothing but Money, and bewailing that Virtue, Sense and Modesty, are had at present in no manner of Estimation.

I mention this Caſe of Ladies before any other, becauſe it is the moſt irreparable: For tho' Youth is the Time leſs capable of Reflexion, it is in that Sex the only Seaſon in which they can advance their Fortunes. But if we turn our Thoughts to the Men, we ſee ſuch Crouds of Unhappy from no other Reaſon, but an ill-grounded Hope, that it is hard to ſay which they rather deſerve, our Pity or Contempt. It is not unpleaſant to ſee a Fellow, after grown old in Attendance, and after having paſſed half a Life in Servitude, call himſelf the unhappieſt of all Men, and pretend to be diſappointed becauſe a Courtier broke his Word. He that promiſes himſelf any thing but what may naturally ariſe from his own Property or Liberty, and goes beyond the Deſire of poſſeſſing above two Parts in three even of that, lays up for himſelf an increaſing Heap of Afflictions and Diſappointments. There are but two Means in the World of gaining by other Men, and theſe are by being either agreeable or conſiderable. The Generality of Mankind do all things for their own ſakes; and when you hope any thing from Perſons above you, if you cannot ſay, I can be thus agreeable or thus ſerviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the Dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for ſuch as can come within theſe Deſcriptions of being capable to pleaſe or ſerve your Patron, when his Humour or Intereſts call for their Capacity either way.

IT would not methinks be an uſeleſs Compariſon between the Condition of a Man who ſhuns all the Pleaſures of Life, and of one who makes it his Buſineſs to purſue them. Hope in the Recluſe makes his Auſterities comfortable, while the luxurious Man gains nothing but Uneaſineſs from his Enjoyments. What is the Difference in the Happineſs of him who is macerated by Abſtinence, and his who is ſurfeited with Exceſs? He who reſigns the World, has no Temptation to Envy, Hatred, Malice, Anger, but is in conſtant Poſſeſſion of a ſerene Mind; he who follows the Pleaſures of it, which are in their very Nature diſappointing, is in conſtant Search of Care, Solicitude, Remorſe, and Confuſion.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January the* 14*th*, 1712.

'I Am a young Woman and have my Fortune to 'make, for which Reaſon I come conſtantly to 'Church to hear Divine Service, and make Conqueſts: 'But one great Hindrance in this my Deſign, is that our 'Clerk, who was once a Gardiner, has this *Chriſtmas* 'ſo over-deckt the Church with Greens, that he has 'quite ſpoilt my Proſpect, inſomuch that I have ſcarce 'ſeen the young Baronet I dreſs at theſe three Weeks, 'though we have both been very conſtant at our Devo-'tions, and don't ſit above three Pews off. The 'Church, as it is now equipt, looks more like a Green-'houſe than a Place of Worſhip: The middle Iſle is 'a very pretty ſhady Walk, and the Pews look like ſo 'many Arbours of each Side of it. The Pulpit itſelf 'has ſuch Cluſters of Ivy, Holly, and Roſemary about 'it, that a light Fellow in our Pew took occaſion to 'ſay, that the Congregation heard the Word out of a 'Buſh, like *Moſes*. Sir *Anthony Love*'s Pew in particu-'lar is ſo well hedged, that all my Batteries have no 'Effect. I am obliged to ſhoot at random among the 'Boughs, without taking any manner of Aim. *Mr.* 'SPECTATOR, unleſs you'll give Orders for removing 'theſe Greens, I ſhall grow a very aukward Creature at 'Church, and ſoon have little elſe to do there but to 'ſay my Prayers. I am in haſte,

Dear SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T Jenny Simper.

N° 283 *Thurſday, January* 24.

Magiſter artis & largitor ingeni
Venter—— Perſ. Prolog. v. 10.

Neceſſity is the Mother of Invention.
Engliſh Proverb.

LUCIAN rallies the Philoſophers in his Time, who could not agree whether they ſhould admit *Riches* into the number of *real Goods*; the Profeſſors of the Severer Sects threw them quite out, while others as reſolutely inſerted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the World grew more Polite, the rigid Doctrines of the firſt were wholly diſcarded; and I do not find any one ſo hardy at preſent as to deny that there are very great Advantages in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune. Indeed the beſt and wiſeſt of Men, tho' they may poſſibly deſpiſe a good Part of thoſe things which the World calls Pleaſures, can, I think, hardly be inſenſible of that Weight and Dignity which a moderate Share of Wealth adds to their Characters, Counſels, and Actions.

WE find it is a general Complaint in Profeſſions and Trades, that the richeſt Members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falſly imputed to the Ill-nature of Mankind, who are ever beſtowing their Favours on ſuch as leaſt want them. Whereas if we fairly conſider their Proceedings in this Caſe, we ſhall find them founded on undoubted Reaſon: Since ſuppoſing both equal in their natural Integrity, I ought, in common Prudence, to fear foul Play from an indigent Perſon, rather than from one whoſe Circumſtances ſeem to have placed him above the bare Temptation of Money.

THIS Reaſon alſo makes the Commonwealth regard her richeſt Subjects, as thoſe who are moſt concerned for her Quiet and Intereſt, and conſequently fitteſt to be intruſted with her higheſt Employments. On the contrary,

trary, *Catiline*'s Saying to those Men of desperate Fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his Army, that *they had nothing to hope for but a Civil War*, was too true not to make the Impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in Praise of Money, will be more than sufficient with most of my Readers to excuse the Subject of my present Paper, which I intend as an Essay on *The Ways to raise a Man's Fortune*, or, *The Art of growing Rich*.

THE first and most infallible Method towards the attaining of this End is *Thrift*: All Men are not equally qualified for getting Money, but it is in the Power of every one alike to practise this Virtue, and I believe there are very few Persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those Little Sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been Masters of a competent Fortune. *Diligence* justly claims the next Place to *Thrift*: I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following *Italian* Proverbs,

Never do that by Proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that 'till To-morrow which you can do To-day.
Never neglect small Matters and Expences.

A third Instrument of growing Rich, is *Method in Business*, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by Persons of the meanest Capacities.

THE famous *De Wit*, one of the greatest Statesmen of the Age in which he lived, being asked by a Friend, How he was able to dispatch that Multitude of Affairs in which he was engaged? reply'd, That his whole Art consisted in doing *one thing at once*. If, says he, I have any necessary Dispatches to make, I think of nothing else 'till those are finished; If any Domestick Affairs require my Attention, I give myself up wholly to them 'till they are set in order.

IN short, we often see Men of dull and phlegmatick Tempers, arriving to great Estates, by making a regular and orderly Disposition of their Business, and that with-

out it the greateſt Parts and moſt lively Imaginations rather puzzle their Affairs, than bring them to an happy Iſſue.

FROM what has been ſaid, I think I may lay it down as a Maxim, that every Man of good common Senſe may, if he pleaſes, in his particular Station of Life, moſt certainly be Rich. The Reaſon why we ſometimes ſee that Men of the greateſt Capacities are not ſo, is either becauſe they deſpiſe Wealth in Compariſon of ſomething elſe; or at leaſt are not content to be getting an Eſtate, unleſs they may do it their own way, and at the ſame time enjoy all the Pleaſures and Gratifications of Life.

BUT beſides theſe ordinary Forms of growing Rich, it muſt be allowed that there is Room for Genius, as well in this as in all other Circumſtances of Life.

THO' the Ways of getting Money were long ſince very numerous; and tho' ſo many new ones have been found out of late Years, there is certainly ſtill remaining ſo large a Field for Invention, that a Man of an indifferent Head might eaſily ſit down and draw up ſuch a Plan for the Conduct and Support of his Life, as was never yet once thought of.

WE daily ſee Methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious Men, which demonſtrate the Power of Invention in this Particular.

IT is reported of *Scaramouche*, the firſt famous *Italian* Comedian, that being at *Paris* and in great Want, he bethought himſelf of conſtantly plying near the Door of a noted Perfumer in that City, and when any one came out who had been buying Snuff, never failed to deſire a Taſte of them: when he had by this Means got together a Quantity made up of ſeveral different Sorts, he ſold it again at a lower Rate to the ſame Perfumer, who finding out the Trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or *Snuff of a thouſand Flowers*. The Story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable Subſiſtence, 'till making too much haſte to grow rich, he one Day took ſuch an unreaſonable Pinch out of the Box of a *Swiſs* Officer, as engaged him in a Quarrel, and obliged him to quit this Ingenious Way of Life.

NOR can I in this Place omit doing Juſtice to a Youth of my own Country, who, tho' he is ſcarce yet twelve

twelve Years old, has with great Induſtry and Application attained to the Art of beating the Grenadiers March on his Chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himſelf and his Mother, but that he is laying up Money every Day, with a Deſign, if the War continues, to purchaſe a Drum at leaſt, if not a Colours.

I ſhall conclude theſe Inſtances with the Device of the famous *Rabelais*, when he was at a great Diſtance from *Paris*, and without Money to bear his Expences thither. This ingenious Author being thus ſharp ſet, got together a convenient Quantity of Brick-duſt, and having diſpoſed of it into ſeveral Papers, writ upon one *Poiſon for Monſieur*, upon a ſecond, *Poiſon for the Dauphin*, and on a third, *Poiſon for the King*. Having made this Proviſion for the Royal Family of *France*, he laid his Papers ſo that his Landlord, who was an inquiſitive Man, and a good Subject, might get a Sight of them.

THE Plot ſucceeded as he deſired: The Hoſt gave immediate Intelligence to the Secretary of State. The Secretary preſently ſent down a Special Meſſenger, who brought up the Traitor to Court, and provided him at the King's Expence with proper Accommodations on the Road. As ſoon as he appeared he was known to be the celebrated *Rabelais*, and his Powder upon Examination being found very innocent, the Jeſt was only laugh'd at; for which a leſs eminent *Droll* would have been ſent to the Gallies.

TRADE and Commerce might doubtleſs be ſtill varied a thouſand Ways, out of which would ariſe ſuch Branches as have not yet been touched. The famous *Doily* is ſtill freſh in every ones Memory, who raiſed a Fortune by finding out Materials for ſuch Stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he diſcovered this frugal Method of gratifying our Pride, we ſhould hardly have been able to carry on the laſt War.

I regard Trade not only as highly advantageous to the Commonwealth in general; but as the moſt natural and likely Method of making a Man's Fortune, having obſerved, ſince my being a *Spectator* in the World, greater Eſtates got about *Change*, than at *Whitehall* or St. *James*'s.

I be-

I believe I may alſo add, that the firſt Acquiſitions are generally attended with more Satisfaction, and as good a Conſcience.

I muſt not however cloſe this Eſſay, without obſerving that what has been ſaid is only intended for Perſons in the common Ways of Thriving, and is not deſigned for thoſe Men who from low Beginnings puſh themſelves up to the Top of States, and the moſt conſiderable Figures in Life. My Maxim of *Saving* is not deſigned for ſuch as theſe, ſince nothing is more uſual than for *Thrift* to diſappoint the Ends of *Ambition*; it being almoſt impoſſible that the Mind ſhould be intent upon Trifles, while it is at the ſame time forming ſome great Deſign.

I may therefore compare theſe Men to a great Poet, who, as *Longinus* ſays, while he is full of the moſt magnificent Ideas, is not always at leiſure to mind the little Beauties and Niceties of his Art.

I would however have all my Readers take great care how they miſtake themſelves for uncommon *Genius's*, and Men above Rule, ſince it is very eaſy for them to be deceived in this Particular. X

Nº 284 *Friday, January* 25.

Poſthabui tamen illorum mea ſeria Ludo.
Virg. Ecl. 7. v. 17.

Their Mirth to ſhare, I bid my Buſineſs wait.

AN unaffected Behaviour is without queſtion a very great Charm; but under the Notion of being unconſtrained and diſengaged, People take upon them to be unconcerned in any Duty of Life. A general Negligence is what they aſſume upon all Occaſions, and ſet up for an Averſion to all manner of Buſineſs and Attention. *I am the careleſſeſt Creature in the World, I have certainly the worſt Memory of any Man living*, are frequent Expreſſions in the Mouth of a Pretender of this ſort. It is a profeſſed Maxim with theſe People never to *think*; there is ſomething ſo ſolemn in Reflexion, they, forſooth, can

can never give themſelves time for ſuch a way of employing themſelves. It happens often that this ſort of Man is heavy enough in his Nature to be a good Proficient in ſuch Matters as are attainable by Induſtry; but alas! he has ſuch an ardent Deſire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the Faults of a Perſon of Spirit, that he profeſſes himſelf the moſt unfit Man living for any manner of Application. When this Humour enters into the Head of a Female, ſhe generally profeſſes Sickneſs upon all Occaſions, and acts all things with an indiſpoſed Air: She is offended, but her Mind is too lazy to raiſe her to Anger, therefore ſhe lives only as actuated by a violent Spleen and gentle Scorn. She has hardly Curioſity to liſten to Scandal of her Acquaintance, and has never Attention enough to hear them commended. This Affectation in both Sexes makes them vain of being uſeleſs, and take a certain Pride in their Inſignificancy.

OPPOSITE to this Folly is another no leſs unreaſonable, and that is the Impertinence of being always in a Hurry. There are thoſe who viſit Ladies, and beg Pardon, before they are well ſeated in their Chairs, that they juſt called in, but are obliged to attend Buſineſs of Importance elſewhere the very next Moment: Thus they run from Place to Place, profeſſing that they are obliged to be ſtill in another Company than that which they are in. Theſe Perſons who are juſt a going ſomewhere elſe ſhould never be detained; let all the World allow that Buſineſs is to be minded, and their Affairs will be at an end. Their Vanity is to be importuned, and Compliance with their Multiplicity of Affairs would effectually diſpatch 'em. The Travelling Ladies, who have half the Town to ſee in an Afternoon, may be pardoned for being in conſtant Hurry; but it is inexcuſable in Men to come where they have no Buſineſs, to profeſs they abſent themſelves where they have. It has been remarked by ſome nice Obſervers and Criticks, that there is nothing diſcovers the true Temper of a Perſon ſo much as his Letters. I have by me two Epiſtles, which are written by two People of the different Humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a Man cannot obſerve upon himſelf when he ſits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himſelf to Paper the ſame Man that he is in the Freedom of Converſation.

verſation. I have hardly ſeen a Line from any of theſe Gentlemen, but ſpoke them as abſent from what they were doing, as they profeſs they are when they come into Company. For the Folly is, that they have perſuaded themſelves they really are buſy. Thus their whole Time is ſpent in ſuſpenſe of the preſent Moment to the next, and then from the next to the ſucceeding, which to the End of Life is to paſs away with Pretence to many things, and Execution of nothing.

SIR,

'THE Poſt is juſt going out, and I have many other 'Letters of very great Importance to write this 'Evening, but I could not omit making my Compli-'ments to you for your Civilities to me when I was laſt 'in Town. It is my Misfortune to be full of Buſineſs, 'that I cannot tell you a Thouſand Things which I have 'to ſay to you. I muſt deſire you to communicate the 'Contents of this to no one living; but believe me to 'be, with the greateſt Fidelity,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Stephen Courier.

Madam,

'I Hate writing, of all Things in the World; however, 'though I have drank the Waters, and am told I ought 'not to uſe my Eyes ſo much, I cannot forbear writing 'to you, to tell you I have been to the laſt Degree hip-'ped ſince I ſaw you. How could you entertain ſuch a 'Thought, as that I ſhould hear of that ſilly Fellow with 'Patience? Take my Word for it, there is nothing in it; 'and you may believe it when ſo lazy a Creature as I am 'undergo the Pains to aſſure you of it by taking Pen, Ink, 'and Paper in my Hand. Forgive this, you know I ſhall 'not often offend in this Kind. I am very much

Your Servant,

Bridget Eitherdown.

The Fellow is of your Country, pr'ythee ſend me Word however whether he has ſo great an Eſtate.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Jan.* 24, 1712.

'I Am Clerk of the Pariſh from whence Mrs. *Simper* 'ſends her Complaint, in your Yeſterday's *Spec-* 'tator. I muſt beg of you to publiſh this as a pub- 'lick Admonition to the aforeſaid Mrs. *Simper*, other- 'wiſe all my honeſt Care in the Diſpoſition of the 'Greens in the Church will have no Effect: I ſhall 'therefore with your Leave lay before you the whole 'Matter. I was formerly, as ſhe charges me, for 'ſeveral Years a Gardiner in the County of *Kent*: 'But I muſt abſolutely deny, that 'tis out of any 'Affection I retain for my old Employment that I 'have placed my Greens ſo liberally about the Church, 'but out of a particular Spleen I conceived againſt 'Mrs. *Simper* (and others of the ſame Siſterhood) 'ſome time ago. As to herſelf, I had one Day ſet 'the Hundredth *Pſalm*, and was ſinging the firſt 'Line in order to put the Congregation into the Tune, 'ſhe was all the while curtſying to Sir *Anthony*, in 'ſo affected and indecent a manner, that the In- 'dignation I conceived at it made me forget my- 'ſelf ſo far, as from the Tune of that *Pſalm* to wan- 'der into *Southwell* Tune, and from thence into '*Windſor* Tune, ſtill unable to recover myſelf till 'I had with the utmoſt Confuſion ſet a new one. 'Nay, I have often ſeen her riſe up and ſmile, and 'curtſy to one at the lower End of the Church in 'the midſt of a *Gloria Patri*; and when I have 'ſpoke the Aſſent to a Prayer with a long *Amen* ut- 'tered with decent Gravity, ſhe has been rolling her 'Eyes around about in ſuch a Manner, as plainly 'ſhewed, however ſhe was moved, it was not towards 'an Heavenly Object. In fine, ſhe extended her 'Conqueſts ſo far over the Males, and raiſed ſuch En- 'vy in the Females, that what between Love of thoſe, 'and the Jealouſy of theſe, I was almoſt the only 'Perſon that looked in a Prayer-Book all Church- 'time. I had ſeveral Projects in my Head to put a 'Stop to this growing Miſchief; but as I have long 'lived in *Kent*, and there often heard how the *Kentiſh* 'Men evaded the Conqueror, by carrying green

Boughs

'Boughs over their Heads, it put me in mind of practiſing this Device againſt Mrs. *Simper*. I find I have 'preſerved many a young Man from her Eye-ſhot by 'this Means; therefore humbly pray the Boughs may 'be fixed, till ſhe ſhall give Security for her peaceable 'Intentions.

Your Humble Servant,

T Francis Sternhold.

N° 285 *Saturday, January* 26.

Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in Obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 227.

But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much,
To make a God, a Hero, or a King
(Stript of his golden Crown, and purple Robe)
Deſcend to a Mechanick Dialect;
Nor (to avoid ſuch Meanneſs) ſoaring high,
With empty Sound, and airy Notions, fly.

ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters and Sentiments in the *Paridiſe Loſt*, we are in the laſt Place to conſider the *Language*; and as the Learned World is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this Point, I hope they will excuſe me if I appear particular in any of my Opinions, and incline to thoſe who judge the moſt advantageouſly of the Author.

IT is requiſite that the Language of an Heroic Poem ſhould be both Perſpicuous and Sublime. In proportion as either of theſe two Qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perſpicuity is the firſt and moſt neceſſary Qualification; inſomuch that a good-natur'd Reader

der ſometimes overlooks a little Slip even in the Grammar or *Syntax*, where it is impoſſible for him to miſtake the Poet's Senſe. Of this Kind is that Paſſage in *Milton*, wherein he ſpeaks of *Satan*;

———*God and his Son except,*
Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd.

And that in which he deſcribes *Adam* and *Eve*.

Adam *the goodlieſt Man of Men ſince born*
His Sons, the faireſt of her Daughters Eve.

IT is plain, that in the former of theſe Paſſages according to the natural *Syntax*, the Divine Perſons mentioned in the firſt Line are repreſented as created Beings; and that, in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little Blemiſhes as theſe, when the Thought is great and natural, we ſhould, with *Horace*, impute to a pardonable Inadvertency, or to the Weakneſs of human Nature, which cannot attend to each minute Particular, and give the laſt Finiſhing to every Circumſtance in ſo long a Work. The Ancient Criticks therefore, who were acted by a Spirit of Candour, rather than that of Cavilling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpoſe to palliate little Errors of this nature in the Writings of thoſe Authors who had ſo many greater Beauties to atone for them.

IF Clearneſs and Perſpicuity were only to be conſulted, the Poet would have nothing elſe to do but to clothe his Thoughts in the moſt plain and natural Expreſſions. But ſince it often happens that the moſt obvious Phraſes, and thoſe which are uſed in ordinary Converſation, become too familiar to the Ear, and contract a kind of Meanneſs by paſſing through the Mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet ſhould take particular Care to guard himſelf againſt Idiomatick Ways of Speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many Poorneſſes of Expreſſion upon this Account, as taking up with the firſt Phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the Trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only have been natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. *Milton* has but few Failings in this Kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome Inſtances, as in the following Paſſages.

Embrios

Embrios and Idiots, Eremites and Friers,
White, Black, *and* Gray, *with all their* Trumpery,
Here Pilgrims roam———
———*A while diſcourſe they hold,*
No fear leſt Dinner cool; *when thus began*
Our Author———
Who of all Ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The Evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My Head, ill fare our Anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam*———

THE Great Maſters in Compoſition, knew very well that many an elegant Phraſe becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debaſed by common Uſe. For this Reaſon the Works of Ancient Authors, which are written in dead Languages, have a great Advantage over thoſe which are written in Languages that are now ſpoken. Were there any mean Phraſes or Idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not ſhock the Ear of the moſt delicate Modern Reader, ſo much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, becauſe we never hear them pronounced in our Streets, or in ordinary Converſation.

IT is not therefore ſufficient, that the Language of an Epic Poem be Perſpicuous, unleſs it be alſo Sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common Forms and ordinary Phraſes of Speech. The Judgment of a Poet very much diſcovers itſelf in ſhunning the common Roads of Expreſſion, without falling into ſuch ways of Speech as may ſeem ſtiff and unnatural; he muſt not ſwell into a falſe Sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other Extreme. Among the *Greeks*, *Æſchylus*, and ſometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this Fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own Countrymen, *Shakeſpear* and *Lee*. In theſe Authors the Affectation of Greatneſs often hurts the Perſpicuity of the Stile, as in many others the Endeavour after Perſpicuity prejudices its Greatneſs.

ARISTOTLE has obſerved, that the Idiomatick Stile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following Methods. Firſt, by the Uſe of Metaphors: Such are thoſe of *Milton*.

Imparadiſed

Imparadiſed *in one another's Arms.*
——*And in his Hand a Reed*
Stood waving tipt *with Fire.*——
The graſſy Clods now calv'd, ——
Spangled *with Eyes* ——

IN theſe and innumerable other Inſtances, the Metaphors are very bold but juſt; I muſt however obſerve that the Metaphors are not ſo thick ſown in *Milton*, which always ſavours too much of Wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, turns a Sentence into a kind of an Enigma or Riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural Words will do as well.

ANOTHER way of raiſing the Language, and giving it a Poetical Turn, is to make uſe of the Idioms of other Tongues. *Virgil* is full of the *Greek* Forms of Speech, which the Criticks call *Helleniſms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the ſeveral Dialects which *Homer* has made uſe of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the Practice of the Ancient Poets, and with *Ariſtotle*'s Rule, has infuſed a great many *Latiniſms* as well as *Græciſms*, and ſometimes *Hebraiſms*, into the Language of his Poem; as towards the Beginning of it.

Nor *did they* not *perceive the evil Plight*
In which they were, or *the fierce Pains not feel.*
Yet to their Gen'ral's Voice they ſoon obey'd.——
——*Who ſhall tempt with wand'ring Feet*
The dark unbottom'd Infinite Abyſs,
And through the palpable Obſcure *find out*
His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy Flight
Upborn with indefatigable Wings
Over the vaſt Abrupt!

——*So both aſcend*
In the Viſions of God—— Book 2.

UNDER this Head may be reckon'd the placing the Adjective after the Subſtantive, the Tranſpoſition of Words, the turning the Adjective into a Subſtantive, with ſeveral other Foreign Modes of Speech which this Poet

Poet has naturalized to give his Verſe the greater Sound, and throw it out of Proſe.

THE third Method mentioned by *Ariſtotle* is what agrees with the Genius of the *Greek* Language more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more uſed by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthning of a Phraſe by the Addition of Words, which may either be inſerted or omitted, as alſo by the extending or contracting of particular Words by the Inſertion or Omiſſion of certain Syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this Method of raiſing his Language, as far as the Nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the Paſſage above-mentioned, *Eremite*, for what is Hermite, in common Diſcourſe. If you obſerve the Meaſure of his Verſe, he has with great Judgment ſuppreſſed a Syllable in ſeveral Words, and ſhortned thoſe of two Syllables into one, by which Method, beſides the above-mentioned Advantage, he has given a greater Variety to his Numbers. But this Practice is more particularly remarkable in the Names of Perſons and of Countries, as *Beelzebub*, *Heſſebon*, and in many other Particulars, wherein he has either changed the Name, or made uſe of that which is not the moſt commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the Vulgar.

THE ſame Reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old Words, which alſo makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater Air of Antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice, that there are in *Milton* ſeveral Words of his own Coining, as *Cerberean*, *miſcreated*, *Hell-doom'd*, *Embryon* Atoms, and many others. If the Reader is offended at this Liberty in our *Engliſh* Poet, I would recommend him to a Diſcourſe in *Plutarch*, which ſhews us how frequently *Homer* has made uſe of the ſame Liberty.

MILTON, by the above-mentioned Helps, and by the Choice of the nobleſt Words and Phraſes which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater Height than any of the *Engliſh* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made the Sublimity of his Stile equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe Obſervations on *Milton*'s *Stile*, becauſe it is that Part of him in which he

he appears the moſt ſingular. The Remarks I have here made upon the Practice of other Poets, with my Obſervations out of *Ariſtotle*, will perhaps alleviate the Prejudice which ſome have taken to his Poem upon this Account; tho' after all, I muſt confeſs that I think his Stile, tho' admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent Uſe of thoſe Methods, which *Ariſtotle* has preſcribed for the raiſing of it.

THIS Redundancy of thoſe ſeveral Ways of Speech, which *Ariſtotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has ſo very much enriched, and in ſome Places darkned the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his Poem is written in Blank Verſe. Rhyme, without any other Aſſiſtance, throws the Language off from Proſe, and very often makes an indifferent Phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the Verſe is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expreſſion, are indiſpenſibly neceſſary to ſupport the Stile, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of Proſe.

THOSE who have not a Taſte for this Elevation of Stile, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he departs from the common Forms of Expreſſion, would do well to ſee how *Ariſtotle* has treated an Ancient Author called *Euclid*, for his inſipid Mirth upon this Occaſion. Mr. *Dryden* uſed to call theſe ſort of Men his Proſe-Criticks.

I ſhould, under this Head of the Language, conſider *Milton*'s Numbers, in which he has made uſe of ſeveral Eliſions, which are not cuſtomary among other *Engliſh* Poets, as may be particularly obſerved in his cutting off the Letter *Y*, when it precedes a Vowel. This, and ſome other Innovations in the Meaſure of his Verſe, has varied his Numbers in ſuch a manner, as makes them incapable of ſatiating the Ear, and cloying the Reader, which the ſame uniform Meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual Returns of Rhyme never fail to do in long Narrative Poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe Reflexions upon the Language of *Paradiſe Loſt*, with obſerving that *Milton* has copied after *Homer* rather than *Virgil* in the length of his Periods, the Copiouſneſs of his Phraſes, and the running of his Verſes into one another.

Nº 286 *Monday, January* 28.

Nomina Honeſta prætenduntur vitiis.

Tacit. Ann. l. 14. c. 21.

Specious Names are lent to cover Vices.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan.* 18, 1712.

'I Pretend not to inform a Gentleman of ſo juſt a Taſte, whenever he pleaſes to uſe it; but it may not be amiſs to inform your Readers, that there is a falſe Delicacy as well as a true one. True Delicacy, as I take it, conſiſts in Exactneſs of Judgment and Dignity of Sentiment, or if you will, Purity of Affection, as this is oppoſed to Corruption and Groſſneſs. There are Pedants in Breeding as well as in Learning. The Eye that cannot bear the Light is not delicate but ſore. A good Conſtitution appears in the Soundneſs and Vigour of the Parts, not in the Squeamiſhneſs of the Stomach; And a falſe Delicacy is Affectation, not Politeneſs. What then can be the Standard of Delicacy but Truth and Virtue? Virtue, which, as the Satiriſt long ſince obſerved, is real Honour; whereas the other Diſtinctions among Mankind are merely titular. Judging by that Rule in my Opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous Female Readers, you are ſo far from deſerving Mr. *Courtly*'s Accuſation, that you ſeem too gentle, and to allow too many Excuſes for an enormous Crime, which is the Reproach of the Age, and is in all its Branches and Degrees expreſly forbidden by that Religion we pretend to profeſs; and whoſe Laws, in a Nation that calls itſelf Chriſtian, one would think ſhould take place of thoſe Rules which Men of corrupt Minds, and thoſe of weak Underſtandings follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good Manners, than the giving fair Names to foul Actions; for this confounds Vice and Virtue, and takes off that natural

Horror

'Horror we have to Evil. An innocent Creature, who 'would ſtart at the Name of Strumpet, may think it 'pretty to be called a Miſtreſs, eſpecially if her Seducer 'has taken care to inform her, that a Union of Hearts is 'the principal Matter in the Sight of Heaven, and that 'the Buſineſs at Church is a mere idle Ceremony. Who 'knows not that the Difference between obſcene and 'modeſt Words expreſſing the ſame Action, conſiſts only 'in the acceſſary Idea, for there is nothing immodeſt in 'Letters and Syllables. Fornication and Adultery are mo 'deſt Words; becauſe they expreſs an Evil Action as 'criminal, and ſo as to excite Horror and Averſion: 'Whereas Words repreſenting the Pleaſure rather than 'the Sin, are for this Reaſon indecent and diſhoneſt. 'Your Papers would be chargeable with ſomething 'worſe than Indelicacy, they would be Immoral, did 'you treat the deteſtable Sins of Uncleanneſs in the ſame 'manner as you rally an impertinent Self-love, and an 'artful Glance; as thoſe Laws would be very unjuſt, 'that ſhould chaſtiſe Murder and Petty Larceny with 'the ſame Puniſhment. Even Delicacy requires that 'the Pity ſhewn to diſtreſſed indigent Wickedneſs, firſt 'betrayed into, and then expelled the Harbours of the 'Brothel, ſhould be changed to Deteſtation, when we 'conſider pampered Vice in the Habitations of the 'Wealthy. The moſt free Perſon of Quality, in Mr. '*Courtly*'s Phraſe, that is, to ſpeak properly, a Woman 'of Figure who has forgot her Birth and Breeding, 'diſhonoured her Relations and herſelf, abandoned her 'Virtue and Reputation, together with the natural 'Modeſty of her Sex, and riſked her very Soul, is ſo 'far from deſerving to be treated with no worſe Cha- 'racter than that of a kind Woman, (which is doubt- 'leſs Mr. *Courtly*'s Meaning, if he has any) that one 'can ſcarce be too ſevere on her, in as much as ſhe ſins 'againſt greater Reſtraints, is leſs expoſed, and liable to 'fewer Temptations, than Beauty in Poverty and Di- 'ſtreſs. It is hoped therefore, Sir, that you will not 'lay aſide your generous Deſign of expoſing that mon- 'ſtrous Wickedneſs of the Town, whereby a Multitude 'of Innocents are ſacrificed in a more barbarous Man- 'ner than thoſe who were offered to *Moloch*. The Un-

'chaſte

'chaſte are provoked to ſee their Vice expoſed, and 'the Chaſte cannot rake into ſuch Filth without Dan-'ger of Defilement; but a mere SPECTATOR may 'look into the Bottom, and come off without partaking 'in the Guilt. The doing ſo will convince us you pur-'ſue publick Good, and not merely your own Advan-'tage: But if your Zeal ſlackens, how can one help 'thinking that Mr. *Courtly*'s Letter is but a Feint to get 'off from a Subject, in which either your own, or the 'private and baſe Ends of others to whom you are par-'tial, or thoſe of whom you are afraid, would not en-'dure a Reformation?

I am, Sir, your humble Servant and Admirer, ſo long as you tread in the Paths of Truth, Virtue, and Honour.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

'IT is my Fortune to have a Chamber-Fellow, with 'whom, tho' I agree very well in many Sentiments, 'yet there is one in which we are as contrary as Light 'and Darkneſs. We are both in Love: his Miſtreſs is 'a lovely Fair, and mine a lovely Brown. Now as the 'Praiſe of our Miſtreſſes Beauty employs much of our 'Time, we have frequent Quarrels in entring upon 'that Subject, while each ſays all he can to defend his 'Choice. For my own part, I have racked my Fancy 'to the utmoſt; and ſometimes, with the greateſt 'Warmth of Imagination, have told him, That Night 'was made before Day, and many more fine Things, tho' 'without any effect: Nay, laſt Night I could not forbear 'ſaying with more Heat than Judgment, that the Devil 'ought to be painted white. Now my Deſire is, Sir, that 'you would be pleaſed to give us in Black and White 'your Opinion in the Matter of Diſpute between us; 'which will either furniſh me with freſh and prevailing 'Arguments to maintain my own Taſte, or make me 'with leſs Repining allow that of my Chamber-Fellow. I 'know very well that I have *Jack Cleveland* and *Bond*'s '*Horace* on my Side; but when he has ſuch a Band of 'Rhymers and Romance-Writers, with which he oppo-'ſes me, and is ſo continually chiming to the Tune of

'Golden

'Golden Treſſes, yellow Locks, Milk, Marble, Ivory, 'Silver, Swans, Snow, Daiſies, Doves, and the Lord 'knows what; which he is always ſounding with ſo 'much Vehemence in my Ears, that he often puts me 'into a brown Study how to anſwer him; and I find 'that I am in a fair Way to be quite confounded, with-'out your timely Aſſiſtance afforded to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Z Philobrune.

N° 287 *Tueſday, January* 29.

Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὴν σφόδρ' ἔι
Τοῖς νῦν ἔχουσι κλῆμα; —— Menand.

Dear native Land, how do the good and wiſe
Thy happy Clime and countleſs Bleſſings prize!

I Look upon it as a peculiar Happineſs, that were I to chooſe of what Religion I would be, and under what Government I would live, I ſhould moſt certainly give the Preference to that Form of Religion and Government which is eſtabliſhed in my own Country. In this Point I think I am determined by Reaſon and Conviction; but if I ſhall be told that I am acted by Prejudice, I am ſure it is an honeſt Prejudice, it is a Prejudice that ariſes from the Love of my Country, and therefore ſuch an one as I will always indulge. I have in ſeveral Papers endeavoured to expreſs my Duty and Eſteem for the Church of *England*, and deſign this as an Eſſay upon the Civil Part of our Conſtitution, having often entertained myſelf with Reflexions on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers.

THAT Form of Government appears to me the moſt reaſonable, which is moſt conformable to the Equality that we find in human Nature, provided it

be conſiſtent with publick Peace and Tranquillity. This is what may properly be called Liberty, which exempts one Man from Subjection to another ſo far as the Order and Oeconomy of Government will permit.

LIBERTY ſhould reach every Individual of a People, as they all ſhare one common Nature; if it only ſpreads among particular Branches, there had better be none at all, ſince ſuch a Liberty only aggravates the Misfortune of thoſe who are depriv'd of it, by ſetting before them a diſagreeable Subject of Compariſon.

THIS Liberty is beſt preſerved, where the Legiſlative Power is lodged in ſeveral Perſons, eſpecially if thoſe Perſons are of different Ranks and Intereſts; for where they are of the ſame Rank, and conſequently have an Intereſt to manage peculiar to that Rank, it differs but little from a Deſpotical Government in a ſingle Perſon. But the greateſt Security a People can have for their Liberty, is when the Legiſlative Power is in the Hands of Perſons ſo happily diſtinguiſhed, that by providing for the particular Intereſts of their ſeveral Ranks, they are providing for the whole Body of the People; or in other Words, when there is no Part of the People that has not a common Intereſt with at leaſt one Part of the Legiſlators.

IF there be but one Body of Legiſlators, it is no better than a Tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a caſting Voice, and one of them muſt at length be ſwallowed up by Diſputes and Contentions that will neceſſarily ariſe between them. Four would have the ſame Inconvenience as two, and a greater Number would cauſe too much Confuſion. I could never read a Paſſage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this Purpoſe, without a ſecret Pleaſure in applying it to the *Engliſh* Conſtitution, which it ſuits much better than the *Roman*. Both theſe great Authors give the Preeminence to a mixt Government, conſiſting of three Branches, the Regal, the Noble, and the Popular. They had doubtleſs in their Thoughts the Conſtitution of the *Roman* Commonwealth, in which the Conſul repreſented the King, the Senate the Nobles, and the Tribunes the People. This Diviſion of the three Powers

in

in the *Roman* Conſtitution was by no means ſo diſtinct and natural, as it is in the *Engliſh* Form of Government. Among ſeveral Objections that might be made to it, I think the Chief are thoſe that affect the Conſular Power, which had only the Ornaments without the Force of the Regal Authority. Their Number had not a caſting Voice in it; for which Reaſon, if one did not chance to be employed Abroad, while the other ſat at Home, the Publick Buſineſs was ſometimes at a Stand, while the Conſuls pulled two different Ways in it. Beſides, I do not find that the Conſuls had ever a Negative Voice in the paſſing of a Law, or Decree of Senate, ſo that indeed they were rather the chief Body of the Nobility, or the firſt Miniſters of State, than a diſtinct Branch of the Sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a Part, who are not a Part of the Legiſlature. Had the Conſuls been inveſted with the Regal Authority to as great a Degree as our Monarchs, there would never have been any Occaſions for a Dictatorſhip, which had in it the Power of all the three Orders, and ended in the Subverſion of the whole Conſtitution.

SUCH an Hiſtory as that of *Suetonius*, which gives us a Succeſſion of Abſolute Princes, is to me an unanſwerable Argument againſt Deſpotick Power. Where the Prince is a Man of Wiſdom and Virtue, it is indeed happy for his People that he is abſolute; but ſince in the common Run of Mankind, for one that is Wiſe and Good you find ten of a contrary Character, it is very dangerous for a Nation to ſtand to its Chance, or to have its publick Happineſs or Miſery depend on the Virtues or Vices of a ſingle Perſon. Look into the Hiſtory I have mentioned, or into any Series of Abſolute Princes, how many Tyrants muſt you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is ſupportable. But this is not all; an honeſt private Man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an abſolute Prince. Give a Man Power of doing what he pleaſes with Impunity, you extinguiſh his Fear, and conſequently overturn in him one of the great Pillars of Morality. This too we find confirmed by Matter of Fact. How many hopeful Heirs apparent to grand Em-

pires, when in the Poſſeſſion of them, have become ſuch Monſters of Luſt and Cruelty as are a Reproach to Human Nature.

SOME tell us we ought to make our Governments on Earth like that in Heaven, which, ſay they, is altogether Monarchical and Unlimited. Was Man like his Creator in Goodneſs and Juſtice, I ſhould be for following this great Model; but where Goodneſs and Juſtice are not eſſential to the Ruler, I would by no means put myſelf into his Hands to be diſpoſed of according to his particular Will and Pleaſure.

IT is odd to conſider the Connexion between Deſpotic Government and Barbarity, and how the making of one Perſon more than Man, makes the reſt leſs. About nine Parts of the World in ten are in the loweſt State of Slavery, and conſequently ſunk in the moſt groſs and brutal Ignorance. *European* Slavery is indeed a State of Liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three Diviſions of the World; and therefore it is no Wonder that thoſe who grovel under it have many Tracks of Light among them, of which the others are wholly deſtitute.

RICHES and Plenty are the natural Fruits of Liberty, and where theſe abound, Learning and all the Liberal Arts will immediately lift up their Heads and flouriſh. As a Man muſt have no ſlaviſh Fears and Apprehenſions hanging upon his Mind, who will indulge the Flights of Fancy or Speculation, and puſh his Reſearches into all the abſtruſe Corners of Truth, ſo it is neceſſary for him to have about him a Competency of all the Conveniencies of Life.

THE firſt thing every one looks after, is to provide himſelf with Neceſſaries. This Point will ingroſs our Thoughts 'till it be ſatisfied. If this is taken care of to our Hands, we look out for Pleaſures and Amuſements; and among a great Number of idle People, there will be many whoſe Pleaſures will lie in Reading and Contemplation. Theſe are the two great Sources of Knowledge, and as Men grow wiſe they naturally love to communicate their Diſcoveries; and others ſeeing the Happineſs of ſuch a Learned Life, and improving by their Converſation, emulate, imitate, and ſurpaſs one another, till

a Nation is filled with Races of wiſe and underſtanding Perſons. Eaſe and Plenty are therefore the great Cheriſhers of Knowledge: and as moſt of the Deſpotic Governments of the World have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with Ignorance and Barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithſtanding ſeveral of its Princes are abſolute, there are Men famous for Knowledge and Learning; but the Reaſon is becauſe the Subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the Prince not thinking fit to exert himſelf in his full Tyranny like the Princes of the Eaſtern Nations, leſt his Subjects ſhould be invited to new-mould their Conſtitution, having ſo many Proſpects of Liberty within their View. But in all Deſpotic Governments, tho' a particular Prince may favour Arts and Letters, there is a natural Degeneracy of Mankind, as you may obſerve from *Auguſtus*'s Reign, how the *Romans* loſt themſelves by Degrees till they fell to an Equality with the moſt barbarous Nations that ſurrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free States, and you would think its Inhabitants lived in different Climates, and under different Heavens, from thoſe at preſent; ſo different are the Genius's which are formed under *Turkiſh* Slavery, and *Grecian* Liberty.

BESIDES Poverty and Want, there are other Reaſons that debaſe the Minds of Men, who live under Slavery, though I look on this as the Principal. This natural Tendency of Deſpotic Power to Ignorance and Barbarity, tho' not inſiſted upon by others, is, I think, an unanſwerable Argument againſt that Form of Government, as it ſhews how repugnant it is to the Good of Mankind, and the Perfection of human Nature, which ought to be the great Ends of all Civil Inſtitutions. L

N° 288 *Wedneſday, January* 30.

—*Pavor eſt utrique moleſtus.* Hor. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 10.
Both fear alike.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you ſpoke of the Jilts and Coquettes, you then promiſed to be very impartial, and not to ſpare even your own Sex, ſhould any of their ſecret or open Faults come under your Cogniſance; which has given me Encouragement to deſcribe a certain Species of Mankind under the Denomination of *Male Jilts*. They are Gentlemen who do not deſign to marry, yet, that they may appear to have ſome Senſe of Galantry, think they muſt pay their *Devoirs* to one particular Fair; in order to which they ſingle out from amongſt the Herd of Females her to whom they deſign to make their fruitleſs Addreſſes. This done, they firſt take every Opportunity of being in her Company, and then never fail upon all Occaſions to be particular to her, laying themſelves at her Feet, proteſting the Reality of their Paſſion with a thouſand Oaths, ſoliciting a Return, and ſaying as many fine Things as their Stock of Wit will allow; and if they are not deficient that way, generally ſpeak ſo as to admit of a double Interpretation; which the credulous Fair is apt to turn to her own Advantage, ſince it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent, young Creature, who thinks all the World as ſincere as herſelf, and ſo her unwary Heart becomes an eaſy Prey to thoſe deceitful Monſters, who no ſooner perceive it, but immediately they grow cool, and ſhun her whom they before ſeemed ſo much to admire, and proceed to act the ſame common-place Villany towards another. A Coxcomb flushed with many of theſe infamous Victories ſhall ſay he is ſorry for the poor Fools, proteſt and vow he never thought of Matrimony, and wonder talking civilly can be ſo ſtrangely miſ-

interpreted.

'terpreted. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, you that are a 'profeſſed Friend to Love, will, I hope, obſerve upon 'thoſe who abuſe that noble Paſſion, and raiſe it in in-'nocent Minds by a deceitful Affectation of it, after 'which they deſert the Enamoured. Pray beſtow a little 'of your Counſel to thoſe fond believing Females who 'already have or are in Danger of broken Hearts; in 'which you will oblige a great Part of this Town, but 'in a particular Manner,

SIR, Your (yet Heart-whole) Admirer,
and devoted humble Servant,
MELAINIA.

MELAINIA's Complaint is occaſioned by ſo general a Folly, that it is wonderful one could ſo long overlook it. But this falſe Galantry proceeds from an Impotence of Mind, which makes thoſe who are guilty of it incapable of purſuing what they themſelves approve. Many a Man wiſhes a Woman his Wife whom he dares not take for ſuch. Tho' no one has Power over his Inclinations or Fortunes, he is a Slave to common Fame. For this Reaſon I think *Melainia* gives them too ſoft a Name in that of Male Coquets. I know not why Irreſolution of Mind ſhould not be more contemptible than Impotence of Body; and theſe frivolous Admirers would be but tenderly uſed, in being only included in the ſame Term with the Inſufficient another way. They whom my Correſpondent calls Male Coquets, ſhall hereafter be called *Fribblers*. A Fribbler is one who profeſſes Rapture and Admiration for the Woman to whom he addreſſes, and dreads nothing ſo much as her Conſent. His Heart can flutter by the Force of Imagination, but cannot fix from the Force of Judgment. It is not uncommon for the Parents of young Women of moderate Fortune to wink at the Addreſſes of Fribblers, and expoſe their Children to the ambiguous Behaviour which *Melainia* complains of, till by the Fondneſs to one they are to loſe, they become incapable of Love towards others, and by Conſequence in their future Marriage lead a joyleſs or a miſerable Life. As therefore I ſhall in the Speculations which regard Love be as ſevere as I ought on Jilts and

Libertine Women, ſo will I be as little merciful to inſignificant and miſchievous Men. In order to this, all Viſitants who frequent Families wherein there are young Females, are forthwith required to declare themſelves, or abſent from Places where their Preſence baniſhes ſuch as would paſs their Time more to the Advantage of thoſe whom they viſit. It is a Matter of too great Moment to be dallied with; and I ſhall expect from all my young People a ſatisfactory Account of Appearances. *Strephon* has from the Publication hereof ſeven Days to explain the Riddle he preſented to *Eudamia*; and *Chloris* an Hour after this comes to her Hand, to declare whether ſhe will have *Philotas*, whom a Woman of no leſs Merit than herſelf, and of ſuperior Fortune, languiſhes to call her own.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'SINCE ſo many Dealers turn Authors, and write 'quaint Advertiſements in praiſe of their Wares, 'one who from an Author turn'd Dealer may be al-'lowed for the Advancement of Trade to turn Author 'again. I will not however ſet up like ſome of 'em, for 'ſelling cheaper than the moſt able honeſt Tradeſmen 'can; nor do I ſend this to be better known for Choice 'and Cheapneſs of China and Japan Wares, Tea, Fans, 'Muſlins, Pictures, Arrack, and other *Indian* Goods. 'Placed as I am in *Leadenhall-ſtreet*, near the *India-Company*, and the Centre of that Trade, Thanks to my 'fair Cuſtomers, my Warehouſe is graced as well as the 'Benefit Days of my Plays and Operas; and the foreign 'Goods I ſell ſeem no leſs acceptable than the foreign 'Books I tranſlated, *Rabelais* and Don *Quixote*: This the 'Criticks allow me, and while they like my Wares they 'may diſpraiſe my Writing. But as it is not ſo well 'known yet that I frequently croſs the Seas of late, and 'ſpeaking *Dutch* and *French*, beſides other Languages, I 'have the Conveniency of buying and importing rich 'Brocades, *Dutch* Atlas's, with Gold and Silver, or with-'out, and other foreign Silks of the neweſt Modes and beſt 'Fabricks, fine *Flanders* Lace, Linens, and Pictures, at

'the

'the beſt hand: This my new way of Trade I have fallen into I cannot better publiſh than by an Application 'to you. My Wares are fit only for ſuch as your Readers; and I would beg of you to print this Addreſs in 'your Paper, that thoſe whoſe Minds you adorn may 'take the Ornaments for their Perſons and Houſes from 'me. This, Sir, if I may preſume to beg it, will be 'the greater Favour, as I have lately received rich Silks 'and fine Lace to a conſiderable Value, which will be 'ſold cheap for a quick Return, and as I have alſo a 'large Stock of other Goods. *Indian* Silks were formerly a great Branch of our Trade; and ſince we muſt 'not ſell 'em, we muſt ſeek Amends by dealing in 'others. This I hope will plead for one who would 'leſſen the Number of Teazers of the Muſes, and who, 'ſuiting his Spirit to his Circumſtances, humbles the 'Poet to exalt the Citizen. Like a true Tradeſman, I 'hardly ever look into any Books but thoſe of Accounts. 'To ſay the Truth, I cannot, I think, give you a better Idea of my being a downright Man of Traffick, than 'by acknowledging I oftner read the Advertiſements, 'than the Matter of even your Paper. I am under a 'great Temptation to take this Opportunity of admoniſhing other Writers to follow my Example, and trouble 'the Town no more; but as it is my preſent Buſineſs to 'increaſe the Number of Buyers rather than Sellers, I 'haſten to tell you that I am,

SIR, Your moſt humble

and moſt obedient Servant,

T Peter Motteux.

N° 289 *Thurſday, January* 31.

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Hor. Od. 4. l. 1. v. 15.

Life's Span forbids us to extend our Cares,
And ſtretch our Hopes beyond our Years.
CREECH.

UPON taking my Seat in a Coffee-houſe I often draw the Eyes of the whole Room upon me, when in the hotteſt Seaſons of News, and at a time perhaps that the *Dutch* Mail is juſt come in, they hear me aſk the Coffee-man for his laſt Week's Bill of Mortality: I find that I have been ſometimes taken on this occaſion for a Pariſh Sexton, ſometimes for an Undertaker, and ſometimes for a Doctor of Phyſick. In this, however, I am guided by the Spirit of a Philoſopher, as I take occaſion from hence to reflect upon the regular Increaſe and Diminution of Mankind, and conſider the ſeveral various Ways through which we paſs from Life to Eternity. I am very well pleaſed with theſe Weekly Admonitions, that bring into my Mind ſuch Thoughts as ought to be the daily Entertainment of every reaſonable Creature; and can conſider, with Pleaſure to myſelf, by which of thoſe Deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, Diſtempers, I may poſſibly make my Eſcape out of this World of Sorrows, into that Condition of Exiſtence, wherein I hope to be Happier than it is poſſible for me at preſent to conceive.

BUT this is not all the Uſe I make of the above-mentioned Weekly Paper. A Bill of Mortality is in my Opinion an unanſwerable Argument for a Providence. How can we, without ſuppoſing ourſelves under the conſtant Care of a Supreme Being, give any poſſible Account for that nice Proportion, which we find in every great City, between the Deaths and Births of its Inhabitants, and between the Number of Males and that of Females, who are

are brought into the World? What elſe could adjuſt in ſo exact a manner the Recruits of every Nation to its Loſſes, and divide theſe new Supplies of People into ſuch equal Bodies of both Sexes? Chance could never hold the Balance with ſo ſteady a Hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent Superviſor, we ſhould ſometimes be over-charged with Multitudes, and at others waſte away into a Deſert: We ſhould be ſometimes a *populus virorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expreſſes it, *a Generation of Males*, and at others a Species of Women. We may extend this Conſideration to every Species of living Creatures, and conſider the whole animal World as an huge Army made up of innumerable *Corps*, if I may uſe that Term, whoſe Quotas have been kept intire near five thouſand Years, in ſo wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a ſingle Species loſt during this long Tract of Time. Could we have general Bills of Mortality of every kind of Animals, or particular ones of every Species in each Continent and Iſland, I could almoſt ſay in every Wood, Marſh or Mountain, what aſtoniſhing Inſtances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its Works?

I have heard of a great Man in the *Romiſh* Church, who upon reading thoſe Words in the vth Chapter of *Geneſis*, *And all the Days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty Years, and he died; and all the Days of Seth, were nine hundred and twelve Years, and he died; and all the Days of Methuſelah were nine hundred and ſixty nine Years, and he died*; immediately ſhut himſelf up in a Convent, and retired from the World, as not thinking any thing in this Life worth purſuing, which had not regard to another.

THE Truth of it is, there is nothing in Hiſtory which is ſo improving to the Reader, as thoſe Accounts which we meet with of the Deaths of eminent Perſons, and of their Behaviour in that dreadful Seaſon. I may alſo add, that there are no Parts in Hiſtory which affect and pleaſe the Reader in ſo ſenſible a manner. The Reaſon I take to be this, becauſe there is no other ſingle Circumſtance in the Story of any Perſon, which can poſſibly be the Caſe of every one who reads it. A Battle or a Triumph are Conjunctures in which not one Man in a Million is likely

to

to be engaged; but when we ſee a Perſon at the Point of Death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he ſays or does, becauſe we are ſure that ſome time or other we ſhall ourſelves be in the ſame melancholy Circumſtances. The General, the Stateſman, or the Philoſopher, are perhaps Characters which we may never act in; but the dying Man is one whom, ſooner or later, we ſhall certainly reſemble.

IT is, perhaps, for the ſame kind of Reaſon that few Books, written in *Engliſh*, have been ſo much peruſed as Dr. *Sherlock*'s Diſcourſe upon Death; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that he who has not peruſed this Excellent Piece, has not perhaps read one of the ſtrongeſt Perſuaſives to a Religious Life that ever was written in any Language.

THE Conſideration, with which I ſhall cloſe this Eſſay upon Death, is one of the moſt ancient and moſt beaten Morals that has been recommended to Mankind. But its being ſo very common, and ſo univerſally received, though it takes away from it the Grace of Novelty, adds very much to the Weight of it, as it ſhews that it falls in with the general Senſe of Mankind. In ſhort, I would have every one conſider, that he is in this Life nothing more than a Paſſenger, and that he is not to ſet up his Reſt here, but to keep an attentive Eye upon that State of Being to which he approaches every Moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This ſingle Conſideration would be ſufficient to extinguiſh the Bitterneſs of Hatred, the Thirſt of Avarice, and the Cruelty of Ambition.

I am very much pleaſed with the Paſſage of *Antiphanes* a very ancient Poet, who lived near an hundred Years before *Socrates*, which repreſents the Life of Man under this View, as I have here tranſlated it Word for Word. *Be not grieved*, ſays he, *above meaſure for thy deceaſed Friends. They are not dead, but have only finiſhed that Journey which it is neceſſary for every one of us to take: We ourſelves muſt go to that great Place of Reception in which they are all of them aſſembled, and in this general Rendezvous of Mankind, live together in another State of Being.*

I think

I think I have, in a former Paper, taken notice of thoſe beautiful Metaphors in Scripture, where Life is termed a Pilgrimage, and thoſe who paſs through it are called Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth. I ſhall conclude this with a Story, which I have ſomewhere read in the Travels of Sir *John Chardin*; that Gentleman after having told us, that the Inns which receive the Caravans in *Perſia*, and the Eaſtern Countries, are called by the Name of *Caravanſaries*, gives us a Relation to the following Purpoſe.

A *Derviſe*, travelling though *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by Miſtake, as thinking it to be a publick Inn or Caravanſary. Having looked about him for ſome time, he enter'd into a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and ſpread his Carpet, in order to repoſe himſelf upon it after the Manner of the Eaſtern Nations. He had not been long in this Poſture before he was diſcovered by ſome of the Guards, who aſked him what was his Buſineſs in that Place? The *Derviſe* told them he intended to take up his Night's Lodging in that Caravanſary. The Guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the Houſe he was in was not a Caravanſary, but the King's Palace. It happened that the King himſelf paſſed through the Gallery during this Debate, and ſmiling at the Miſtake of the *Derviſe*, aſked him how he could poſſibly be ſo dull as not to diſtinguiſh a Palace from a Caravanſary? Sir, ſays the *Derviſe*, give me leave to aſk your Majeſty a Queſtion or two. Who were the Perſons that lodged in this Houſe when it was firſt built? The King replied, *His Anceſtors*. And who, ſays the *Derviſe*, was the laſt Perſon that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, ſays the *Derviſe*, that lodges here at preſent? The King told him, *that it was he himſelf*. And who, ſays the *Derviſe*, will be here after you? The King anſwered, *The young Prince his Son*. 'Ah Sir, ſaid the *Derviſe*, a Houſe 'that changes its Inhabitants ſo often, and receives ſuch 'a perpetual Succeſſion of Gueſts, is not a Palace but 'a *Caravanſary*.'

Nº 290 *Friday, February* 1.

Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 97.

Forgets his Swelling and Gigantick Words.
ROSCOMMON.

THE Players, who know I am very much their Friend, take all Opportunities to expreſs a Gratitude to me for being ſo. They could not have a better Occaſion of Obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They deſired my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB to bring me to the Reading of a new Tragedy; it is called *The Diſtreſſed Mother*. I muſt confeſs, tho' ſome Days are paſſed ſince I enjoyed that Entertainment, the Paſſions of the ſeveral Characters dwell ſtrongly upon my Imagination; and I congratulate to the Age, that they are at laſt to ſee Truth and human Life repreſented in the Incidents which concern Heroes and Heroines. The Stile of the Play is ſuch as becomes thoſe of the firſt Education, and the Sentiments worthy thoſe of the higheſt Figure. It was a moſt exquiſite Pleaſure to me, to obſerve real Tears drop from the Eyes of thoſe who had long made it their Profeſſion to diſſemble Affliction; and the Player, who read, frequently throw down the Book, till he had given vent to the Humanity which roſe in him at ſome irreſiſtible Touches of the imagined Sorrow. We have ſeldom had any Female Diſtreſs on the Stage, which did not, upon cool Examination, appear to flow from the Weakneſs rather than the Misfortune of the Perſon repreſented: But in this Tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned Paſſions of ſuch as are enamoured of each other merely as they are Men and Women, but their Regards are founded upon high Conceptions of each other's Virtue and Merit; and the Character which gives Name to the Play, is one who has behaved herſelf with heroic Virtue

in

in the moſt important Circumſtances of a Female Life, thoſe of a Wife, a Widow, and a Mother. If there be thoſe whoſe Minds have been too attentive upon the Affairs of Life, to have any Notion of the Paſſion of Love in ſuch Extremes as are known only to particular Tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned Conſiderations, the Sorrow of the Heroine will move even the Generality of Mankind. Domeſtick Virtues concern all the World, and there is no one living who is not intereſted that *Andromache* ſhould be an imitable Character. The generous Affection to the Memory of her deceaſed Huſband, that tender Care for her Son, which is ever heightned with the Conſideration of his Father, and theſe Regards preſerved in ſpite of being tempted with the Poſſeſſion of the higheſt Greatneſs, are what cannot but be venerable even to ſuch an Audience as at preſent frequents the *Engliſh* Theatre. My Friend WILL HONEYCOMB commended ſeveral tender things that were ſaid, and told me they were very genteel; but whiſper'd me, that he feared the Piece was not buſy enough for the preſent Taſte. To ſupply this, he recommended to the Players to be very careful in their Scenes, and above all Things, that every Part ſhould be perfectly new dreſſed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my Friend's Admonition, becauſe there are a great many in his Claſs of Criticiſm who may be gained by it; but indeed the Truth is, that as to the Work itſelf, it is every where Nature. The Perſons are of the higheſt Quality in Life, even that of Princes; but their Quality is not repreſented by the Poet, with Direction that Guards and Waiters ſhould follow them in every Scene, but their Grandeur appears in Greatneſs of Sentiments, flowing from Minds worthy their Condition. To make a Character truly Great, this Author underſtands that it ſhould have its Foundation in ſuperior Thoughts and Maxims of Conduct. It is very certain, that many an honeſt Woman would make no Difficulty, tho' ſhe had been the Wife of *Hector*, for the ſake of a Kingdom, to marry the Enemy of her Huſband's Family and Country; and indeed who can deny but ſhe might be ſtill an honeſt Woman, but no Heroine? That may be defenſible, nay laudable in one Character, which would

would be in the higheſt Degree exceptionable in another. When *Cato Uticenſis* killed himſelf, *Cottius* a *Roman* of ordinary Quality and Character did the ſame thing; upon which one ſaid, ſmiling, '*Cottius* might have 'lived, tho' *Cæſar* has ſeized the *Roman* Liberty.' *Cottius*'s Condition might have been the ſame, let things at the upper End of the World paſs as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this Work, is, that the Perſons are all of them laudable, and their Misfortunes ariſe rather from unguarded Virtue than Propenſity to Vice. The Town has an Opportunity of doing itſelf Juſtice in ſupporting the Repreſentations of Paſſion, Sorrow, Indignation, even Deſpair itſelf, within the Rules of Decency, Honour and Good-breeding; and ſince there is no one can flatter himſelf his Life will be always fortunate, they may here ſee Sorrow as they would wiſh to bear it whenever it arrives.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am appointed to act a Part in the new Tragedy 'called *The Diſtreſſed Mother*: It is the celebrated 'Grief of *Oreſtes* which I am to perſonate; but I ſhall 'not act it as I ought, for I ſhall feel it too intimately to 'be able to utter it. I was laſt Night repeating a Para'graph to myſelf, which I took to be an Expreſſion of 'Rage, and in the middle of the Sentence there was a 'Stroke of Self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be 'pleaſed, Sir, to print this Letter, that when I am op'preſſed in this manner at ſuch an Interval, a certain Part 'of the Audience may not think I am out; and I hope 'with this Allowance to do it to ſatisfaction.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

George Powell.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I was walking t'other Day in the *Park*, I ſaw a 'Gentleman with a very ſhort Face; I deſire to 'know whether it was you. Pray inform me as ſoon as 'you can, leſt I become the moſt heroic *Hecatiſſa*'s 'Rival.

Your humble Servant to command,

SOPHIA.

Dear

Dear Madam,

'IT is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept my Chamber all that Day.

Your moſt humble Servant,

T *The* SPECTATOR.

N° 291 *Saturday, February* 2.

——*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis*
Offendor maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit,
Aut Humana parum cavit Natura——

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 351.

But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a ſlight Miſtake,
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuſe.

ROSCOMMON.

I Have now conſidered *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* under thoſe four great Heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have ſhewn that he excels, in general, under each of theſe Heads. I hope that I have made ſeveral Diſcoveries which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in Critical Learning. Were I indeed to chooſe my Readers, by whoſe Judgment I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Criticks, but alſo with the Ancient and Modern who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he underſtands a Critick, when in reality he does not comprehend his Meaning.

IT is in Criticiſm, as in all other Sciences and Speculations; one who brings with him any implicit Notions and Obſervations, which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own Reflexions methodized and explained,

explained, and perhaps ſeveral little Hints that had paſſed in his Mind, perfected and improved in the Works of a good Critick; whereas one who has not theſe previous Lights is very often an utter Stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong Interpretation upon it.

NOR is it ſufficient, that a Man, who ſets up for a Judge in Criticiſm, ſhould have peruſed the Authors above-mentioned, unleſs he has alſo a clear and logical Head. Without this Talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidſt his own Blunders, miſtakes the Senſe of thoſe he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his Thoughts to another with Clearneſs and Perſpicuity. *Ariſtotle*, who was the beſt Critick, was alſo one of the beſt Logicians that ever appeared in the World.

Mr. *LOCKE*'s Eſſay on Human Underſtanding would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himſelf Maſter of, who would get a Reputation by Critical Writings; though at the ſame time it is very certain that an Author, who has not learned the Art of diſtinguiſhing between Words and Things, and of ranging his Thoughts and ſetting them in proper Lights, whatever Notions he may have, will loſe himſelf in Confuſion and Obſcurity. I might further obſerve that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critick, who has not ſhewn, even in the Stile of his Criticiſms, that he was a Maſter of all the Elegance and Delicacy of his native Tongue.

THE Truth of it is there is nothing more abſurd, than for a Man to ſet up for a Critick, without a good Inſight into all the Parts of Learning; whereas many of thoſe, who have endeavoured to ſignalize themſelves by Works of this Nature, among our *Engliſh* Writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned Particulars, but plainly diſcover, by the Phraſes which they make uſe of, and by their confuſed way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary Syſtems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors, with a certain Cant of Words, has ſometimes ſet up an Illiterate heavy Writer for a moſt judicious and formidable Critick.

ONE

ONE great Mark, by which you may diſcover a Critick who has neither Taſte nor Learning, is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any Paſſage in an Author which has not been before received and applauded by the Publick, and that his Criticiſm turns wholly upon little Faults and Errors. This part of a Critick is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publiſhing of a new Poem, has Wit and Ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral Paſſages of it into Ridicule, and very often in the right Place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in thoſe two celebrated Lines;

Errors, like Straws, upon the Surface flow;
He who would ſearch for Pearl, muſt dive below.

A true Critick ought to dwell rather upon Excellencies than Imperfections, to diſcover the concealed Beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the World ſuch things as are worth their Obſervation. The moſt exquiſite Words and fineſt Strokes of an Author are thoſe which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable to a Man who wants a Reliſh for polite Learning; and they are theſe, which a ſour diſtinguiſhing Critick generally attacks with the greateſt Violence. *Tully* obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a Mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into *Engliſh*, *a glowing bold Expreſſion*, and to turn it into Ridicule by a cold ill-natured Criticiſm. A little Wit is equally capable of expoſing a Beauty, and of aggravating a Fault; and though ſuch a Treatment of an Author naturally produces Indignation in the Mind of an underſtanding Reader, it has however its Effect among the Generality of thoſe whoſe Hands it falls into, the Rabble of Mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any Mixture of Wit, is ridiculous in itſelf.

SUCH a Mirth as this is always unſeaſonable in a Critick, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a Beauty, as well as a Blemiſh, the Subject of Deriſion. A Man, who cannot write with Wit on a proper Subject, is dull and ſtupid; but one, who ſhews it in an improper Place, is as impertinent and abſurd. Beſides, a Man who has the Gift of Ridicule

Ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an Opportunity of exerting his beloved Talent, and very often cenſures a Paſſage, not becauſe there is any Fault in it, but becuſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of Pleaſantry are very unfair and diſingenuous in Works of Criticiſm, in which the greateſt Maſters, both Ancient and Modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive Air.

AS I intend in my next Paper to ſhew the Defects in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, I thought fit to premiſe theſe few Particulars, to the end that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful Work, and that I ſhall juſt point at the Imperfections without endeavouring to inflame them with Ridicule. I muſt alſo obſerve with *Longinus*, that the Productions of a great Genius, with many Lapſes and Inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the Works of an inferior kind of Author, which are ſcrupulouſly exact and conformable to all the Rules of correct Writing.

I ſhall conclude my Paper with a Story out of *Boccalini*, which ſufficiently ſhews us the Opinion that judicious Author entertained of the ſort of Criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous Critick, ſays he, having gathered together all the Faults of an eminent Poet, made a Preſent of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciouſly, and reſolved to make the Author a ſuitable Return for the Trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he ſet before him a Sack of Wheat, as it had been juſt threſhed out of the Sheaf. He then bid him pick out the Chaff from among the Corn, and lay it aſide by itſelf. The Critick applied himſelf to the taſk with great Induſtry and Pleaſure, and, after having made the due Separation, was preſented by *Apollo* with the Chaff for his Pains. L.

Monday,

N° 292 *Monday, Fabruary* 4.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò Veſtigia flectit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor.
Tibull. Eleg. 2. l. 4. v. 8.

Whate'er ſhe does, where'er her Steps ſhe bends,
Grace on each Action ſilently attends.

AS no one can be ſaid to enjoy Health, who is only not ſick, without he feel within himſelf a lightſom and invigorating Principle, which will not ſuffer him to remain idle, but ſtill ſpurs him on to Action; ſo in the Practice of every Virtue, there is ſome additional Grace required, to give a Claim of excelling in this or that particular Action. A Diamond may want poliſhing, though the Value be ſtill intrinſically the ſame; and the ſame good may be done with different Degrees of Luſtre. No Man ſhould be contented with himſelf that he barely does well, but he ſhould perform every thing in the beſt and moſt becoming Manner that he is able.

TULLY tells us he wrote his Book of *Offices*, becauſe there was no Time of Life in which ſome correſpondent Duty might not be practiſed; nor is there a Duty without a certain Decency accompanying it, by which every Virtue 'tis joined to will ſeem to be doubled. Another may do the ſame thing, and yet the Action want that Air and Beauty which diſtinguiſh it from others; like that inimitable Sunſhine *Titian* is ſaid to have diffuſed over his Landſkips; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other Perſon.

THERE is no one Action in which this Quality I am ſpeaking of will be more ſenſibly perceived, than in granting a Requeſt or doing an Office of Kindneſs. *Mummius*, by his Way of conſenting to a Benefaction, ſhall make it loſe its Name; while *Carus* doubles

doubles the Kindneſs and the Obligation: From the firſt the deſired Requeſt drops indeed at laſt, but from ſo doubtful a Brow, that the Obliged has almoſt as much Reaſon to reſent the Manner of beſtowing it, as to be thankful for the Favour itſelf. *Carus* invites with a pleaſing Air, to give him an Opportunity of doing an Act of Humanity, meets the Petition half Way, and conſents to a Requeſt with a Countenance which proclaims the Satisfaction of his Mind in aſſiſting the Diſtreſſed.

THE Decency then that is to be obſerved in Liberality ſeems to conſiſt in its being performed with ſuch Chearfulneſs, as may expreſs the Godlike Pleaſure is to be met with in obliging one's Fellow-Crearures; that may ſhew Good-nature and Benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in ſome Men, run upon the Tilt and taſte of the Sediments of a gratching uncommunicative Diſpoſition.

SINCE I have intimated that the greateſt Decorum is to be preſerved in the beſtowing our good Offices, I will illuſtrate it a little by an Example drawn from private Life, which carries with it ſuch a Profuſion of Liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the Humanity and Good-nature which accompanies it. It is a Letter of *Pliny*'s, which I ſhall here tranſlate, becauſe the Action will beſt appear in its firſt Dreſs of Thought, without any foreign or ambitious Ornaments.

PLINY to QUINTILIAN.

'THO' I am fully acquainted with the Content-
'ment and juſt Moderation of your Mind, and
'the Conformity the Education you have given your
'Daughter bears to your own Character; yet ſince ſhe
'is ſuddenly to be married to a Perſon of Diſtinction,
'whoſe Figure in the World makes it neceſſary for her
'to be at a more than ordinary Expence in Clothes
'and Equipage ſuitable to her Huſband's Quality; by
'which, tho' her intrinſick Worth be not augmented,
'yet will it receive both Ornament and Luſtre: And
'knowing your Eſtate to be as moderate as the Riches
'of your Mind are abundant, I muſt challenge to my-
'ſelf

'ſelf ſome part of the Burden; and as a Parent of 'your Child, I preſent her with Twelve hundred and 'fifty Crowns towards theſe Expences; which Sum had 'been much larger, had I not feared the Smallneſs of 'it would be the greateſt Inducement with you to ac-'cept of it. Farewel.

THUS ſhould a Benefaction be done with a good Grace, and ſhine in the ſtrongeſt Point of Light; it ſhould not only anſwer all the Hopes and Exigencies of the Receiver, but even out-run his Wiſhes: 'Tis this happy Manner of Behaviour which adds new Charms to it and ſoftens thoſe Gifts of Art and Nature, which otherwiſe would be rather diſtaſteful than agreeable. Without it, Valour would degenerate into Brutality Learning into Pedantry, and the genteeleſt Demeanour into Affectation. Even Religion itſelf, unleſs Decency be the Handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make People appear guilty of Sourneſs and Ill-humour: but this ſhews Virtue in her firſt original Form, adds a Comelineſs to Religion, and gives its Profeſſors the juſteſt Title to the Beauty of Holineſs. A Man fully inſtructed in this Art, may aſſume a thouſand Shapes, and pleaſe in all: He may do a thouſand Actions ſhall become none other but himſelf; not that the Things themſelves are different, but the Manner of doing them.

IF you examine each Feature by itſelf, *Aglaura* and *Calliclea* are equally handſom; but take them in the Whole, and you cannot ſuffer the Compariſon: The one is full of numberleſs nameleſs Graces, the other of as many nameleſs Faults.

THE Comelineſs of Perſon, and the Decency of Behaviour, add infinite Weight to what is pronounced by any one. 'Tis the want of this that often makes the Rebukes and Advice of old rigid Perſons of no Effect, and leave a Diſpleaſure in the Minds of thoſe they are directed to: But Youth and Beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming Severity, is of mighty Force to raiſe, even in the moſt Profligate, a Senſe of Shame. In *Milton*, the Devil is never deſcribed aſhamed but once, and that at the Rebuke of a beauteous Angel.

So

So ſpake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible: Abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
And felt how awful Goodneſs is, and ſaw,
Virtue in her own Shape how lovely! ſaw and pin'd
His Loſs.

THE Care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greateſt Minds to their laſt Moments. They avoided even an indecent Poſture in the very Article of Death. Thus *Cæſar* gathered his Robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himſelf; and the greateſt Concern that appeared in the Behaviour of *Lucretia*, when ſhe ſtabbed herſelf, was, that her Body ſhould lie in an Attitude worthy the Mind which had inhabited it.

——Ne non procumbat honeſtè,
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.
Ovid. Faſt. l. 3. v. 833.

'Twas her laſt Thought, How decently to fall.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young Woman without a Fortune; but of a 'very high Mind: That is, Good Sir, I am to the 'laſt degree Proud and Vain. I am ever railing at the 'Rich, for doing Things, which, upon Search into my 'Heart, I find I am only angry becauſe I cannot do 'the ſame myſelf. I wear the hooped Petticoat, and 'am all in Calicoes when the fineſt are in Silks. It 'is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; there-'fore if you pleaſe, a Lecture on that Subject for the 'Satisfaction of

Your uneaſy humble Servant,

Z JEZEBEL.

Thurſday,

N° 293 *Tuesday, February* 5.

Πᾶσιν γὰρ εὐρεγνῶσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.
Frag. Vet. Poet.

The prudent ſtill have Fortune on their Side.

THE famous *Gratian*, in his little Book wherein he lays down Maxims for a Man's advancing himſelf at Court, adviſes his Reader to aſſociate himſelf with the Fortunate, and to ſhun the Company of the Unfortunate; which, notwithſtanding the Baſeneſs of the Precept to an honeſt Mind, may have ſomething uſeful in it for thoſe who puſh their Intereſt in the World. It is certain a great Part of what we call good or ill Fortune, riſes out of right or wrong Meaſures and Schemes of Life. When I hear a Man complain of his being unfortunate in all his Undertakings, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect him for a very weak Man in his Affairs. In Conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal *Richlieu* uſed to ſay, that Unfortunate and Imprudent were but two Words for the ſame Thing. As the Cardinal himſelf had a great Share both of Prudence and Good-Fortune, his famous Antagoniſt, the Count *d'Olivarez*, was diſgrac'd at the Court of *Madrid*, becauſe it was alledged againſt him that he had never any Succeſs in his Undertakings. This, ſays an eminent Author, was *indirectly* accuſing him of Imprudence.

CICERO recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their General upon three Accounts, as he was a Man of Courage, Conduct, and Good-Fortune. It was, perhaps, for the Reaſon above-mentioned, namely that a Series of Good-Fortune ſuppoſes a prudent Management in the Perſon whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the Dictator, but ſeveral of the *Roman* Emperors, as is ſtill to be ſeen upon their Medals, among their other

Titles, gave themſelves that of *Felix* or Fortunate. The Heathens, indeed, ſeem to have valued a Man more for his Good-Fortune than for any other Quality, which I think is very natural for thoſe who have not a ſtrong Belief of another World. For how can I conceive a Man crowned with many diſtinguiſhing Bleſſings, that has not ſome extraordinary Fund of Merit and Perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme Eye, tho' perhaps it is not diſcovered by my Obſervation? What is the Reaſon *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s Heroes do not form a Reſolution, or ſtrike a Blow, without the Conduct and Direction of ſome Deity? Doubtleſs, becauſe the Poets eſteemed it the greateſt Honour to be favoured by the Gods, and thought the beſt Way of praiſing a Man was to recount thoſe Favours which naturally implied an extraordinary Merit in the Perſon on whom they deſcended.

THOSE who believe a future State of Rewards and Puniſhments act very abſurdly, if they form their Opinions of a Man's Merit from his Succeſſes. But certainly, if I thought the whole Circle of our being was concluded between our Births and Deaths, I ſhould think a Man's Good-Fortune the Meaſure and Standard of his real Merit, ſince Providence would have no Opportunity of rewarding his Virtue and Perfections, but in the preſent Life. A virtuous Unbeliever, who lies under the Preſſure of Misfortunes, has reaſon to cry out, as they ſay *Brutus* did a little before his Death. *O Virtue, I have worſhipped thee as a Subſtantial Good, but I find thou art an empty Name.*

BUT to return to our firſt Point: Tho' Prudence does undoubtedly in a great Meaſure produce our good or ill Fortune in the World, it is certain there are many unforeſeen Accidents and Occurrences, which very often pervert the fineſt Schemes that can be laid by Human Wiſdom. The Race is not always to the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong. Nothing leſs than infinite Wiſdom can have an abſolute Command over Fortune; the higheſt Degree of it, which Man can poſſeſs, is by no means equal to fortuitous Events, and to ſuch Contingencies as may riſe in the Proſecution of our Affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that Prudence,

dence, which has always in it a great Mixture of Caution, hinders a Man from being ſo fortunate as he might poſſibly have been without it. A Perſon who only aims at what is likely to ſucceed, and follows cloſely the Dictates of Human Prudence, never meets with thoſe great and unforeſeen Succeſſes, which are often the Effect of a Sanguine Temper, or a more happy Raſhneſs; and this perhaps may be the Reaſon, that, according to the common Obſervation, Fortune, like other Females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

UPON the whole, ſince Man is ſo ſhort-ſighted a Creature, and the Accidents which may happen to him ſo various, I cannot but be of Dr. *Tillotſon*'s Opinion in another Caſe, that were there any Doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very deſirable there ſhould be ſuch a Being of infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs, on whoſe Direction we might rely in the Conduct of human Life.

IT is a great Preſumption to aſcribe our Succeſſes to our own Management, and not to eſteem ourſelves upon any Bleſſing, rather as it is the Bounty of Heaven, than the Acquiſition of our own Prudence. I am very well pleaſed with a Medal which was ſtruck by Queen *Elizabeth*, a little after the Defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the Memory of that extraordinary Event. It is well known how the King of *Spain*, and others who were the Enemies of that great Princeſs, to derogate from her Glory, aſcribed the Ruin of their Fleet rather to the Violence of Storms and Tempeſts, than to the Bravery of the *Engliſh*. Queen *Elizabeth*, inſtead of looking upon this as a Diminution of her Honour, valued herſelf upon ſuch a ſignal Favour of Providence, and accordingly, in the Reverſe of the Medal abovementioned, has repreſented a Fleet beaten by a Tempeſt, and falling foul upon one another, with that Religious Inſcription, *Afflavit Deus & diſſipantur. He blew with his Wind, and they were ſcattered.*

IT is remarkable of a famous *Grecian* General, whoſe Name I cannot at preſent recollect, and who had been a particular Favourite of Fortune, that, upon recounting his Victories among his Friends, he added at the End of ſeveral great Actions, *And in this Fortune had*

no Share. After which it is obſerved in Hiſtory, that he never proſpered in any thing he undertook.

A S Arrogance and a Conceitedneſs of our own Abilities are very ſhocking and offenſive to Men of Senſe and Virtue, we may be ſure they are highly diſpleaſing to that Being who delights in an humble Mind, and by ſeveral of his Diſpenſations ſeems purpoſely to ſhew us, that our own Schemes or Prudence have no Share in our Advancements.

SINCE on this Subject I have already admitted ſeveral Quotations which have occurred to my Memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude it with a little *Perſian* Fable. A Drop of Water fell out of a Cloud into the Sea, and finding itſelf loſt in ſuch an immenſity of fluid Matter, broke out into the following Reflexion: 'Alas! What an inſignificant Creature am 'I in this prodigious Ocean of Waters; my Exiſtence is 'of no Concern to the Univerſe, I am reduced to a 'Kind of Nothing, and am leſs than the leaſt of the 'Works of God.' It ſo happened that an Oiſter, which lay in the Neighbourhood of this Drop, chanced to gape and ſwallow it up in the midſt of this its humble Soliloquy. The Drop, ſays the Fable, lay a great while hardening in the Shell, 'till by Degrees it was ripen'd into a Pearl, which falling into the Hands of a Diver, after a long Series of Adventures, is at preſent that famous Pearl which is fixed on the Top of the *Perſian* Diadem. L

N° 294 *Wedneſday, February* 6.

Difficile eſt plurimùm virtutem revereri qui ſemper ſecundâ fortunâ ſit uſus. Tull. ad Herennium.

The Man who is always fortunate, cannot eaſily have a great Reverence for Virtue.

INSOLENCE is the Crime of all others which every Man is apt to rail at; and yet there is one Reſpect in which almoſt all Men living are guilty of it, and that is in the Caſe of laying a greater Value upon the Gifts of Fortune than we ought. It is here in *England* come into our very Language, as a Propriety of Diſtinction, to ſay, when we would ſpeak of Perſons to their Advantage, They are People of Condition. There is no doubt but the proper Uſe of Riches implies that a Man ſhould exert all the good Qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a Man of Condition or Quality, one who, according to the Wealth he is maſter of, ſhews himſelf juſt, beneficent, and charitable, that Term ought very deſervedly to be had in the higheſt Veneration; but when Wealth is uſed only as it is the Support of Pomp and Luxury, to be rich is very far from being a Recommendation to Honour and Reſpect. It is indeed the greateſt Inſolence imaginable, in a Creature who would feel the Extremes of Thirſt and Hunger, if he did not prevent his Appetites before they call upon him, to be ſo forgetful of the common neceſſity of Human Nature, as never to caſt an Eye upon the Poor and Needy. The Fellow who eſcaped from a Ship which ſtruck upon a Rock in the Weſt, and join'd with the Country-People to deſtroy his Brother Sailors, and make her a Wreck, was thought a moſt execrable Creature; but does not every Man who enjoys the Poſſeſſion of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unſupplied Diſtreſs of other Men, betray the ſame Temper of Mind? When a Man looks about him, and with regard to Riches and Poverty beholds ſome

drawn in Pomp and Equipage, and they and their very Servants with an Air of Scorn and Triumph overlooking the Multitude that paſs by them; and, in the ſame Street, a Creature of the ſame Make crying out in the Name of all that is Good and Sacred to behold his Miſery and give him ſome Supply againſt Hunger and Nakedneſs; who would believe theſe two Beings were of the ſame Species? But ſo it is, that the Conſideration of Fortune has taken up all our Minds, and, as I have often complained, Poverty and Riches ſtand in our Imaginations in the Places of Guilt and Innocence. But in all Seaſons there will be ſome Inſtances of Perſons who have Souls too large to be taken with popular Prejudices, and while the reſt of Mankind are contending for Superiority in Power and Wealth, have their Thoughts bent upon the Neceſſities of thoſe below them. The Charity-Schools, which have been erected of late Years, are the greateſt Inſtances of publick Spirit the Age has produced: But indeed when we conſider how long this Sort of Beneficence has been on Foot, it is rather from the good Management of thoſe Inſtitutions, than from the Number or Value of the Benefactions to them, that they make ſo great a Figure. One would think it impoſſible that in the Space of fourteen Years there ſhould not have been five thouſand Pounds beſtowed in Gifts this Way, nor ſixteen hundred Children, including Males and Females, put out to Methods of Induſtry. It is not allowed me to ſpeak of Luxury and Folly with the ſevere Spirit they deſerve; I ſhall only therefore ſay, I ſhall very readily compound with any Lady in a Hoop-Petticoat, if ſhe gives the Price of one half Yard of the Silk towards Clothing, Feeding and Inſtructing an innocent helpleſs Creature of her own Sex in one of theſe Schools. The Conſciouſneſs of ſuch an Action will give her Features a nobler Life on this illuſtrious Day, than all the Jewels that can hang in her Hair, or can be cluſtered in her Boſom. It would be uncourtly to ſpeak in harſher Words to the Fair, but to Men one may take a little more Freedom. It is monſtrous how a Man can live with ſo little Reflexion as to fancy he is not in a Condition very unjuſt and diſproportioned to the reſt of Mankind, while he enjoys Wealth, and exerts no Benevolence or Bounty to others.

others. As for this particular Occaſion of theſe Schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous Mind. Would you do an handſom thing without Return? do it for an Infant that is not ſenſible of the Obligation: Would you do it for publick Good? do it for one who will be an honeſt Artificer: Would you do it for the Sake of Heaven? give it to one who ſhall be inſtructed in the Worſhip of him for whoſe Sake you gave it. It is methinks a moſt laudable Inſtitution this, if it were of no other Expectation than that of producing a Race of good and uſeful Servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious Education. What would not a Man do, in common Prudence, to lay out in Purchaſe of one about him, who would add to all his Orders he gave the Weight of the Commandments to enforce an Obedience to them? for one who would conſider his Maſter as his Father, his Friend, and Benefactor, upon the eaſy Terms, and in Expectation of no other Return but moderate Wages and gentle Uſage? It is the common Vice of Children to run too much among the Servants; from ſuch as are educated in theſe Places they would ſee nothing but Lowlineſs in the Servant, which would not be diſingenuous in the Child. All the ill Offices and defamatory Whiſpers, which take their Birth from Domeſticks, would be prevented, if this Charity could be made univerſal; and a good Man might have a Knowledge of the whole Life of the Perſons he deſigns to take into his Houſe for his own Service, or that of his Family or Children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing Dependencies: and the Obligation would have a paternal Air in the Maſter, who would be relieved from much Care and Anxiety from the Gratitude and Diligence of an humble Friend attending him as his Servant. I fall into this Diſcourſe from a Letter ſent to me, to give me notice that Fifty Boys would be Clothed, and take their Seats (at the Charge of ſome generous Benefactors) in St. *Bride*'s Church on *Sunday* next. I wiſh I could promiſe to myſelf any thing which my Correſpondent ſeems to expect from a Publication of it in this Paper; for there can be nothing added to what ſo many excellent and learned Men have ſaid on this Occaſion: But that there may be ſomething here which

would move a generous Mind, like that of him who writ to me, I ſhall tranſcribe an handſom Paragraph of Dr. *Snape*'s Sermon on theſe Charities, which my Correſpondent incloſed with this Letter.

THE wiſe Providence has amply compenſated the Diſadvantages of the Poor and Indigent, in wanting many of the Conveniencies of this Life, by a more abundant Proviſion for their Happineſs in the next. Had they been higher born or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this Manner of Education, of which thoſe only enjoy the Benefit, who are low enough to ſubmit to it; where they have ſuch Advantages without Money, and without Price, as the Rich cannot purchaſe with it. The Learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is ſold to others: Thus do they become more exalted in Goodneſs, by being depreſſed in Fortune, and their Poverty is, in reality, their Preferment. T

Nº 295 *Thurſday, February* 7.

Prodiga non ſentit pereuntem Fœmina cenſum:
At velut exhauſtâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, & è pleno ſemper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti ſibi gaudia conſtant.

Juv. Sat. 6. v. 361.

But Womankind, that never knows a Mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking Fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear,
And think no Pleaſure can be bought too dear.

DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am turned of my great Climacteric, and am naturally a Man of a meek Temper. About a dozen Years ago I was married, for my Sins, to a young Woman of a good Family, and of an high Spirit; but could not bring her to cloſe with me, before I had entered

'tered into a Treaty with her longer than that of the 'Grand Alliance. Among other Articles, it was there-'in ſtipulated, that ſhe ſhould have 400 *l.* a Year for '*Pin-money*, which I obliged myſelf to pay Quarterly 'into the hands of one who acted as her Plenipoten-'tiary in that Affair. I have ever ſince religiouſly 'obſerved my part in this ſolemn Agreement. Now, 'Sir, ſo it is, that the Lady has had ſeveral Children 'ſince I married her; to which, if I ſhould credit 'our malicious Neighbours, her *Pin-money* has not a 'little contributed. The Education of theſe my Chil-'dren, who, contrary to my Expectation, are born to 'me every Year, ſtraitens me ſo much, that I have 'begged their Mother to free me from the Obliga-'tion of the above-mentioned *Pin-money*, that it may 'go towards making a Proviſion for her Family. This 'Propoſal makes her noble Blood ſwell in her Veins, in-'ſomuch that finding me a little tardy in her laſt Quar-'ter's Payment, ſhe threatens me every Day to arreſt 'me; and proceeds ſo far as to tell me, that if I do not 'do her Juſtice, I ſhall die in a Jail. To this ſhe adds, 'when her Paſſion will let her argue calmly, that ſhe 'has ſeveral Play-Debts on her Hand, which muſt be 'diſcharged very ſuddenly, and that ſhe cannot loſe 'her Money as becomes a Woman of her Faſhion, if ſhe 'makes me any Abatements in this Article. I hope, 'Sir, you will take an Occaſion from hence to give 'your Opinion upon a Subject which you have not yet 'touched, and inform us if there are any Precedents for 'this Uſage among our Anceſtors; or whether you find 'any mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, or 'any other of the Civilians.

I am ever the humbleſt of your Admirers,

Joſiah Fribble, *Eſq;*

AS there is no man living who is a more profeſſed Advocate for the Fair-Sex than myſelf, ſo there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient Rights and Privileges; but as the Doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late Date, unknown to our Great Grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our

Modern Ladies, I think it is for the Intereſt of both Sexes to keep it from ſpreading.

Mr. *FRIBBLE* may not, perhaps, be much miſtaken where he intimates, that the ſupplying a Man's Wife with *Pin-money*, is furniſhing her with Arms againſt himſelf, and in a manner becoming acceſſary to his own Diſhonour. We may, indeed, generally obſerve, that in proportion as a Woman is more or leſs Beautiful, and her Huſband advanced in Years, ſhe ſtands in need of a greater or leſs number of *Pins*, and, upon a Treaty of Marriage, riſes or falls in her Demands accordingly. It muſt likewiſe be owned, that high Quality in a Miſtreſs does very much inflame this Article in the Marriage-Reckoning.

BUT where the Age and Circumſtances of both Parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the inſiſting upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find ſeveral Matches broken off upon this very Head. What would a Foreigner, or one who is a Stranger to this Practice, think of a Lover that forſakes his Miſtreſs, becauſe he is not willing to keep her in *Pins*; but what would he think of the Miſtreſs, ſhould he be informed that ſhe aſks five or ſix hundred Pounds a Year for this Uſe? Should a Man unacquainted with our Cuſtoms be told the Sums which are allowed in *Great-Britain*, under the Title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious Conſumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this Iſland? *a Pin a Day*, ſays our frugal Proverb, *is a Groat a Year*, ſo that, according to this Calculation, my Friend *Fribble*'s Wife muſt every Year make uſe of Eight millions ſix hundred and forty thouſand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *Britiſh* Ladies alledge they comprehend under this general Term ſeveral other Conveniencies of Life; I could therefore wiſh, for the Honour of my Country-women, that they had rather called it *Needle-money*, which might have implied ſomething of Good-houſewifry, and not have given the malicious World occaſion to think, that Dreſs and Trifle have always the uppermoſt Place in a Woman's Thoughts.

I know ſeveral of my fair Readers urge, in defence of this Practice, that it is but a neceſſary Proviſion they make for themſelves, in caſe their Huſband proves a Churl or a Miſer; ſo that they conſider this Allowance as a kind of Alimony,

Alimony, which they may lay their Claim to without actually ſeparating from their Huſbands. But with Submiſſion, I think a Woman who will give up herſelf to a Man in Marriage, where there is the leaſt Room for ſuch an Apprehenſion, and truſt her Perſon to one whom ſhe will not rely on for the common Neceſſaries of Life, may very properly be accuſed (in the Phraſe of an homely Proverb) of being *Penny wiſe and Pound fooliſh*.

IT is obſerved of over-cautious Generals, that they never engage in a Battle without ſecuring a Retreat, in caſe the Event ſhould not anſwer their Expectations; on the other hand, the greateſt Conquerors have burnt their Ships, or broke down the Bridges behind them, as being determined either to ſucceed or die in the Engagement. In the ſame manner I ſhould very much ſuſpect a Woman who takes ſuch Precautions for her Retreat, and contrives Methods how ſhe may live happily, without the Affection of one to whom ſhe joins herſelf for Life. Separate Purſes between Man and Wife are, in my Opinion, as unnatural as ſeparate Beds. A Marriage cannot be happy, where the Pleaſures, Inclinations, and Intereſts of both Parties are not the ſame. There is no greater Incitement to Love in the Mind of Man, than the Senſe of a Perſon's depending upon him for her Eaſe and Happineſs; as a Woman uſes all her Endeavours to pleaſe the Perſon whom ſhe looks upon as her Honour, her Comfort, and her Support.

FOR this Reaſon I am not very much ſurpriſed at the Behaviour of a rough Country Squire, who, being not a little ſhocked at the Proceeding of a young Widow that would not recede from her Demands of *Pin-money*, was ſo enraged at her mercenary Temper, that he told her in great Wrath, 'As much as ſhe thought him her 'Slave, he would ſhew all the World he did not care a 'Pin for her.' Upon which he flew out of the Room, and never ſaw her more.

SOCRATES, in *Plato*'s *Alcibiades*, ſays, he was informed by one who had travelled through *Perſia*, that as he paſſed over a great Tract of Lands, and inquired what the Name of the Place was, they told him it was the *Queen*'s *Girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide Field, which lay by it, was called the *Queen*'s *Veil*; and that

that in the ſame Manner there was a large Portion of Ground ſet aſide for every part of her Majeſty's Dreſs. Theſe Lands might not be improperly called the Queen of *Perſia*'s *Pin-money*.

I remember my Friend Sir ROGER, who I dare ſay never read this Paſſage in *Plato*, told me ſometime ſince, that upon his courting the Perverſe Widow (of whom I have given an Account in former Papers) he had diſpoſed of an hundred Acres in a Diamond-Ring, which he would have preſented her with, had ſhe thought fit to accept it; and that upon her Wedding-Day ſhe ſhould have carried on her Head fifty of the talleſt Oaks upon his Eſtate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Coal-pit to keep her in clean Linen, that he would have allowed her the Profits of a Windmill for her Fans, and have preſented her once in three Years with the Shearing of his Sheep for her Under-Petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine Clothes himſelf, there ſhould not have been a Woman in the Country better dreſſed than my Lady *Coverly*. Sir ROGER, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his Devices, appear ſomething odd and ſingular; but if the Humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an Eſtate to mark out ſo many Acres of it under the Title of *The Pins*. L.

N° 296 *Friday, February* 8.

——— *Nugis addere pondus.* Hor. Ep. 19. l. 1. v. 42.

——— *Add weight to Trifles.*

Dear SPEC,

'HAVING lately converſed much with the Fair Sex on the Subject of your Speculations, (which, ſince their Appearance in Publick, have been the chief Exerciſe of the Female loquacious Faculty) I found the Fair Ones poſſeſs'd with a Diſſatisfaction at your prefixing *Greek* Mottoes to the Frontiſpiece of your late Papers;

'pers; and, as a Man of Galantry, I thought it a Duty 'incumbent on me to impart it to you, in Hopes of a 'Reformation, which is only to be effected by a Reſtora- 'tion of the *Latin* to the uſual Dignity in your Papers, 'which, of late, the *Greek*, to the great Diſpleaſure of 'your Female Readers, has uſurp'd; for tho' the *Latin* has 'the Recommendation of being as unintelligible to them 'as the *Greek*, yet being written of the ſame Character 'with their Mother-Tongue, by the Aſſiſtance of a Spel- 'ling-Book it's legible; which Quality the *Greek* wants: 'And ſince the Introduction of Operas into this Nation, 'the Ladies are ſo charmed with Sounds abſtracted from 'their Ideas, that they adore and honour the Sound of '*Latin* as it is old *Italian*. I am a Solicitor for the Fair 'Sex, and therefore think myſelf in that Character more 'likely to be prevalent in this Requeſt, than if I ſhould 'ſubſcribe myſelf by my proper Name.

J. M.

I deſire you may inſert this in one of your Speculations, to ſhew my Zeal for removing the Diſſatisfaction of the Fair Sex, and reſtoring you to their Favour.

SIR,

'I Was ſome time ſince in Company with a young Of- 'ficer, who entertained us with the Conqueſt he had 'made over a Female Neighbour of his; when a Gentle- 'man who ſtood by, as I ſuppoſe, envying the Captain's 'good Fortune, aſked him what reaſon he had to be- 'lieve the Lady admired him? Why, ſays he, my Lodg- 'ings are oppoſite to hers, and ſhe is continually at her 'Window either at Work, Reading, taking Snuff, or put- 'ting herſelf in ſome toying Poſture on purpoſe to draw 'my Eyes that Way. The Confeſſion of this vain Soldier 'made me reflect on ſome of my own Actions; for you muſt know, Sir, I am often at a Window which fronts 'the Apartments of ſeveral Gentlemen, who I doubt not 'have the ſame Opinion of me. I muſt own I love to 'look at them all, one for being well dreſſed, a ſecond for 'his fine Eye, and one particular one, becauſe he is the 'leaſt Man I ever ſaw; but there is ſomething ſo eaſy and 'pleaſant in the Manner of my little Man, that I obſerve

'he

'he is a Favourite of all his Acquaintance. I could go on 'to tell you of many others, that I believe think I have 'encouraged them from my Window: But pray let me 'have your Opinion of the Uſe of the Window in a 'beautiful Lady; and how often ſhe may look out at 'the ſame Man, without being ſuppoſed to have a Mind 'to jump out to him.

Yours,

Aurelia Careleſs.

Twice.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have for ſome Time made Love to a Lady, who 'received it with all the kind Returns I ought to ex-'pect: But without any Provocation, that I know of, 'ſhe has of late ſhunned me with the utmoſt Abhorrence, 'inſomuch that ſhe went out of Church laſt *Sunday* in 'the midſt of Divine Service, upon my coming into the 'ſame Pew. Pray, Sir, what muſt I do in this Buſineſs?

Your Servant,

EUPHUES.

Let her alone Ten Days.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan.* 20, 1711-12.

'WE have in this Town a ſort of People who pre-'tend to Wit and write Lampoons: I have lately 'been the Subject of one of them. The Scribbler had 'not Genius enough in Verſe to turn my Age, as indeed 'I am an old Maid, into Rallery, for affecting a youthier 'Turn than is conſiſtent with my Time of Day; and 'therefore he makes the Title of his Madrigal, the Cha-'racter of Mrs. *Judith Lovebane*, born in the Year 1680. 'What I deſire of you is, That you diſallow that a Cox-'comb, who pretends to write Verſe, ſhould put the 'moſt malicious Thing he can ſay in Proſe. This I 'humbly conceive will diſable our Country Wits, who 'indeed take a great deal of pains to ſay any thing in 'Rhyme, tho' they ſay it very ill.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Suſanna Lovebane.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE are ſeveral of us, Gentlemen and Ladies, who board in the ſame Houſe, and after Dinner one of our Company (an agreeable Man enough otherwiſe) ſtands up and reads your Paper to us all. We are the civileſt People in the World to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way of deſiring our Reader, when he is doing this Office, not to ſtand afore the Fire. This will be a general Good to our Family this cold Weather. He will, I know, take it to be our common Requeſt when he comes to theſe Words, *Pray, Sir, ſit down*; which I deſire you to inſert, and you will particularly oblige

Your daily Reader,

Charity Froſt.

SIR,

'I Am a great Lover of Dancing, but cannot perform ſo well as ſome others; however, by my Out-of-the-way Capers, and ſome original Grimaces, I don't fail to divert the Company, particularly the Ladies, who laugh immoderately all the Time. Some, who pretend to be my Friends, tell me they do it in Deriſion, and would adviſe me to leave it off, withal that I make myſelf ridiculous. I don't know what to do in this Affair, but I am reſolved not to give over upon any Account, 'till I have the Opinion of the SPECTATOR.

Your humble Servant,

John Trott.

IF Mr. *Trott* is not aukward out of Time, he has a Right to Dance let who will Laugh: But if he has no Ear he will interrupt others; and I am of Opinion he ſhould ſit ſtill. Given under my Hand this Fifth of *February*, 1711-12.

T *The* SPECTATOR.

Saturday,

N° 297 *Saturday, February* 9.

——velut ſi
Egregio inſperſos reprendas corpore nævos.
Hor. Sat. 6. l. 1 v. 66.

As perfect Beauties often have a Mole. CREECH.

AFTER what I have ſaid in my laſt *Saturday*'s Paper, I ſhall enter on the Subject of this without further Preface, and remark the ſeveral Defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*; not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the ſame time whatever may be ſaid for the Extenuation of ſuch Defects. The firſt Imperfection which I ſhall obſerve in the Fable is, that the Event of it is unhappy.

THE Fable of every Poem is, according to *Ariſtotle*'s Diviſion, either *Simple* or *Implex*. It is called Simple when there is no Change of Fortune in it; Implex, when the Fortune of the chief Actor changes from Bad to Good, or from Good to Bad. The Implex Fable is thought the moſt perfect; I ſuppoſe, becauſe it is more proper to ſtir up the Paſſions of the Reader, and to ſurpriſe him with a greater Variety of Accidents.

THE Implex Fable is therefore of two kinds; In the firſt the Chief Actor makes his Way through a long Series of Dangers and Difficulties, till he arrives at Honour and Proſperity, as we ſee in the Story of *Ulyſſes*. In the ſecond, the chief Actor in the Poem falls from ſome eminent Pitch of Honour and Proſperity, into Miſery and Diſgrace. Thus we ſee *Adam* and *Eve* ſinking from a State of Innocence and Happineſs, into the moſt abject Condition of Sin and Sorrow.

THE moſt taking Tragedies among the Ancients, were built on this laſt ſort of Implex Fable, particularly the Tragedy of *OEdipus*, which proceeds upon a Story, if we may

may believe *Ariſtotle*, the moſt proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the Wit of Man. I have taken ſome Pains in a former Paper to ſhew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the Event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an Audience than that of the firſt kind; notwithſtanding many excellent Pieces among the Ancients, as well as moſt of thoſe which have been written of late Years in our own Country, are raiſed upon contrary Plans. I muſt however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the moſt perfect in Tragedy, is not ſo proper for an Heroic Poem.

MILTON ſeems to have been ſenſible of this Imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by ſeveral Expedients; particularly by the Mortification which the great Adverſary of Mankind meets with upon his Return to the Aſſembly of infernal Spirits, as it is deſcribed in a beautiful Paſſage of the Tenth Book; and likewiſe by the Viſion wherein *Adam* at the Cloſe of the Poem ſees his Offspring triumphing over his great Enemy, and himſelf reſtored to a happier *Paradiſe* than that from which he fell.

THERE is another Objection againſt *Milton*'s Fable, which is indeed almoſt the ſame with the former, tho' placed in a different Light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradiſe Loſt* is unſucceſsful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave Occaſion to Mr. *Dryden*'s Reflexion, that the Devil was in reality *Milton*'s Hero. I think I have obviated this Objection in my firſt Paper. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is an Epic or a Narrative Poem, and he that looks for an Hero in it, ſearches for that which *Milton* never intended; but if he will needs fix the Name of an Hero upon any Perſon in it, 'tis certainly the *Meſſiah* who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the chief Epiſodes. Paganiſm could not furniſh out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher Notion of a Poem than one of that kind, which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton*'s is not of a ſublimer Nature I will not preſume to determine: It is ſufficient that I ſhew there is in the *Paradiſe Loſt* all the Greatneſs of Plan, Regularity of Deſign, and maſterly Beauties which we diſcover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I muſt in the next Place obſerve, that *Milton* has interwoven in the Texture of his Fable ſome Particulars which do not ſeem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the Actions which he aſcribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the Picture which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other Paſſages in the ſecond Book. Such Allegories rather ſavour of the Spirit of *Spenſer* and *Arioſto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

IN the Structure of his *Poem* he has likewiſe admitted too many Digreſſions. It is finally obſerved by *Ariſtotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem ſhould ſeldom ſpeak himſelf, but throw as much of his Work as he can into the Mouths of thoſe who are his Principal Actors. *Ariſtotle* has given no reaſon for this Precept; but I preſume it is becauſe the Mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* ſpeak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own Perſons. Beſides that aſſuming the Character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the Imagination, and raiſe the Ideas of the Author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which *Cato* is the Chief Speaker, that upon a Review of it he was agreeably impoſed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himſelf, who uttered his Thoughts on that Subject.

IF the Reader would be at the pains to ſee how the Story of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by thoſe Perſons who act in it, he will be ſurpriſed to find how little in either of theſe Poems proceeds from the Authors. *Milton* has, in the general diſpoſition of his Fable, very finely obſerved this great Rule; inſomuch, that there is ſcarce a third Part of it which comes from the Poet; the reſt is ſpoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by ſome Good or Evil Spirit who is engaged either in their Deſtruction or Defence.

FROM what has been here obſerved it appears, that Digreſſions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary courſe of his Narration, ſhould ſpeak as little as poſſible, he ſhould certainly never let his Narration ſleep for the ſake of any Reflexions of his own. I have often obſerved, with a ſecret Admiration, that the longeſt Reflexion in the *Æneid* is in that Paſſage of the Tenth Book, where

Turnus

Turnus is represented as dressing himself in the Spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable stand still for the sake of the following Remark. *How is the Mind of Man ignorant of Futurity, and unable to bear prosperous Fortune with Moderation! The Time will come when* Turnus *shall wish that he had left the Body of* Pallas *untouched, and curse the Day on which he dressed himself in these Spoils.* As the great Event of the *Æneid*, and the Death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* slew because he saw him adorned with the Spoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this Incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this Reflexion upon it, without which so small a Circumstance might possibly have slipt out of his Reader's Memory. *Lucan*, who was an Injudicious Poet, lets drop his Story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary Digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an Account of the Prodigies which preceded the Civil War, he declaims upon the Occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for Man, if he did not feel his Evil Fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real Weight, but by the Apprehension of it. *Milton*'s Complaint for his Blindness, his Panegyrick on Marriage, his Reflexions on *Adam* and *Eve*'s going naked, of the Angels Eating, and several other Passages in his Poem, are liable to the same Exception, tho' I must confess there is so great a Beauty in these very Digressions, that I would not wish them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former Paper, spoken of the *Characters* of *Milton*'s *Paradise Lost*, and declared my Opinion, as to the Allegorical Persons who are introduced in it.

IF we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are sometimes defective under the following Heads; First, as there are several of them too much Pointed, and some that degenerate even into Puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the First Book, where, speaking of the Pygmies, he calls them,

——— *The small* Infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes ——— ———

ANOTHER Blemish that appears in some of his Thoughts, is his frequent Allusion to Heathen Fables, which

which are not certainly of a piece with the Divine Subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these Allusions, where the Poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some Places, but where he mentions them as Truths and Matters of Fact. The Limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in Instances of this kind; the Reader will easily remark them in his Perusal of the Poem.

A third Fault in his Sentiments, is an unnecessary Ostentation of Learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were Masters of all the Learning of their Times, but it shews itself in their Works after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* seems ambitious of letting us know, by his Excursions on Free-will and Predestination, and his many Glances upon History, Astronomy, Geography, and the like, as well as by the Terms and Phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences.

IF in the last place we consider the *Language* of this great Poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old Words, Transpositions, and foreign Idioms. *Seneca*'s Objection to the Stile of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lene*, is what many Criticks make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another Paper: to which I may further add, that *Milton*'s Sentiments and Ideas were so wonderfully Sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full Strength and Beauty, without having recourse to these foreign Assistances. Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatness of Soul, which furnished him with such glorious Conceptions.

A second Fault in his Language is that he often affects a kind of Jingle in his Words, as in the following Passages, and many others:

And brought into the World *a* World *of Woe.*
———*Begirt th' Almighty throne*
Beseeching *or* besieging———

This

This tempted *our* attempt———,
At one ſlight bound *high overleapt all* bound.

I know there are Figures of this kind of Speech, that ſome of the greateſt Ancients have been guilty of it, and that *Ariſtotle* himſelf has given it a place in his Rhetorick among the Beauties of that Art. But as it is in itſelf poor and trifling, it is I think at preſent univerſally exploded by all the Maſters of polite Writing.

THE laſt Fault which I ſhall take notice of in *Milton's* Stile, is the frequent uſe of what the Learned call *Technical Words*, or Terms of Art. It is one of the greateſt Beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abſtruſe of itſelf in ſuch eaſy Language as may be underſtood by ordinary Readers: Beſides, that the Knowledge of a Poet ſhould rather ſeem born with him, or inſpired, than drawn from Books and Syſtems. I have often wonder'd how Mr. *Dryden* could tranſlate a Paſſage out of *Virgil* after the following manner.

Tack to the Larboard, and ſtand off to Sea,
Veer Starboard Sea and Land.———

Milton makes uſe of *Larboard* in the ſame manner. When he is upon Building he mentions *Doric Pillars*, *Pilaſters*, *Cornice*, *Freeze*, *Architrave*. When he talks of Heavenly Bodies, you meet with *Ecliptic* and *Eccentric*, *the Trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator*: To which might be added many Inſtances of the like kind in ſeveral other Arts and Sciences.

I ſhall in my next Papers give an account of the many particular Beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to inſert under thoſe general Heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this Piece of Criticiſm. L

N° 298 *Monday, Frebruary* 11.

Nuſquam Tuta fides. ——— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 373.

Honour is no where ſafe.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Feb.* 9, 1711-12.

'I Am a Virgin, and in no caſe deſpicable; but yet ſuch as I am I muſt remain, or elſe become, 'tis to be feared, leſs happy; for I find not the leaſt good Effect from the juſt Correction you ſome time ſince gave that too free, that looſer Part of our Sex which ſpoils the Men; the ſame Connivance at the Vices, the ſame eaſy Admittance of Addreſſes, the ſame vitiated Reliſh of the Converſation of the greateſt of Rakes (or in a more faſhionable way of expreſſing one's ſelf, of ſuch as have ſeen the World moſt) ſtill abounds, increaſes, multiplies.

'THE humble Petition therefore of many of the moſt ſtrictly virtuous, and of myſelf, is, That you'll once more exert your Authority, and that according to your late Promiſe, your full, your impartial Authority, on this ſillier Branch of our Kind: For why ſhould they be the uncontrolable Miſtreſſes of our Fate? Why ſhould they with impunity indulge the Males in Licentiouſneſs whilſt ſingle, and we have the diſmal Hazard and Plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and ſpare not, or all our maiden Hopes, our gilded Hopes of nuptial Felicity are fruſtrated, are vaniſhed, and you yourſelf, as well as Mr. *Courtly*, will, by ſmoothing over immodeſt Practices with the Gloſs of ſoft and harmleſs Names, for ever forfeit our Eſteem. Nor think that I'm herein more ſevere than need be: If I have not reaſon more than enough, do you and the world judge from this enſuing Account, which, I think, will prove the Evil to be univerſal.

'YOU muſt know then, that ſince your Reprehenſion of this Female Degeneracy came out, I've had a Tender

'of

'of Reſpects from no leſs than five Perſons, of tolerable 'Figure too as Times go: But the Misfortune is, that four 'of the five are profeſſed Followers of the Mode. They 'would face me down, that all Women of good Senſe 'ever were, and ever will be, Latitudinarians in Wed-'lock; and always did, and will, give and take what they 'profanely term Conjugal Liberty and Conſcience.

'THE two firſt of them, a Captain and a Merchant, 'to ſtrengthen their Argument, pretend to repeat after a 'Couple, a Brace of Ladies of Quality and Wit, That '*Venus* was always kind to *Mars*; and what Soul, that 'has the leaſt Spark of Generoſity, can deny a Man of 'Bravery any Thing? And how pitiful a Trader that, 'whom no Woman but his own Wife will have Corre-'ſpondence and Dealings with? Thus theſe; whilſt the 'third, the Country Squire, confeſſed, That indeed he 'was ſurpriſed into Good-breeding, and enter'd into the 'Knowledge of the World unawares; That dining t'other 'Day at a Gentleman's Houſe, the Perſon who enter-'tained was obliged to leave him with his Wife and 'Neices; where they ſpoke with ſo much Contempt of 'an abſent Gentleman for being ſo ſlow at a Hint, that 'he reſolved never to be drouſy, unmannerly, or ſtupid 'for the future at a Friend's Houſe; and on a hunting 'Morning, not to purſue the Game either with the 'Huſband abroad, or with the Wife at home.

'THE next that came was a Tradeſman, no leſs full 'of the Age than the former; for he had the Galantry 'to tell me, that at a late Junket which he was invited 'to, the Motion being made, and the Queſtion being 'put, 'twas by Maid, Wife and Widow reſolved, *nemine 'contradicente*, That a young ſprightly Journeyman is 'abſolutely neceſſary in their way of Buſineſs: To which 'they had the Aſſent and Concurrence of their Huſbands 'preſent. I dropped him a Curtſy, and gave him to 'underſtand that was his Audience of Leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many Ad-'vances beſides theſe; but have been very averſe to hear 'any of them, from my Obſervation on theſe above-men-'tioned, 'till I hoped ſome Good from the Character of 'my preſent Admirer, a Clergyman. But I find even 'amongſt them there are indirect Practices in relation to

'Love,

'Love, and our Treaty is at preſent a little in Suſpence, 'till ſome Circumſtances are cleared. There is a Charge 'againſt him among the Women, and the Caſe is this: 'It is alledged, That a certain endowed Female would 'have appropriated herſelf to and conſolidated herſelf 'with a Church, which my Divine now enjoys; (or, 'which is the ſame thing, did proſtitute herſelf to her 'Friend's doing this for her:) That my Eccleſiaſtick, 'to obtain the one, did engage himſelf to take off the 'other that lay on Hand; but that on his Succeſs in the 'Spiritual, he again renounced the Carnal.

'I put this cloſely to him, and taxed him with Diſin-'genuity. He to clear himſelf made the ſubſequent De-'fence, and that in the moſt ſolemn manner poſſible. 'That he was applied to and inſtigated to accept of a 'Benefice: That a conditional Offer thereof was indeed 'made him at firſt, but with Diſdain by him rejected: 'That when nothing (as they eaſily perceived) of this 'nature could bring him to their Purpoſe, Aſſurance of 'his being intirely unengaged beforehand, and ſafe from 'all their After-expectations (the only Stratagem left to 'draw him in) was given him: That purſuant to this 'the Donation itſelf was without Delay, before ſeveral 'reputable Witneſſes, tendered to him *gratis*, with the 'open Profeſſion of not the leaſt Reſerve, or moſt mi-'nute Condition; but that yet immediately after In-'duction, his inſiduous Introducer, (or her crafty Pro-'curer, which you will) induſtriouſly ſpread the Report 'which had reached my Ears, not only in the Neigh-'bourhood of that ſaid Church, but in *London*, in the 'Univerſity, in mine and his own Country, and where-'ever elſe it might probably obviate his Application to 'any other Woman, and ſo confine him to this alone: 'And in a word, That as he never did make any previ-'ous Offer of his Service, or the leaſt Step to her Af-'fection; ſo on his Diſcovery of theſe Deſigns thus laid 'to trick him, he could not but afterwards, in Juſtice 'to himſelf, vindicate both his Innocence and Freedom 'by keeping his proper Diſtance.

'THIS is his Apology, and I think I ſhall be ſatisfied 'with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious Epiſtle, with-'out recommending to you not only to reſume your

'former

'former Chaſtiſement, but to add to your Criminals 'the Simoniacal Ladies, who ſeduce the ſacred Order 'into the Difficulty of either breaking a mercenary 'Troth made to them whom they ought not to deceive, 'or by breaking or keeping it offending againſt him 'whom they cannot deceive. Your Aſſiſtance and La-'bours of this ſort would be of great Benefit, and your 'ſpeedy Thoughts on this Subject would be very ſea-'ſonable to,

SIR, Your moſt obedient Servant,

T Chaſtity Loveworth.

N° 299 *Tueſday, February* 12.

Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, Mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem, victumque Syphacem
In caſtris; & cum totâ Carthagine migra.

Juv. Sat. 6. v. 166.

Some Country-Girl, ſcarce to a Curtſy bred,
Wou'd I much rather than Cornelia *wed;*
If ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her Father's Triumphs in her Train.
Away with all your Carthaginian *State;*
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal *without Doors wait,*
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow Gate.

DRYDEN.

IT is obſerved, that a Man improves more by reading the Story of a Perſon eminent for Prudence and Virtue, than by the fineſt Rules and Precepts of Morality. In the ſame manner a Repreſentation of thoſe Calamities and Misfortunes which a weak Man ſuffers from wrong Meaſures, and ill-concerted Schemes of Life, is apt to make a deeper Impreſſion upon our Minds, than the wiſeſt Maxims and Inſtructions that can be given us, for

avoiding the like Follies and Indiſcretions in our own private Conduct. It is for this Reaſon that I lay before my Reader the following Letter, and leave it with him to make his own uſe of it, without adding any Reflexions of my own upon the Subject Matter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING carefully peruſed a Letter ſent you by *Joſiah Fribble*, Eſq; with your ſubſequent Diſcourſe upon *Pin-money*, I do preſume to trouble you with an Account of my own Caſe, which I look upon to be no leſs deplorable than that of Squire *Fribble*. I am a Perſon of no Extraction, having begun the World with a ſmall parcel of Ruſty Iron, and was for ſome Years commonly known by the Name of *Jack Anvil*. I have naturally a very happy Genius for getting Money, inſomuch that by the Age of five and twenty I had ſcraped together four thouſand two hundred Pounds, five Shillings and a few odd Pence. I then lanched out into conſiderable Buſineſs, and became a bold Trader both by Sea and Land, which in a few Years raiſed me a very conſiderable Fortune. For theſe my good Services I was knighted in the thirty fifth Year of my Age, and lived with great Dignity among my City Neighbours by the Name of Sir *John Anvil*. Being in my Temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a Family, and accordingly reſolved that my Deſcendents ſhould have a Daſh of good Blood in their Veins. In order to this I made love to the Lady *Mary Oddly*, an indigent young Woman of Quality. To cut ſhort the Marriage Treaty, I threw her a *Charte Blanche*, as our News-Papers call it, deſiring her to write upon it her own Terms. She was very conciſe in her Demands, inſiſting only that the Diſpoſal of my Fortune and the Regulation of my Family ſhould be intirely in her Hands. Her Father and Brothers appeared exceedingly averſe to this Match, and would not ſee me for ſome time; but at preſent are ſo well reconciled, that they dine with me almoſt every Day, and have borrowed conſiderable Sums of me; which my Lady *Mary* very often twits me with, when ſhe would ſhew me how kind her Relations are to me.

She

'She had no Portion, as I told you before; but what she 'wanted in Fortune she make up in Spirit. She at first 'changed my Name to Sir *John Envil*, and at present 'writes herself *Mary Enville*. I have had some Children 'by her, whom she has christened with the Sirnames of 'her Family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the 'Homelineſs of their Parentage by the Father's Side. Our 'eldeſt Son is the Honourable *Oddly Enville*, Eſq; and 'our eldeſt Daughter *Harriot Enville*. Upon her firſt 'coming into my Family, ſhe turned off a parcel of very 'careful Servants, who had been long with me, and in-'troduced in their ſtead a couple of Black-a-moors, and 'three or four very genteel Fellows in laced Liveries, be-'ſides her *Frenchwoman*, who is perpetually making a 'noiſe in the Houſe in a Language which no body under-'ſtands, except my Lady *Mary*. She next ſet herſelf to 'reform every Room of my Houſe, having glazed all 'my Chimney-pieces with Looking-glaſſes, and planted 'every Corner with ſuch Heaps of *China*, that I am ob-'liged to move about my own Houſe with the greateſt 'Caution and Circumſpection, for fear of hurting ſome 'of our brittle Furniture. She makes an Illumination 'once a Week with Wax-candles in one of the largeſt 'Rooms, in order, as ſhe phraſes it, to ſee Company. 'At which time ſhe always deſires me to be Abroad, or 'to confine myſelf to the Cock-loft, that I may not 'diſgrace her among her Viſitants of Quality. Her 'Footmen, as I told you before, are ſuch Beaus that I 'do not much care for aſking them Queſtions; when I 'do, they anſwer me with a ſaucy Frown, and ſay that 'every thing, which I find fault with, was done by my 'Lady *Mary*'s Order. She tells me that ſhe intends 'they ſhall wear Swords with their next Liveries, hav-'ing lately obſerved the Footmen of two or three Per-'ſons of Quality hanging behind the Coach with Swords 'by their Sides. As ſoon as the firſt Honey-moon was 'over, I repreſented to her the Unreaſonableneſs of thoſe 'daily innovations which ſhe made in my Family; but 'ſhe told me I was no longer to conſider myſelf as Sir 'John Anvil, but as her Huſband; and added with a 'Frown, that I did not ſeem to know who ſhe was. I was 'ſurpriſed to be treated thus, after ſuch Familiarities

'as had paſſed between us. But ſhe has ſince given me 'to know, that whatever Freedoms ſhe may ſometimes 'indulge me in, ſhe expects in general to be treated 'with the Reſpect that is due to her Birth and Quality. 'Our Children have been trained up from their Infancy 'with ſo many Accounts of their Mother's Family, 'that they know the Stories of all the great Men and 'Women it has produced. Their Mother tells them, 'that ſuch an one commanded in ſuch a Sea Engage-'ment, that their Great Grandfather had a Horſe ſhot 'under him at *Edge-hill*, that their Uncle was at the 'Siege of *Buda*, and that her Mother danced in a Ball 'at Court with the Duke of *Monmouth*; with abun-'dance of Fiddle-faddle of the ſame Nature. I was the 'other Day a little out of Countenance at a Queſtion 'of my little Daughter *Harriot*, who aſked me with a 'great deal of Innocence, why I never told them of 'the Generals and Admirals that had been in my Fa-'mily. As for my eldeſt Son *Oddly*, he has been ſo 'ſpirited up by his Mother, that if he does not mend his 'Manners I ſhall go near to diſinherit him. He drew 'his Sword upon me before he was nine Years old, and 'told me that he expected to be uſed like a Gentleman; 'upon my offering to correct him for his Inſolence, my 'Lady *Mary* ſtept in between us, and told me, that I 'ought to conſider there was ſome Difference between 'his Mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out 'the Features of her own Relations in every one of my 'Children, tho', by the way, I have a little Chub-'faced Boy as like me as he can ſtare, if I durſt ſay 'ſo; but what moſt angers me, when ſhe ſees me play-'ing with any of them upon my Knee, ſhe has begged 'me more than once to converſe with the Children as 'little as poſſible, that they may not learn any of my 'aukward Tricks.

'YOU muſt farther know, ſince I am opening my 'Heart to you, that ſhe thinks herſelf my Superior in 'Senſe, as much as ſhe is in Quality, and therefore treats 'me like a plain well-meaning Man, who does not know 'the World. She dictates to me in my own Buſineſs, 'ſets me right in point of Trade, and if I diſagree with 'her about any of my Ships at Sea, wonders that I will

'diſpute

'diſpute with her, when I know very well that her Great 'Grandfather was a Flag-Officer.

'TO compleat my Sufferings, ſhe has teiſed me for 'this Quarter of a Year laſt paſt, to remove into one of 'the Squares at the other End of the Town, promiſing 'for my Encouragement, that I ſhall have as good a 'Cock-loft as any Gentleman in the Square; to which 'the Honourable *Oddly Enville*, Eſq; always adds, like 'a Jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes 'twill be as near 'the Court as poſſible.

'IN ſhort, Mr. SPECTATOR, I am ſo much out of 'my natural Element, that to recover my old Way of 'Life I would be content to begin the World again, and be 'plain *Jack Anvil*; but alas! I am in for Life, and am 'bound to ſubſcribe myſelf, with great Sorrow of Heart,

Your humble Servant,

L John Enville, *Knt.*

N° 300 *Wedneſday, February* 13.

——— *Diverſum vitio vitium propè majus.*
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 5.

——— *Another Failing of the Mind,*
Greater than this, of a quite different kind.

POOLY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you talk of the Subject of Love, and 'the Relations ariſing from it, methinks you 'ſhould take care to leave no Fault unobſerved 'which concerns the State of Marriage. The great 'Vexation that I have obſerved in it, is that the wedded 'Couple ſeem to want Opportunities of being often 'enough alone together, and are forced to quarrel and 'be fond before Company. Mr. *Hotſpur* and his Lady, 'in a Room full of their Friends, are ever ſaying ſome-'thing ſo ſmart to each other, and that but juſt within 'Rules, that the whole Company ſtand in the utmoſt

'Anxiety and Suſpence for fear of their falling into Extremities which they could not be preſent at. On the other Side, *Tom Faddle* and his pretty Spouſe wherever they come are billing at ſuch a Rate, as they think muſt do our Hearts good to behold 'em. Cannot you poſſibly propoſe a Mean between being Waſps and Doves in Publick? I ſhould think if you adviſed to hate or love ſincerely it would be better: For if they would be ſo diſcreet as to hate from the very Bottom of their Hearts, their Averſion would be too ſtrong for little Gibes every Moment; and if they loved with that calm and noble Value which dwells in the Heart, with a Warmth like that of Life-Blood, they would not be ſo impatient of their Paſſions as to fall into obſervable Fondneſs. This Method, in each Caſe, would ſave Appearances; but as thoſe who offend on the fond Side are by much the fewer, I would have you begin with them, and go on to take notice of a moſt impertinent Licence married Women take, not only to be very loving to their Spouſes in publick, but alſo make nauſeous Alluſions to private Familiarities, and the like. *Lucina* is a Lady of the greateſt Diſcretion, you muſt know, in the World; and withal very much a Phyſician: Upon the Strength of theſe two Qualities there is nothing ſhe will not ſpeak of before us Virgins; and ſhe every Day talks with a very grave Air in ſuch a Manner, as is very improper ſo much as to be hinted at but to obviate the greateſt Extremity. Thoſe whom they call good Bodies, notable People, hearty Neighbours, and the pureſt goodeſt Company in the World, are the great Offenders in this Kind. Here I think I have laid before you an open Field for Pleaſantry; and hope you will ſhew theſe People that at leaſt they are not witty: In which you will ſave from many a Bluſh a daily Sufferer, who is very much

Your moſt humble Servant,

Suſannah Loveworth.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN yours of *Wedneſday* the 30th paſt, you and your Correſpondents are very ſevere on a ſort of Men, whom you call Male Coquets; but without any other Reaſon, in my Apprehenſion, than that of paying a ſhallow Compliment to the Fair Sex, by accuſing ſome Men of imaginary Faults, that the Women may not ſeem to be the more faulty Sex; though at the ſame time you ſuppoſe there are ſome ſo weak as to be impoſed upon by fine Things and falſe Addreſſes. I can't perſuade myſelf that your Deſign is to debar the Sexes the Benefit of each other's Converſation within the Rules of Honour; nor will you, I dare ſay, recommend to 'em, or encourage the common Tea-Table Talk, much leſs that of Politicks and Matters of State: And if theſe are forbidden Subjects of Diſcourſe, then, as long as there are any Women in the World who take a Pleaſure in hearing themſelves praiſed, and can bear the Sight of a Man proſtrate at their Feet, ſo long I ſhall make no Wonder that there are thoſe of the other Sex who will pay them thoſe impertinent Humiliations. We ſhould have few People ſuch Fools as to practiſe Flattery, if all were ſo wiſe as to deſpiſe it. I don't deny but you would do a meritorious Act, if you could prevent all Impoſitions on the Simplicity of young Women; but I muſt confeſs I don't apprehend you have laid the Fault on the proper Perſon, and if I trouble you with my thoughts upon it, I promiſe myſelf your Pardon. Such of the Sex as are raw and innocent, and moſt expoſed to theſe Attacks, have, or their Parents are much to blame if they have not, one to adviſe and guard 'em, and are obliged themſelves to take care of 'em; but if theſe, who ought to hinder Men from all Opportunities of this ſort of Converſation, inſtead of that encourage and promote it, the Suſpicion is very juſt that there are ſome private Reaſons for it; and I'll leave it to you to determine on which Side a Part is then acted. Some Women there are who are arrived at Years of Diſcretion, I mean are got out of the Hands of their

'Parents and Governors, and are ſet up for themſelves, 'who yet are liable to theſe Attempts; but if theſe are 'prevailed upon, you muſt excuſe me if I lay the Fault 'upon them, that their Wiſdom is not grown with 'their Years. My Client, Mr. *Strephon*, whom you 'ſummoned to declare himſelf, gives you Thanks how-'ever for your Warning, and begs the Favour only 'to enlarge his Time for a Week, or to the laſt Day of 'the Term, and then he'll appear *gratis*, and pray no 'Day over.

Yours,

Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was laſt Night to viſit a Lady whom I much 'eſteem, and always took for my Friend; but 'met with ſo very different a Reception from what I 'expected, that I cannot help applying myſelf to you 'on this Occaſion. In the room of that Civility and 'Familiarity I uſed to be treated with by her, an af-'fected Strangeneſs in her Looks, and Coldneſs in her 'Behaviour, plainly told me I was not the welcome Gueſt 'which the Regard and Tenderneſs ſhe has often ex-'preſſed for me gave me Reaſon to flatter myſelf to 'think I was. Sir, this is certainly a great Fault, and 'I aſſure you a very common one; therefore I hope 'you will think it a fit Subject for ſome Part of a '*Spectator*. Be pleaſed to acquaint us how we muſt 'behave ourſelves towards this valetudinary Friend-'ſhip, ſubject to ſo many Heats and Colds, and you 'will oblige,

S I R, your humble Servant,

Miranda.

S I R,

'I Cannot forbear acknowledging the Delight your 'late *Spectators* on *Saturdays* have given me; for they 'are writ in the honeſt Spirit of Criticiſm, and called to 'my Mind the following four Lines I had read long 'ſince in a Prologue to a Play called *Julius Cæſar*, which 'has deſerved a better Fate. The Verſes are addreſſed 'to the little Criticks.

Shew

Shew your ſmall Talent, and let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye.
For every Fop can find out Faults in Plays:
You'll ne'er arrive at Knowing when to praiſe.

T Yours, *D. G.*

N° 301 *Thurſday, February* 14.

Poſſint ut Juvenes viſere fervidi
Multo non ſine riſu,
Dilapſam in cineres facem.

Hor. Od. 13. l. 4. v. 26.

That all may laugh to ſee that glaring Light,
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,
End in a Stink at laſt, and vaniſh into Night.

ANON.

WE are generally ſo much pleaſed with any little Accompliſhments, either of Body or Mind, which have once made us remarkable in the World, that we endeavour to perſuade ourſelves it is not in the Power of Time to rob us of them. We are eternally purſuing the ſame Methods which firſt procured us the Applauſes of Mankind. It is from this Notion that an Author writes on, tho' he is come to Dotage; without ever conſidering that his Memory is impaired, and that he hath loſt that Life, and thoſe Spirits, which formerly raiſed his Fancy, and fired his Imagination. The ſame Folly hinders a Man from ſubmitting his Behaviour to his Age, and makes *Clodius*, who was a celebrated Dancer at five and twenty, ſtill love to hobble in a Minuet, tho' he is paſt Threeſcore. It is this, in a word, which fills the Town with elderly Fops, and ſuperannuated Coquettes.

CANIDIA, a Lady of this latter Species, paſſed by me Yeſterday in her Coach. *Canidia* was an haughty

Beauty of the laſt Age, and was followed by Crouds of Adorers, whoſe Paſſions only pleaſed her, as they gave her Opportunities of playing the Tyrant. She then contracted that awful Caſt of the Eye and forbidding Frown, which ſhe has not yet laid aſide, and has ſtill all the Inſolence of Beauty without its Charms. If ſhe now attracts the Eyes of any Beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own Sex laugh at her Affectation; and the Men, who always enjoy an ill-natur'd Pleaſure in ſeeing an imperious Beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the ſame Satisfaction that a free Nation ſees a Tyrant in Diſgrace.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who is a great Admirer of the Galantries in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, lately communicated to me a Letter written by a Wit of that Age to his Miſtreſs, who it ſeems was a Lady of *Canidia*'s Humour; and tho' I do not always approve of my Friend WILL's Taſte, I liked this Letter ſo well, that I took a Copy of it, with which I ſhall here preſent my Reader.

To CLOE.

MADAM,

'SINCE my waking Thoughts have never been 'able to influence you in my Favour, I am reſolved 'to try whether my Dreams can make any Impreſſion 'on you. To this end I ſhall give you an Account of a 'very odd one which my Fancy preſented to me laſt 'Night, within a few Hours after I left you.

'METHOUGHT I was unaccountably con-'veyed into the moſt delicious Place mine Eyes ever 'beheld: it was a large Valley divided by a River of the 'pureſt Water I had ever ſeen. The Ground on each 'Side of it roſe by an eaſy Aſcent, and was covered with 'Flowers of an infinite Variety, which as they were 'reflected in the Water doubled the Beauties of the 'Place, or rather formed an Imaginary Scene more 'beautiful than the real. On each ſide of the River 'was a Range of lofty Trees, whoſe Boughs were 'loaded with almoſt as many Birds as Leaves. Every 'Tree was full of Harmony.

'I had

'I had not gone far in this pleaſant Valley, when I 'perceived that it was terminated by a moſt magnifi-'cent Temple. The Structure was ancient, and regu-'lar. On the Top of it was figured the God *Saturn*, 'in the ſame Shape and Dreſs that the Poets uſually 'repreſent *Time*.

'AS I was advancing to ſatisfy my Curioſity by a 'nearer View, I was ſtopped by an Object far more 'beautiful than any I had before diſcovered in the 'whole Place. I fancy, Madam, you will eaſily gueſs 'that this could hardly be any thing but yourſelf; in 'reality it was ſo; you lay extended on the Flowers by 'the ſide of the River, ſo that your Hands, which 'were thrown in a negligent Poſture, almoſt touched 'the Water. Your Eyes were cloſed; but if your Sleep 'deprived me of the Satisfaction of ſeeing them, it left 'me at leiſure to contemplate ſeveral other Charms, 'which diſappear when your Eyes are open. I could 'not but admire the Tranquillity you ſlept in, eſpecially 'when I conſidered the Uneaſineſs you produce in ſo 'many others.

'WHILE I was wholly taken up in theſe Reflexi-'ons, the Doors of the Temple flew open, with a very 'great Noiſe; and lifting up my Eyes, I ſaw two Fi-'gures, in human Shape, coming into the Valley. 'Upon a nearer Survey, I found them to be YOUTH and 'LOVE. The firſt was incircled with a kind of Purple 'Light, that ſpread a Glory over all the Place; the 'other held a flaming Torch in his Hand. I could ob-'ſerve, that all the way as they came towards us, the 'Colours of the Flowers appeared more lively, the 'Trees ſhot out in Bloſſoms, the Birds threw them-'ſelves into Pairs, and ſerenaded them as they paſſed: 'The whole Face of Nature glowed with new Beauties. 'They were no ſooner arrived at the Place where you 'lay, when they ſeated themſelves on each Side of you. 'On their Approach, methought I ſaw a new Bloom 'ariſe in your Face, and new Charms diffuſe themſelves 'over your whole Perſon. You appeared more than 'Mortal; but, to my great Surpriſe, continued faſt 'aſleep, tho' the two Deities made ſeveral gentle Efforts 'to awaken you.

'AFTER

'AFTER a ſhort Time, YOUTH (diſplaying a Pair 'of Wings, which I had not before taken notice of) 'flew off. LOVE ſtill remained, and holding the Torch 'which he had in his Hand before your Face, you ſtill 'appeared as beautiful as ever. The glaring of the Light 'in your Eyes at length awaken'd you; when, to my 'great Surpriſe, inſtead of acknowledging the Favour 'of the Deity, you frowned upon him, and ſtruck the 'Torch out of his Hand into the River. The God, af-'ter having regarded you with a Look that ſpoke at 'once his Pity and Diſpleaſure, flew away. Immediate-'ly a kind of Gloom overſpread the whole Place. At 'the ſame time I ſaw an hideous Spectre enter at one end 'of the Valley. His Eyes were ſunk into his Head, his 'Face was pale and withered, and his Skin puckered up 'in Wrinkles. As he walked on the ſides of the Bank 'the River froze, the Flowers faded, the Trees ſhed their 'Bloſſoms, the Birds dropped from off the Boughs, and 'fell dead at his Feet. By theſe Marks I knew him to 'be OLD-AGE. You were ſeized with the utmoſt Hor-'ror and Amazement at his Approach. You endea-'voured to have fled, but the Phantom caught you in 'his Arms. You may eaſily gueſs at the Change you 'ſuffered in this Embrace. For my own part, though 'I am ſtill too full of the dreadful Idea, I will not 'ſhock you with a Deſcription of it. I was ſo ſtartled 'at the Sight that my Sleep immediately left me, and 'I found myſelf awake, at leiſure to conſider of a 'Dream which ſeems too extraordinary to be without a 'Meaning. I am, Madam, with the greateſt Paſſion,

Your moſt obedient,

moſt humble Servant, &c.

Friday,

N° 302 *Friday, February* 15.

——*Lachrymæque decoræ,*
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.
Virg. Æn. 5. v. 343.

Becoming Sorrows, and a virtuous Mind
More lovely, in a beauteous Form inſhrin'd.

I Read what I give for the Entertainment of this Day with a great deal of Pleaſure, and publiſh it juſt as it came to my Hands. I ſhall be very glad to find there are many gueſſed at for *Emilia*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF this Paper has the good Fortune to be honoured 'with a Place in your Writings, I ſhall be the more 'pleaſed, becauſe the Character of *Emilia* is not an ima- 'ginary but a real one. I have induſtriouſly obſcured the 'whole by the Addition of one or two Circumſtances of 'no Conſequence, that the Perſon it is drawn from 'might ſtill be concealed; and that the Writer of it 'might not be in the leaſt ſuſpected, and for ſome other 'Reaſons, I chooſe not to give it the Form of a Letter: 'But if, beſides the Faults of the Compoſition, there be 'any thing in it more proper for a Correſpondent than 'the SPECTATOR himſelf to write, I ſubmit it to 'your better Judgment, to receive any other Model you 'think fit.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

THERE is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a proſpect of human Nature, as the Contemplation of Wiſdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy Concurrence of both theſe Excellencies in the ſame Perſon, is a Character too celeſtial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weaning ſelf-ſufficient thing,

thing, careleſs of providing itſelf any more ſubſtantial Ornaments; nay ſo little does it conſult its own Intereſts, that it too often defeats itſelf by betraying that Innocence which renders it lovely and deſirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman appear more beautiful, ſo Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilſt I am conſidering theſe two Perfections glorioufly united in one Perſon, I cannot help repreſenting to my Mind the Image of *Emilia*.

WHO ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breaſt at once the Glow of Love and the Tenderneſs of virtuous Friendſhip? The unſtudied Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleaſing Accents of her Tongue, inſenſibly draw you on to wiſh for a nearer Enjoyment of them; but even her Smiles carry in them a ſilent Reproof to the Impulſes of licentious Love. Thus, tho' the Attractives of her Beauty play almoſt irreſiſtibly upon you and create Deſire, you immediately ſtand corrected not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetneſs and Good-humour which is ſo viſible in her Face, naturally diffuſes itſelf into every Word and Action: A Man muſt be a Savage, who, at the ſight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than gratify himſelf. Her Perſon, as it is thus ſtudiouſly embelliſhed by Nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is a fit Lodging for a Mind ſo fair and lovely; there dwell rational Piety, modeſt Hope, and chearful Reſignation.

MANY of the prevailing Paſſions of Mankind do undeſervedly paſs under the Name of Religion; which is thus made to expreſs itſelf in Action, according to the Nature of the Conſtitution in which it reſides: So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearances, one would imagine Religion in ſome is little better than Sullenneſs and Reſerve, in many Fear, in others the Deſpondings of a melancholy Complexion, in others the Formality of inſignificant unaffecting Obſervances, in others Severity, in others Oſtentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reaſon and enlivened with Hope; it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Sallies of Devotion, but is an uniform and conſiſtent Tenour of Action; It is ſtrict without Severity, compaſſionate without Weakneſs; it is the

Perfection

Perfection of that Good-humour which proceeds from the Underſtanding, not the Effect of an eaſy Conſtitution.

BY a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel ourſelves diſpoſed to mourn when any of our Fellow-Creatures are afflicted; but injured Innocence and Beauty in Diſtreſs, is an Object that carries in it ſomething inexpreſſibly moving: It ſoftens the moſt manly Heart with the tendereſt Senſations of Love and Compaſſion, 'till at length it confeſſes its Humanity, and flows out into Tears.

WERE I to relate that part of *Emilia*'s Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroiſm of Chriſtianity, it would make too ſad, too tender a Story: But when I conſider her alone in the midſt of her Diſtreſſes, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow into the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I ſee her in Converſation thoughtleſs and eaſy as if ſhe were the moſt happy Creature in the World, I am tranſported with Admiration. Surely never did ſuch a Philoſophic Soul inhabit ſuch a beauteous Form! For Beauty is often made a Privilege againſt Thought and Reflexion; it laughs at Wiſdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Inſtructions.

WERE I able to repreſent *Emilia*'s Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life; but as this is but an imperfect Draught of ſo excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Intereſt in her Perſon, all that I can ſay of her is but impartial Praiſe extorted from me by the prevailing Brightneſs of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be concealed, but ſhould be ſet out to the View and Imitation of the World; for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made viſible to us in ſo fair an Example!

HONORIA's Diſpoſition is of a very different Turn: Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conqueſt and arbitrary Power. That ſhe has ſome Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Eſteem of all her Acquaintance as a Woman of an agreeable Perſon and Converſation; but (whatever her Huſband may think of it) that is not ſufficient for *Honoria*: She waves that Title to Reſpect as a mean Acquiſition, and demands Veneration in the

Right

Right of an Idol; for this Reaſon her natural Deſire of Life is continually checked with an inconſiſtent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

EMILIA cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of her perſonal Charms, tho' ſhe ſeems to be ſo; but ſhe will not hold her Happineſs upon ſo precarious a Tenure, whilſt her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and laſting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we ſaw her ſurrounded with a Croud of Adorers, ſhe took no Pleaſure in Slaughter and Deſtruction, gave no falſe deluding Hopes which might increaſe the Torments of her diſappointed Lovers; but having for ſome Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyneſs, and examined the Merit of their ſeveral Pretenſions, ſhe at length gratified her own, by reſigning herſelf to the ardent Paſſion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then Maſter of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was ſoon after unexpectedly increaſed to a plentiful Eſtate. This for a good while proved his Misfortune, as it furniſhed his unexperienced Age with the Opportunities of evil Company and a ſenſual Life. He might have longer wandered in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia*'s prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reaſon. Her Ingenuity has been conſtantly employed in humanizing his Paſſions and refining his Pleaſures. She has ſhewed him by her own Example, that Virtue is conſiſtent with decent Freedoms and Good-humour, or rather, that it cannot ſubſiſt without 'em. Her good Senſe readily inſtructed her, that a ſilent Example and an eaſy unrepining Behaviour, will always be more perſuaſive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions; and that there is ſo much Pride interwoven into the Make of human Nature, that an obſtinate Man muſt only take the Hint from another, and then be left to adviſe and correct himſelf. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unſeen Perſuaſions, having at firſt brought him not to diſlike, and at length to be pleaſed with that which otherwiſe he would not have bore to hear of, ſhe then knew how to preſs and ſecure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thought, and ſeconding it as his Propoſal. By this Means ſhe has gained an Intereſt in ſome of his leading Paſſions, and made them acceſſary to his Reformation.

THERE

THERE is another Particular of *Emilia*'s Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning: To ſome perhaps it may at firſt ſight appear but a trifling inconſiderable Circumſtance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of Obſervation, and to be recommended to the Conſideration of the Fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dreſs which paſſes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readieſt means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Huſband, eſpecially a fond one. I have heard ſome Ladies, who have been ſurpriſed by Company in ſuch a Deſhabille, apologize for it after this Manner; *Truly I am aſhamed to be caught in this Pickle; but my Huſband and I were ſitting all alone by ourſelves, and I did not expect to ſee ſuch good Company* ——This by the way is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Anſwers and a churliſh Behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of Humour.

EMILIA's Obſervation teaches her, that as little Inadvertencies and Neglects caſt a Blemiſh upon a great Character; ſo the Neglect of Apparel, even among the moſt intimate Friends, does inſenſibly leſſen their Regards to each other, by creating a Familiarity too low and contemptible. She underſtands the Importance of thoſe Things which the Generality account Trifles; and conſiders every Thing as a Matter of Conſequence, that has the leaſt Tendency towards keeping up or abating the Affection of her Huſband; him ſhe eſteems as a fit Object to employ her Ingenuity in pleaſing, becauſe he is to be pleaſed for Life.

BY the Help of theſe, and a thouſand other nameleſs Arts, which 'tis eaſier for her to practiſe than for another to expreſs, by the Obſtinacy of her Goodneſs and unprovoked Submiſſion, in ſpite of all her Afflictions and ill Uſage, *Bromius* is become a Man of Senſe and a kind Huſband, and *Emilia* a happy Wife.

YE guardian Angels, to whoſe Care Heaven has intruſted its dear *Emilia*, guide her ſtill forward in the Paths of Virtue, defend her from the Inſolence and Wrongs

Wrongs of this undiſcerning World; at length when we muſt no more converſe with ſuch Purity on Earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprovable to a better Place, where by an eaſy Tranſition from what ſhe now is, ſhe may ſhine forth an Angel of Light. T

Nº 303 *Saturday, February* 16.

——volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 363.

——Some chooſe the cleareſt Light,
And boldly challenge the moſt piercing Eye.
ROSCOMMON.

I Have ſeen, in the Works of a Modern Philoſopher, a Map of the Spots in the Sun. My laſt Paper of the Faults and Blemiſhes in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, may be conſidered as a Piece of the ſame Nature. To purſue the Alluſion: As it is obſerved, that among the bright Parts of the Luminous Body above-mentioned, there are ſome which glow more intenſely, and dart a ſtronger Light than others; ſo, notwithſtanding I have already ſhewn *Milton*'s Poem to be very beautiful in general, I ſhall now proceed to take notice of ſuch Beauties as appear to me more exquiſite than the reſt. *Milton* has propoſed the Subject of his Poem in the following Verſes.

Of Man's firſt Diſobedience, and the Fruit
Of that forbidden Tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought Death into the World and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, *till one greater Man*
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful Seat,
Sing Heavenly Muſe!——

THESE Lines are perhaps as plain, ſimple and unadorned, as any of the whole Poem, in which Particular the Author has conformed himſelf to the Example of *Homer* and the Precept of *Horace*.

HIS

HIS Invocation to a Work which turns in a great meaſure upon the Creation of the World, is very properly made to the Muſe who inſpired *Moſes* in thoſe Books from whence our Author drew his Subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein repreſented as operating after a particular manner in the firſt Production of Nature. This whole Exordium riſes very happily into noble Language and Sentiments, as I think the Tranſition to the Fable is exquiſitely beautiful and natural.

THE Nine-Days Aſtoniſhment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful Overthrow and Fall from Heaven, before they could recover either the uſe of Thought or Speech, is a noble *Circumſtance*, and very finely imagined. The Diviſion of Hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnate with the ſame furious Element, with that particular Circumſtance of the Excluſion of *Hope* from thoſe Infernal Regions, are Inſtances of the ſame great and fruitful Invention.

THE Thoughts in the firſt Speech and Deſcription of *Satan*, who is one of the principal Actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full Idea of him. His Pride, Envy and Revenge, Obſtinacy, Deſpair and Impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In ſhort, his firſt Speech is a Complication of all thoſe Paſſions which diſcover themſelves ſeparately in ſeveral other of his Speeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great Enemy of Mankind is filled with ſuch Incidents as are very apt to raiſe and terrify the Reader's Imagination. Of this nature, in the Book now before us, is his being the firſt that awakens out of the general Trance, with his Poſture on the burning Lake, his riſing from it, and the Deſcription of his Shield and Spear.

Thus Satan *talking to his neareſt Mate,*
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſide
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood ———
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlop their pointing Spires, and roll'd

In

In Billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft incumbent on the duſky Air
That felt unuſual weight———
——— His pond'rous Shield
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whoſe orb
Thro' Optick Glaſs the Tuſcan *Artiſts view*
At Ev'ning, from the top of Feſole,
Or in Valderno, *to deſcry new Lands,*
Rivers, or Mountains, on her ſpotted Globe.
His Spear (to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian *Hills to be the Maſt*
Of ſome great Ammiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to ſupport uneaſy Steps
Over the burning Marl———

TO which we may add his Call to the fallen Angels that lay plunged and ſtupified in the Sea of Fire.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell reſounded.

BUT there is no ſingle Paſſage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater Sublimity, than that wherein his Perſon is deſcribed in thoſe celebrated Lines:

———He, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a Tower, &c.

HIS Sentiments are every way anſwerable to his Character, and ſuitable to a created Being of the moſt exalted and moſt depraved Nature. Such is that in which he takes poſſeſſion of his Place of Torments.

———Hail Horrors! hail
Infernal World! and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new Poſſeſſor, one who brings
A Mind not to be chang'd by place or time.

And afterwards,

———Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built

Here

Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my Choice
To reign is worth Ambition, tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heav'n.

AMIDST thoſe Impieties which this Enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with abſurdity, and incapable of ſhocking a Religious Reader; his Words, as the Poet himſelf deſcribes them, bearing only a *Semblance of Worth, not Subſtance.* He is likewiſe with great Art deſcribed as owning his Adverſary to be Almighty. Whatever perverſe Interpretation he puts on the Juſtice, Mercy, and other Attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confeſſes his Omnipotence, that being the Perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only Conſideration which could ſupport his Pride under the Shame of his Defeat.

NOR muſt I here omit that beautiful Circumſtance of his burſting out in Tears, upon his Survey of thoſe innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the ſame Guilt and Ruin with himſelf.

——— He now prepared
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of Scorn
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth———

THE Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abundance of Learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which riſes in a great meaſure from its deſcribing the Places where they were worſhipped, by thoſe beautiful Marks of Rivers ſo frequent among the Ancient Poets. The Author had doubtleſs in this place *Homer*'s Catalogue of Ships, and *Virgil*'s Liſt of Warriors, in his View. The Characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the Reader's Mind for their reſpective Speeches and Behaviour in the ſecond and ſixth Book. The Account of *Thammuz* is finely Romantick, and ſuitable to what we

read

read among the Ancients of the Worſhip which was paid to that Idol.

——— Thammuz *came next behind,*
Whoſe annual Wound in Lebanon *allur'd*
The Syrian *Damſels to lament his fate,*
In am'rous Ditties all a Summer's day,
While ſmooth Adonis *from his native rock*
Ran purple to the Sea, ſuppos'd with Blood
Of Thammuz *yearly wounded: the Love tale*
Infected Sion's *Daughters with like Heat,*
Whoſe wanton Paſſions in the ſacred Porch
Ezekiel *ſaw, when by the Viſion led*
His Eye ſurvey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated Judah ———

THE Reader will pardon me if I inſert as a Note on this beautiful Paſſage, the Account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell* of this Ancient Piece of Worſhip, and probably the firſt Occaſion of ſuch a Superſtition. 'We came to a fair large River ——doubtleſs 'the Ancient River *Adonis*, ſo famous for the Idolatrous Rites performed here in Lamentation of *Adonis*. 'We had the Fortune to ſee what may be ſuppoſed to 'be the Occaſion of that Opinion which *Lucian* relates 'concerning this River, *viz.* That this Stream, at certain Seaſons of the Year, eſpecially about the Feaſt of '*Adonis*, is of a bloody Colour; which the Heathens 'looked upon as proceeding from a kind of Sympathy 'in the River for the Death of *Adonis*, who was kill'd 'by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out of which this 'Stream riſes. Something like this we ſaw actually 'come to paſs; for the Water was ſtain'd to a ſurpriſing 'Redneſs; and, as we obſerv'd in Travelling, had diſcolour'd the Sea a great way into a reddiſh Hue, occaſion'd doubtleſs by a ſort of Minium, or red Earth, 'waſhed into the River by the Violence of the Rain, 'and not by any Stain from *Adonis*'s Blood.

THE Paſſage in the Catalogue, explaining the Manner how Spirits transform themſelves by Contraction or Enlargement of their Dimenſions, is introduced with great Judgment, to make way for ſeveral ſurpriſing Accidents in the Sequel of the Poem. There follows one,

one, at the very End of the firſt Book, which is what the *French* Criticks call *Marvellous*, but at the ſame time *probable* by reaſon of the Paſſage laſt mentioned. As ſoon as the Infernal Palace is finiſhed, we are told the Multitude and Rabble of Spirits immediately ſhrunk themſelves into a ſmall Compaſs that there might be Room for ſuch a numberleſs Aſſembly in this capacious Hall. But it is the Poet's Refinement upon this Thought which I moſt admire, and which is indeed very noble in itſelf. For he tells us, that notwithſtanding the Vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their Forms, thoſe of the firſt Rank and Dignity ſtill preſerved their natural Dimenſions.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to ſmalleſt Forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without Number, ſtill amidſt the Hall
Of that Infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own Dimenſions like themſelves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat,
A thouſand Demi-Gods on Golden Seats,
Frequent and full ———

THE Character of *Mammon*, and the Deſcription of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of Beauties.

THERE are ſeveral other Strokes in the firſt Book wonderfully poetical, and Inſtances of that Sublime Genius ſo peculiar to the Author. Such is the Deſcription of *Azazel*'s Stature, and the Infernal Standard, which he unfurls; as alſo of that ghaſtly Light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their Place of Torments.

The Seat of Deſolation, void of Light,
Save what the glimm'ring of thoſe livid Flames
Caſts pale and dreadful ———

THE Shout of the whole Hoſt of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battle-Aray:

———*The univerſal Hoſt up ſent*
A Shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos *and old* Night.

THE

THE Review, which the Leader makes of his Infernal Army;

——He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole Battalion views, their Order due,
Their Viſages and Stature as of Gods,
Their Number laſt he ſums; and now his Heart
Diſtends with Pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories——— ——

THE Flaſh of Light which appear'd upon the drawing of their Swords;

He ſpake; and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; *the ſudden Blaze*
Far round illumin'd Hell.——

THE ſudden Production of the *Pandæmonium*;

Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
Roſe like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and Voices Sweet.

THE Artificial Illuminations made in it;

——From the arched Roof
Pendent by ſubtle Magick, many a Row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Creſcents, fed
With Naphtha *and* Aſphaltus, *yielded Light*
As from a Sky——

THERE are alſo ſeveral noble Similes and Alluſions in the firſt Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*. And here I muſt obſerve, that when *Milton* alludes either to Things or Perſons, he never quits his Simile till it riſes to ſome very great Idea, which is often foreign to the Occaſion that gave Birth to it. The Reſemblance does not, perhaps, laſt above a Line or two, but the Poet runs on with the Hint till he has raiſed out of it ſome glorious Image or Sentiment, proper to inflame the Mind of the Reader, and to give it that ſublime kind of Entertainment, which is ſuitable to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. Thoſe, who are acquainted with *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s way of Writing, cannot but be pleaſed with this kind of Structure

ture in *Milton*'s Similitudes. I am the more particular on this Head, becauſe ignorant Readers, who have formed their Taſte upon the quaint Similes and little Turns of Wit, which are ſo much in Vogue among Modern Poets, cannot reliſh theſe Beauties which are of a much higher Nature, and are therefore apt to cenſure *Milton*'s Compariſons in which they do not ſee any ſurpriſing Points of Likeneſs. Monſieur *Perrault* was a Man of this vitiated Reliſh, and for that very Reaſon has endeavoured to turn into Ridicule ſeveral of *Homer*'s Similitudes, which he calls *Compariſons à longue queue, Long-tail'd Compariſons*. I ſhall conclude this Paper on the firſt Book of *Milton* with the Anſwer which Monſieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this Occaſion: 'Compariſons, ſays he, in Odes and Epic 'Poems, are not introduced only to illuſtrate and embelliſh the Diſcourſe, but to amuſe and relax the 'Mind of the Reader, by frequently diſengaging him 'from too painful an Attention to the principal Subject, and by leading him into other agreeable Images. '*Homer*, ſays he, excelled in this Particular, whoſe 'Compariſons abound with ſuch Images of Nature as 'are proper to relieve and diverſify his Subjects. He 'continually inſtructs the Reader, and makes him take 'notice, even in Objects which are every Day before our Eyes, of ſuch Circumſtances as we ſhould not 'otherwiſe have obſerved.' *To this he adds, as a Maxim univerſally acknowledged*, 'That it is not neceſſary in Poetry for the Points of the Compariſon 'to correſpond with one another exactly, but that a 'general Reſemblance is ſufficient, and that too much 'Nicety in this Particular ſavours of the Rhetorician 'and Epigrammatiſt.

IN ſhort if we look into the Conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, ſo, to give their Works an agreeable Variety, their Epiſodes are ſo many ſhort Fables, and their Similes ſo many ſhort Epiſodes; to which you may add, if you pleaſe, that their Metaphors are ſo many ſhort Similes. If the Reader conſiders the Compariſons in the firſt Book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an Eclipſe, of the ſleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees ſwarming

ing about their Hive, of the Fairy Dance, in the View wherein I have here placed them, he will eaſily diſcover the great Beauties that are in each of thoſe Paſſages. L

N° 304 *Monday, February* 18.

Vulnus alit venis & cæco carpitur igni.
Virg. Æn. 4. v. 2.

A latent Fire preys on his fainting Veins.

THE Circumſtances of my Correſpondent, whoſe Letter I now inſert, are ſo frequent, that I cannot want Compaſſion ſo much as to forbear laying it before the Town. There is ſomething ſo mean and inhuman in a direct *Smithfield* Bargain for Children, that if this Lover carries his Point, and obſerves the Rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wiſh him Succeſs, but alſo that it may animate others to follow his Example. I know not one Motive relating to this Life which would produce ſo many honourable and worthy Actions, as the Hopes of obtaining a Woman of Merit: There would ten thouſand Ways of Induſtry and honeſt Ambition be purſued by young Men, who believed that the Perſons admired had Value enough for their Paſſion to attend the Event of their good Fortune in all their Applications, in order to make their Circumſtances fall in with the Duties they owe to themſelves, their Families and their Country. All theſe Relations a Man ſhould think of who intends to go into the State of Marriage, and expects to make it a State of Pleaſure and Satisfaction.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have for ſome Years indulged a Paſſion for a young 'Lady of Age and Quality ſuitable to my own, but 'very much ſuperior in Fortune. It is the Faſhion with 'Parents (how juſtly I leave you to judge) to make all 'Regards give way to the Article of Wealth. From this

'one

'one Conſideration it is that I have concealed the ardent 'Love I have for her; but I am beholden to the Force 'of my Love for many Advantages which I reaped from 'it towards the better Conduct of my Life. A certain 'Complacency to all the World, a ſtrong Deſire to oblige where-ever it lay in my Power, and a circumſpect 'Behaviour in all my Words and Actions, have rendered 'me more particularly acceptable to all my Friends and 'Acquaintance. Love has had the ſame good Effect upon my Fortune; and I have increaſed in Riches in proportion to my Advancement in thoſe Arts which make 'a Man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain Sympathy which will tell my Miſtreſs from theſe Circumſtances, that it is I who writ this for her Reading, if 'you will pleaſe to inſert it. There is not a downright 'Enmity, but a great Coldneſs between our Parents; ſo 'that if either of us declared any kind Sentiments for 'each other, her Friends would be very backward to lay 'an Obligation upon our Family, and mine to receive it 'from hers. Under theſe delicate Circumſtances it is no 'eaſy Matter to act with Safety. I have no Reaſon to 'fancy my Miſtreſs has any Regard for me, but from a 'very diſintereſted Value which I have for her. If from 'any Hint in any future Paper of yours ſhe gives me the 'leaſt Encouragement, I doubt not but I ſhall ſurmount 'all other Difficulties; and inſpired by ſo noble a Motive for the Care of my Fortune, as the Belief ſhe is 'to be concerned in it, I will not deſpair of receiving 'her one Day from her Father's own Hand.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Clytander.

To his Worſhip the SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of *Anthony Title-Page*, Stationer, in the Centre of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

Sheweth,

THAT Your Petitioner and his Fore-fathers have been Sellers of Books for Time immemorial; That your Petitioner's Anceſtor, *Crouch-back Title-*

Page, was the first of that Vocation in *Britain*, who keeping his Station (in fair Weather) at the Corner of *Lothbury*, was by way of Eminency called *The Stationer*, a Name which from him all succeeding Booksellers have affected to bear; That the Station of your Petitioner and his Father has been in the Place of his present Settlement ever since that Square has been built: That your Petitioner has formerly had the Honour of your Worship's Custom, and hopes you never had reason to complain of your Peny-worths; that particularly he sold you your first *Lilly*'s Grammar, and at the same time a *Wits Commonwealth* almost as good as new: Moreover, that your first rudimental Essays in Spectatorship were made in your Petitioner's Shop, where you often practis'd for Hours together, sometimes on his Books upon the Rails, sometimes on the little Hieroglyphics either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the *Egyptian* Woman, on the other side of the Shop, had wrought in Ginger-bread, and sometimes on the *English* Youth, who in sundry Places there were exercising themselves in the traditional Sports of the Field.

FROM these Considerations it is, that your Petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your Worship, That he has certain Intelligence that you receive great Numbers of defamatory Letters designed by their Authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your Petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those refuse Letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful Provision for his Family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the Pound Weight to his good Customers the Pastry-Cooks of *London* and *Westminster*.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

To

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of *Bartholomew Ladylove*, of *Round-Court* in the Pariſh of St. *Martin's in the Fields*, in Behalf of himſelf and Neighbours.

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioners have with great Induſtry and Application arrived at the moſt exact Art of Invitation or Intreaty: That by a beſeeching Air and perſuaſive Addreſs, they have for many Years laſt paſt peaceably drawn in every tenth Paſſenger, whether they intended or not to call at their Shops, to come in and buy; and from that Softneſs of Behaviour, have arrived among Tradeſmen at the gentle Appellation of the *Fawners*.

THAT there have of late ſet up amongſt us certain Perſons of *Monmouth-ſtreet* and *Long-lane*, who by the Strength of their Arms, and Loudneſs of their Throats, draw off the Regard of all Paſſengers from your ſaid Petitioners; from which Violence they are diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *The Worriers*.

THAT while your Petitioners ſtand ready to receive Paſſengers with a ſubmiſſive Bow, and repeat with a gentle Voice, *Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here*; the Worriers reach out their Hands at Piſtol-ſhot, and ſeize the Cuſtomers at Arms Length.

THAT while the Fawners ſtrain and relax the Muſcles of their Faces in making Diſtinction between a Spinſter in a coloured Scarf and an Handmaid in a Straw-hat, the Worriers uſe the ſame Roughneſs to both, and prevail upon the Eaſineſs of the Paſſengers, to the Impoveriſhment of your Petitioners.

YOUR Petitioners therefore moſt humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer Parts of the Town; and that *Round Court* may remain a Receptacle for Buyers of a more ſoft Education.

And your Petitioners, &c.

THE Petition of the New-Exchange, *concerning the Arts of Buying and Selling, and particularly valuing Goods by the Complexion of the Seller, will be conſidered on another Occaſion.* T

N° 305 *Tueſday, February* 19.

Non tali auxilio, nec defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus eget——— Virg. Æn. 2. v. 521.

Theſe Times want other Aids. DRYDEN.

OUR late News-papers being full of the Project now on foot in the Court of *France*, for eſtabliſhing a Political Academy, and I myſelf having received Letters from ſeveral Virtuoſos among my Foreign Correſpondents, which give ſome light into that Affair, I intend to make it the Subject of this Day's Speculation. A general Account of this Project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of laſt *Friday* in the following Words, tranſlated from the Gazette of *Amſterdam*.

Paris, February 12. 'Tis confirmed that the King 'has reſolved to eſtabliſh a new Academy for Politicks, 'of which the Marquis *de Torcy*, Miniſter and Secretary 'of State, is to be Protector. Six Academicians are to 'be choſen, endowed with proper Talents, for beginning 'to form this Academy, into which no Perſon is to be 'admitted under twenty five Years of Age. They muſt 'likewiſe have each an Eſtate of two thouſand Livres a 'Year, either in Poſſeſſion, or to come to them by In-'heritance. The King will allow to each a Penſion of 'a Thouſand Livres. They are likewiſe to have able 'Maſters to teach them the neceſſary Sciences, and to 'inſtruct them in all the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, 'and others, which have been made in ſeveral Ages 'paſt. Theſe Members are to meet twice a Week at 'the *Louvre*. From this Seminary are to be choſen

'Secretaries

'Secretaries to Ambaſſies, who by degrees may advance 'to higher Employments.

CARDINAL *Richlieu*'s Politicks made *France* the Terror of *Europe*. The Stateſmen who have appeared in that Nation of late Years have on the contrary rendered it either the Pity or Contempt of its Neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous Academy which has carried all the Parts of Polite Learning to the greateſt Height. His Chief Deſign in that Inſtitution was to divert the Men of Genius from meddling with Politicks, a Province in which he did not care to have any one elſe interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis *de Torcy* ſeems reſolved to make ſeveral young Men in *France* as Wiſe as himſelf, and is therefore taken up at preſent in eſtabliſhing a Nurſery of Stateſmen.

SOME private Letters add, that there will alſo be erected a Seminary of Petticoat Politicians, who are to be brought up at the Feet of Madam *de Maintenon*, and to be diſpatched into foreign Courts upon any Emergencies of State; but as the News of this laſt Project has not been yet confirmed, I ſhall take no farther notice of it.

SEVERAL of my Readers may doubtleſs remember that upon the concluſion of the laſt War, which had been carried on ſo ſucceſsfully by the Enemy, their Generals were many of them transformed into Ambaſſadors; but the Conduct of thoſe who have commanded in the preſent War, has, it ſeems, brought ſo little Honour and Advantage to their great Monarch, that he is reſolved to truſt his Affairs no longer in the Hands of thoſe Military Gentlemen.

THE Regulations of this new Academy very much deſerve our Attention. The Students are to have in Poſſeſſion, or Reverſion, an Eſtate of two thouſand *French* Livres *per Annum*, which, as the preſent Exchange runs, will amount to at leaſt one hundred and twenty ſix Pounds *Engliſh*. This, with the Royal Allowance of a Thouſand Livres, will enable them to find themſelves in Coffee and Snuff; not to mention News-Papers, Pens and Ink, Wax and Wafers, with the like Neceſſaries for Politicians.

A Man must be at least Five and Twenty before he can be initiated into the Mysteries of this Academy, tho' there is no Question, but many grave Persons of a much more advanced Age, who have been constant Readers of the *Paris* Gazette, will be glad to begin the World anew, and enter themselves upon this List of Politicians.

THE Society of these hopeful young Gentlemen is to be under the Direction of six Professors, who, it seems, are to be Speculative Statesmen, and drawn out of the Body of the Royal Academy. These six wise Masters, according to my private Letters, are to have the following Parts allotted them.

THE first is to instruct the Students in *State Leger-demain*, as how to take off the Impression of a Seal, to split a Wafer, to open a Letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious Feats of Dexterity and Art. When the Students have accomplished themselves in this Part of their Profession, they are to be delivered into the Hands of their second Instructor, who is a kind of *Posture-Master*.

THIS Artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their Shoulders in a dubious Case, to connive with either Eye, and in a word, the whole Practice of *Political Grimace*.

THE Third is a sort of *Language-Master*, who is to instruct them in the Stile proper for a Minister in his ordinary Discourse. And to the end that this College of Statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the Political Stile, they are to make use of it in their common Conversations, before they are employed either in Foreign or Domestick Affairs. If one of them asks another, what o' clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the Question. If he is desired to change a *Louis d'or*, he must beg Time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at *Versailles* or *Marly*, he must answer in a Whisper. If he be asked the News of the late *Gazette*, or the Subject of a Proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; Or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his Brow up in Wrinkles, or elevate the Left Shoulder.

THE

THE Fourth Profeſſor is to teach the whole Art of Political Characters and Hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect alſo in this Practice, they are not to ſend a Note to one another (tho' it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Machiavel*) which is not written in Cypher.

THEIR Fifth Profeſſor, it is thought, will be choſen out of the Society of Jeſuits, and is to be well read in the Controverſies of probable Doctrines, mental Reſervation, and the Rights of Princes. This Learned Man is to inſtruct them in the Grammar, Syntax, and conſtruing Part of *Treaty-Latin*; how to diſtinguiſh between the Spirit and the Letter, and likewiſe demonſtrate how the ſame Form of Words may lay an Obligation upon any Prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. He is likewiſe to teach them the Art of finding Flaws, Loop-holes, and Evaſions, in the moſt ſolemn Compacts, and particularly a great *Rabbinical Secret*, revived of late Years by the Fraternity of Jeſuits, namely, that contradictory Interpretations of the ſame Article may both of them be true and valid.

WHEN our Stateſmen are ſufficiently improved by theſe ſeveral Inſtructors, they are to receive their laſt Poliſhing from one who is to act among them as *Maſter of the Ceremonies*. This Gentleman is to give them Lectures upon the important Points of the *Elbow-Chair*, and the *Stair-Head*, to inſtruct them in the different Situations of the Right-Hand, and to furniſh them with Bows and Inclinations of all Sizes, Meaſures and Proportions. In ſhort, this Profeſſor is to give the Society their *Stiffening*, and infuſe into their Manners that beautiful Political Starch, which may qualify them for Levees, Conferences, Viſits, and make them ſhine in what vulgar Minds are apt to look upon as Trifles.

I have not yet heard any further Particulars, which are to be obſerved in this Society of unfledged Stateſmen; but I muſt confeſs, had I a Son of five and twenty, that ſhould take it into his Head at that Age to ſet up for a Politician, I think I ſhould go near to diſinherit him for a Blockhead. Beſides, I ſhould be apprehenſive leſt the ſame Arts which are to enable him to negotiate between Potentates might a little infect his ordinary Be-

haviour between Man and Man. There is no Queſtion but theſe young *Machiavels* will, in a little time, turn their College upſide-down with Plots and Stratagems, and lay as many Schemes to Circumvent one another in a Frog or a Salad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a Neighbouring Prince or State.

WE are told, that the *Spartans*, tho' they puniſhed Theft in their young Men when it was diſcovered, looked upon it as Honourable if it ſucceeded. Provided the Conveyance was clean and unſuſpected, a Youth might afterwards boaſt of it. This, ſay the Hiſtorians, was to keep them ſharp, and to hinder them from being impoſed upon, either in their publick or private Negotiations. Whether any ſuch Relaxations of Morality, ſuch little *jeux d'eſprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended Seminary of Politicians, I ſhall leave to the Wiſdom of their Founder.

IN the mean time we have fair Warning given us by this doughty Body of Stateſmen: and as *Sylla* ſaw many *Marius's* in *Cæſar*, ſo I think we may diſcover many *Tercy's* in this College of *Academicians*. Whatever we think of ourſelves, I am afraid neither our *Smyrna* or St. *James's* will be a Match for it. Our Coffee-houſes are, indeed, very good Inſtitutions, but whether or no theſe our *Britiſh* Schools of Politicks may furniſh out as able Envoys and Secretaries as an Academy that is ſet apart for that Purpoſe, will deſerve our ſerious Conſideration, eſpecially if we remember that our Country is more famous for producing Men of Integrity than Stateſmen: and that on the contrary, *French* Truth and *Britiſh* Policy make a conſpicuous Figure in NOTHING; as the Earl of *Rocheſter* has very well obſerved in his admirable Poem upon that Barren Subject. L.

Wedneſday

N° 306 *Wednesday, February* 20.

———*Quæ forma, ut ſe tibi ſemper*
Imputet?———— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 177.

What Beauty, or what Chaſtity, can bear
So great a Price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults? DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to communicate to you a Misfortune 'which frequently happens, and therefore deſerves a 'conſolatory Diſcourſe on the Subject. I was within 'this half Year in the Poſſeſſion of as much Beauty and 'as many Lovers as any young Lady in *England*. But 'my Admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of 'their Behaviour. I have within that time had the 'Small-pox; and this Face, which (according to many 'amorous Epiſtles which I have by me) was the Seat of 'all that is beautiful in Woman, is now diſfigured with 'Scars. It goes to the very Soul of me to ſpeak what I 'really think of my Face; and tho' I think I did not 'over-rate my Beauty while I had it, it has extremely 'advanc'd in its value with me now it is loſt. There is 'one Circumſtance which makes my Caſe very particu-'lar; the ugliеſt Fellow that ever pretended to me, was 'and is moſt in my Favour, and he treats me at preſent 'the moſt unreaſonably. If you could make him re-'turn an Obligation which he owes me, in liking a 'Perſon that is not amiable;——But there is, I fear, no 'Poſſibility of making Paſſion move by the Rules of 'Reaſon and Gratitude. But ſay what you can to one 'who has ſurvived herſelf, and knows not how to act 'in a new Being. My Lovers are at the Feet of my 'Rivals, my Rivals are every Day bewailing me, and 'I cannot enjoy what I am, by reaſon of the diſtracting 'Reflexion upon what I was. Conſider the Woman I

'was

'was did not die of old Age, but I was taken off in the 'Prime of my Youth, and according to the Courſe of 'Nature may have forty Years After-Life to come. I 'have nothing of myſelf left, which I like, but that

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Partheniſſa.

WHEN *Lewis* of *France* had loſt the Battle of *Ramilies*, the Addreſſes to him at that time were full of his Fortitude, and they turned his Misfortune to his Glory; in that, during his Proſperity, he could never have manifeſted his heroic Conſtancy under Diſtreſſes, and ſo the World had loſt the moſt eminent Part of his Character. *Partheniſſa*'s Condition gives her the ſame Opportunity: and to reſign Conqueſts is a Taſk as difficult in a Beauty as an Hero. In the very Entrance upon this Work ſhe muſt burn all her Love-Letters; or ſince ſhe is ſo candid as not to call her Lovers who follow her no longer Unfaithful, it would be a very good Beginning of a new Life from that of a Beauty, to ſend them back to thoſe who writ them, with this honeſt Inſcription, *Articles of a Marriage-Treaty broken off by the Small-Pox.* I have known but one Inſtance where a Matter of this Kind went on after a like Misfortune, where the Lady, who was a Woman of Spirit, writ this Billet to her Lover.

SIR,

'IF you flatterred me before I had this terrible Malady, 'pray come and ſee me now: But if you ſincerely 'liked me, ſtay away; for I am not the ſame.

Corinna.

THE Lover thought there was ſomething ſo ſprightly in her Behaviour, that he anſwered;

Madam,

'I Am not obliged, ſince you are not the ſame Wo-'man, to let you know whether I flattered you or 'not; but I aſſure you, I do not, when I tell you I now

'like

'like you above all your Sex, and hope you will bear 'what may befal me, when we are both one, as well as 'you do what happens to yourſelf now you are ſingle; 'therefore I am ready to take ſuch a Spirit for my Com-'panion as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Anilcar.

IF *Partheniſſa* can now poſſeſs her own Mind, and think as little of her Beauty as ſhe ought to have done when ſhe had it, there will be no great Diminution of her Charms; and if ſhe was formerly affected too much with them, an eaſy Behaviour will more than make up for the Loſs of them. Take the whole Sex together, and you find thoſe who have the ſtrongeſt Poſſeſſion of Mens Hearts are not eminent for their Beauty: You ſee it often happen that thoſe who engage Men to the greateſt Violence, are ſuch as thoſe who are Strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that End. The fondeſt Lover I know, ſaid to me one Day in a Croud of Women at an Entertainment of Muſick, You have often heard me talk of my Beloved: That Woman there, continued he, ſmiling when he had fixed my Eye, is her very Picture. The Lady he ſhewed me was by much the leaſt remarkable for Beauty of any in the whole Aſſembly; but having my Curioſity extremely raiſed, I could not keep my Eyes off her. Her Eyes at laſt met mine, and with a ſudden Surpriſe ſhe looked round her to ſee who near her was remarkably handſom that I was gazing at. This little Act explain'd the Secret: She did not underſtand herſelf for the Object of Love, and therefore ſhe was ſo. The Lover is a very honeſt plain Man; and what charmed him was a Perſon that goes along with him in the Cares and Joys of Life, not taken up with herſelf, but ſincerely attentive with a ready and chearful Mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell *Partheniſſa* for her Comfort, That the Beauties, generally ſpeaking, are the moſt impertinent and diſagreeable of Women. An apparent Deſire of Admiration, a Reflexion upon their own Merit, and a preciſe Behaviour in their general Conduct, are almoſt inſeparable Accidents in Beauty. All you obtain of them, is granted to Importunity and Solicitation for what did not deſerve

deſerve ſo much of your Time, and you recover from the Poſſeſſion of it, as out of a Dream.

YOU are aſhamed of the Vagaries of Fancy which ſo ſtrangely miſled you, and your Admiration of a Beauty, merely as ſuch, is inconſiſtent with a tolerable Reflexion upon yourſelf: The chearful good-humoured Creatures, into whoſe heads it never entered that they could make any Man unhappy, are the Perſons formed for making Men happy. There's Miſs *Liddy* can dance a Jig, raiſe Paſte, write a good Hand, keep an Account, give a reaſonable Anſwer, and do as ſhe is bid; while her elder Siſter Madam *Martha* is out of Humour, has the Spleen, learns by Reports of People of higher Quality new Ways of being uneaſy and diſpleaſed. And this happens for no Reaſon in the World, but that poor *Liddy* knows ſhe has no ſuch thing as a certain Negligence *that is ſo becoming*, that there is not I know not what in *her Air*: And that if ſhe talks like a Fool, there is no one will ſay, Well! I know not what it is, but *every thing pleaſes when ſhe ſpeaks it.*

ASK any of the Huſbands of your great Beauties, and they'll tell you that they hate their Wives Nine Hours of every Day they paſs together. There is ſuch a Particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbred with their Charms in all they ſay or do. They pray at publick Devotions as they are Beauties. They converſe on ordinary Occaſions as they are Beauties. Aſk *Belinda* what it is o'clock, and ſhe is at a ſtand whether ſo great a Beauty ſhould anſwer you. In a word, I think, inſtead of offering to adminiſter Conſolation to *Parthenilla*, I ſhould congratulate her Metamorphoſis; and however ſhe thinks ſhe was not in the leaſt inſolent in the Proſperity of her Charms, ſhe was enough ſo to find ſhe may make herſelf a much more agreeable Creature in her preſent Adverſity. The Endeavour to pleaſe is highly promoted by a Conſciouſneſs that the Approbation of the Perſon you would be agreeable to, is a Favour you do not deſerve; for in this Caſe Aſſurance of Succeſs is the moſt certain way to Diſappointment. Good-nature will always ſupply the Abſence of Beauty, but Beauty cannot long ſupply the Abſence of Good-nature.

Madam,

P. S.

Madam, *February* 18.

'I Have yours of this Day, wherein you twice bid me 'not diſoblige you, but you muſt explain yourſelf 'further before I know what to do.

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T. The SPECTATOR.

No. 307. *Thurſday, February* 21.

——— Verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri ——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 39.

——Often try what Weight you can ſupport,
And what your Shoulders are too weak to bear.

ROSCOMMON.

I AM ſo well pleaſed with the following Letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a diſagreeable Preſent to the Publick.

SIR,

'THOUGH I believe none of your Readers more 'admire your agreeable manner of working up 'Trifles than myſelf, yet as your Speculations are now 'ſwelling into Volumes, and will in all probability paſs 'down to future Ages, methinks I would have no ſingle 'Subject in them, wherein the general Good of Mankind 'is concern'd, left unfiniſh'd.

'I have a long time expected with great Impatience 'that you would enlarge upon the ordinary Miſtakes 'which are committed in the Education of our Children. 'I the more eaſily flattered myſelf that you would one 'time or other reſume this Conſideration, becauſe you 'tell us that your 168th Paper was only compoſed of a 'few broken Hints; but finding myſelf hitherto diſap-

'pointed,

'pointed, I have ventur'd to ſend you my own Thoughts 'on this Subject.

'I remember *Pericles*, in his famous Oration at the 'Funeral of thoſe *Athenian* young Men who periſhed in 'the *Samian* Expedition, has a Thought very much ce- 'lebrated by ſeveral ancient Criticks, namely, That the 'Loſs which the Commonwealth ſuffer'd by the Deſtruc- 'tion of its Youth, was like the Loſs which the Year 'would ſuffer by the Deſtruction of the Spring. The Pre- 'judice which the Publick ſuſtains from a wrong Educa- 'tion of Children, is an Evil of the ſame Nature, as it 'in a manner ſtarves Poſterity, and defrauds our Country 'of thoſe Perſons who, with due Care, might make an 'eminent Figure in their reſpective Poſts of Life.

'I have ſeen a Book written by *Juan Huartes* a *Spa- 'niſh* Phyſician, intitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he 'lays it down as one of his firſt Poſitions, that Nothing 'but Nature can qualify a Man for Learning; and that 'without a proper Temperament for the particular Art 'or Science which he ſtudies, his utmoſt Pains and Ap- 'plication, aſſiſted by the ableſt Maſters, will be to no 'Purpoſe.

'HE illuſtrates this by the Example of *Tully*'s Son 'Marcus.

'*CICERO*, in order to accompliſh his Son in that ſort 'of Learning which he deſigned him for, ſent him to '*Athens*, the moſt celebrated Academy at that Time in 'the World, and where a vaſt Concourſe, out of the 'moſt polite Nations, could not but furniſh the young 'Gentleman with a Multitude of great Examples, and 'Accidents that might inſenſibly have inſtructed him in 'his deſigned Studies: He placed him under the Care 'of *Cratippus*, who was one of the greateſt Philoſophers 'of the Age, and, as if all the Books which were at that 'time written had not been ſufficient for his Uſe, he com- 'poſed others on purpoſe for him: Notwithſtanding all 'this, Hiſtory informs us, that *Marcus* proved a mere 'Blockhead, and that Nature, (who it ſeems was even 'with the Son for her Prodigality to the Father,) ren- 'dered him incapable of improving by all the Rules of 'Eloquence, the Precepts of Philoſophy, his own En- 'deavours and the moſt refined Converſation in *Athens*.

'This

'This Author therefore propoſes, that there ſhould be 'certain Triers or Examiners appointed by the State to 'inſpect the Genius of every particular Boy, and to 'allot him the Part that is moſt ſuitable to his natural 'Talents.

'*PLATO* in one of his Dialogues tells us, that *Socrates*, who was the Son of a Midwife, uſed to ſay, 'that as his Mother, tho' ſhe was very ſkilful in her 'Profeſſion, could not deliver a Woman, unleſs ſhe was 'firſt with Child, ſo neither could he himſelf raiſe 'Knowledge out of a Mind, where Nature had not 'planted it.

'ACCORDINGLY the Method this Philoſopher took, of inſtructing his Scholars by ſeveral Interrogatories or Queſtions, was only helping the Birth, 'and bringing their own Thoughts to Light.

'THE *Spaniſh* Doctor above-mentioned, as his Speculations grow more refined, aſſerts that every kind of 'Wit has a Particular Science correſponding to it, and 'in which alone it can be truly Excellent. As to thoſe 'Genius's, which may ſeem to have an equal Aptitude 'for ſeveral Things, he regards them as ſo many unfiniſhed Pieces of Nature wrought off in haſte.

'THERE are, indeed, but very few to whom Nature has been ſo unkind, that they are not capable of 'ſhining in ſome Science or other. There is a certain 'Bias towards Knowledge in every Mind, which may 'be ſtrengthened and improved by proper Applications.

'THE Story of *Clavius* is very well known; he was 'entered in a College of Jeſuits, and after having been 'tried at ſeveral Parts of Learning, was upon the point 'of being diſmiſſed as an hopeleſs Blockhead, 'till one 'of the Fathers took it into his head to make an eſſay 'of his Parts in Geometry, which it ſeems hit his Genius ſo luckily that he afterwards became one of the 'greateſt Mathematicians of the Age. It is commonly 'thought that the Sagacity of the Fathers, in diſcovering the Talent of a young Student, has not a little 'contributed to the Figure which their Order has made 'in the World.

'HOW different from this manner of Education is 'that which prevails in our own Country? Where

'nothing

'nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty Boys of 'several Ages, Tempers and Inclinations, ranged toge- 'ther in the same Class, employed upon the same Au- 'thors, and enjoined the same Tasks? Whatever their 'natural Genius may be, they are all to be made Poets, 'Historians, and Orators alike. They are all obliged to 'have the same Capacity, to bring in the same Tale of 'Verse, and to furnish out the same Portion of Prose. 'Every Boy is bound to have as good a Memory as the 'Captain of the Form. To be brief, instead of adapting 'Studies to the particular Genius of a Youth, we ex- 'pect from the young Man, that he should adapt his 'Genius to his Studies. This, I must confess, is not 'so much to be imputed to the Instructor, as to the 'Parent, who will never be brought to believe, that his 'Son is not capable of performing as much as his 'Neighbour's, and that he may not make him whatever 'he has a mind to.

'IF the present Age is more laudable than those 'which have gone before it in any single Particular, it 'is in that generous Care which several well-disposed 'Persons have taken in the Education of poor Chil- 'dren; and as in these Charity-Schools there is no 'Place left for the over-weening Fondness of a Parent, 'the Directors of them would make them beneficial to 'the Publick, if they considered the Precept which I 'have been thus long inculcating. They might easily, 'by well examining the Parts of those under their In- 'spection, make a just Distribution of them into proper 'Classes and Divisions, and allot to them this or that 'particular Study, as their Genius qualifies them for 'Professions, Trades, Handicrafts, or Service by Sea 'or Land.

'HOW is this kind of Regulation wanting in the 'three great Professions!

'Dr. *SOUTH* complaining of Persons who took 'upon them Holy-Orders, tho' altogether unqualified 'for the Sacred Function, says somewhere, that many 'a Man runs his Head against a Pulpit, who might have 'done his Country excellent Service at a Plough-tail.

'IN like manner many a Lawyer, who makes but an 'indifferent Figure at the Bar, might have made a very

'elegant

'elegant Waterman, and have ſhined at the *Temple* Stairs, 'tho' he can get no Buſineſs in the Houſe.

'I have known a Corn-cutter, who with a right Education would have been an excellent Phyſician.

'TO deſcend lower, are not our Streets filled with ſagacious Draymen, and Politicians in Liveries? We have ſeveral Tailors of ſix Foot high, and meet with many a broad pair of Shoulders that are thrown away upon a Barber, when perhaps at the ſame time we ſee a pigmy Porter reeling under a Burden, who might have managed a Needle with much Dexterity, or have ſnapped his Fingers with great Eaſe to himſelf, and Advantage to the Publick.

'THE *Spartans*, tho' they acted with the Spirit which I am here ſpeaking of, carried it much farther than what I propoſe: Among them it was not lawful for the Father himſelf to bring up his Children after his own Fancy. As ſoon as they were ſeven Years old they were all liſted in ſeveral Companies, and diſciplined by the Publick. The old Men were Spectators of their Performances, who often raiſed Quarrels among them, and ſet them at ſtrife with one another, that by thoſe early Diſcoveries they might ſee how their ſeveral Talents lay, and without any regard to their Quality, diſpoſe of them accordingly for the Service of the Commonwealth. By this means *Sparta* ſoon became the Miſtreſs of *Greece*, and famous through the whole World for her Civil and Military Diſcipline.

'IF you think this Letter deſerves a Place among your Speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with ſome other Thoughts on the ſame Subject.

X — *I am*, &c.

Friday,

Nº 308 *Friday, February 22.*

———*Jam proterva*
Fronte petet Lalage maritum.

Hor. Od. 5. l. 2. v. 15.

——— Lalage *will soon proclaim*
Her Love, nor bluſh to own her Flame.

CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Give you this Trouble in order to propoſe myſelf 'to you as an Aſſiſtant in the weighty Cares which 'you have thought fit to undergo for the publick 'Good. I am a very great Lover of Women, that is to 'ſay honeſtly, and as it is natural to ſtudy what one 'likes, I have induſtriouſly applied myſelf to underſtand 'them. The preſent Circumſtance relating to them, is 'that I think there wants under you, as SPECTATOR, 'a Perſon to be diſtinguiſhed and veſted in the Power 'and Quality of a Cenſor on Marriages. I lodge at the '*Temple*, and know, by ſeeing Women come hither, and 'afterwards obſerving them conducted by their Counſel 'to Judges Chambers, that there is a Cuſtom in Caſe of 'making Conveyance of a Wife's Eſtate, that ſhe is car-'ried to a Judge's Apartment and left alone with him, to 'be examined in private whether ſhe has not been fright-'ened or ſweetned by her Spouſe into the Act ſhe is go-'ing to do, or whether it is of her own free Will. Now 'if this be a Method founded upon Reaſon and Equity, 'why ſhould there not be alſo a proper Officer for exa-'mining ſuch as are entering into the State of Matrimony 'whether they are forced by Parents on one Side, or 'moved by Intereſt only on the other, to come together, 'and bring forth ſuch aukward Heirs as are the Product 'of half Love and conſtrained Compliances? There 'is no body, though I ſay it myſelf, would be fitter for 'this Office than I am: For I am an ugly Fellow of great

'Wit

'Wit and Sagacity. My Father was an hale Country-'Squire, my Mother a witty Beauty of no Fortune: The 'Match was made by Conſent of my Mother's Parents 'againſt her own: and I am the Child of the Rape on 'the Wedding-Night; ſo that I am as healthy and as 'homely as my Father, but as ſprightly and agreeable 'as my Mother. It would be of great eaſe to you if you 'would uſe me under you, that Matches might be better 'regulated for the future, and we might have no more 'Children of Squabbles. I ſhall not reveal all my Pre-'tenſions till I receive your Anſwer; and am,

SIR,

You moſt Humble Servant,

Mules Palfrey.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am one of thoſe unfortunate Men within the City-'Walls, who am married to a Woman of Quality, 'but her Temper is ſomething different from that of La-'dy *Anvil*. My Lady's whole Time and Thoughts are 'ſpent in keeping up to the Mode both in Apparel and 'Furniture. All the Goods in my Houſe have been 'changed three times in ſeven Years. I have had ſeven 'Children by her; and by our Marriage Articles ſhe was 'to have her Apartment new furniſhed as often as ſhe 'lay in. Nothing in our Houſe is uſeful but that which 'is faſhionable; my Pewter holds out generally half a 'Year, my Plate a full Twelve-month; Chairs are not 'fit to ſit in that were made two Years ſince, nor Beds 'fit for any thing but to ſleep in that have ſtood up 'above that Time. My Dear is of Opinion that an old-'faſhioned Grate conſumes Coals, but gives no Heat: 'If ſhe drinks out of Glaſſes of laſt Year, ſhe cannot 'diſtinguiſh Wine from Small-Beer. Oh, dear Sir, you 'may gueſs all the reſt.

Yours.

'*P. S.* I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged 'alſo to eat *faſhionably*. I have a plain Stomach, and 'have a conſtant Loathing of whatever comes to my 'own Table; for which Reaſon I dine at the *Chop-'houſe* three Days in a Week: Where the good Com-

'pany

'pany wonders they never ſee you of late. I am ſure 'by your unprejudiced Diſcourſes you love Broth better 'than Soup.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Will's, *Feb.* 19.

'YOU may believe you are a Perſon as much talked 'of as any Man in Town. I am one of your beſt 'Friends in this Houſe, and have laid a Wager you are 'ſo candid a Man and ſo honeſt a Fellow, that you will 'print this Letter, tho' it is in Recommendation of a new 'Paper called *The Hiſtorian.* I have read it carefully, 'and find it written with Skill, good Senſe, Modeſty, 'and Fire. You muſt allow the Town is kinder to you 'than you deſerve; and I doubt not but you have ſo 'much Senſe of the World, Change of Humour, and 'Inſtability of all human Things, as to underſtand, that 'the only Way to preſerve Favour is to communicate it 'to others with Good-nature and Judgment. You are 'ſo generally read, that what you ſpeak of will be read. 'This with Men of Senſe and Taſte is all that is want-'ing to recommend *The Hiſtorian.*

I am, S I R,

Your daily Advocate,

Reader Gentle.

I was very much ſurpriſed this Morning, that any one ſhould find out my Lodging, and know it ſo well, as to come directly to my Cloſet-Door, and knock at it, to give me the following Letter. When I came out I opened it, and ſaw by a very ſtrong Pair of Shoes and a warm Coat the Bearer had on, that he walked all the Way to bring it me, tho' dated from *York.* My Misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the Meſſenger had ſo much of me, that he could think better than ſpeak. He had, I obſerved, a polite Diſcerning hid under a ſhrewd Ruſticity: he delivered the Paper with a *Yorkſhire* Tone and a Town Leer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Privilege you have indulged *John Trot* has 'proved of very bad Conſequence to our illuſtri-'ous Aſſembly, which, beſides the many excellent

'Maxims

'Maxims it is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary Decorum always obſerved in it. One Inſtance of which is that the *Carders*, (who are always of the firſt Quality) never begin to play till the *French*-Dances are finiſhed, and the Country-Dances begin: But *John Trot* having now got your Commiſſion in his Pocket, (which every one here has a profound Reſpect for) has the Aſſurance to ſet up for a Minuet-Dancer. Not only ſo, but he has brought down upon us the whole Body of the *Trots*, which are very numerous, with their Auxiliaries the Hoblers and the Skippers, by which Means the Time is ſo much waſted, that unleſs we break all Rules of Government, it muſt redound to the utter Subverſion of the *Brag-Table*, the diſcreet Members of which value Time, as *Fribble*'s Wife does her Pin-Money. We are pretty well aſſured that your Indulgence to *Trot* was only in relation to Country-Dances; however, we have deferred the iſſuing an Order of Council upon the Premiſes, hoping to get you to join with us, that *Trot*, nor any of his Clan, preſume for the future to dance any but Country-Dances, unleſs a Horn-Pipe upon a Feſtival-Day. If you will do this you will oblige a great many Ladies, and particularly

Your moſt humble Servant,

York, Feb. 16. Eliz. Sweepſtakes.

I Never meant any other than that Mr. *Trot* ſhould confine himſelf to Country-Dances. And I further direct, that he ſhall take out none but his own Relations according to their Nearneſs of Blood, but any Gentlewoman may take out him.

London, Feb. 21. *The* SPECTATOR.

Saturday,

N° 309 *Saturday, February* 23.

Di, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia latè;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine merſas.
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 264.

Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to human Sight,
Ye Gods who rule the Regions of the Night,
Ye gliding Ghoſts, permit me to relate
The myſtic Wonders of your ſilent State. DRYDEN.

I Have before obſerved in general, that the Perſons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always diſcover ſuch Sentiments and Behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their reſpective Characters. Every Circumſtance in their Speeches and Actions is with great Juſtneſs and Delicacy adapted to the Perſons who ſpeak and act. As the Poet very much excels in this Conſiſtency of his Characters, I ſhall beg leave to conſider ſeveral Paſſages of the ſecond Book in this Light. That ſuperior Greatneſs and Mock-Majeſty, which is aſcribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preſerved in the Beginning of this Book. His opening and cloſing the Debate: his taking on himſelf that great Enterpriſe at the Thought of which the whole Infernal Aſſembly trembled: his encountring the hideous Phantom who guarded the Gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his Terrors; are Inſtances of that proud and daring Mind which could not brook Submiſſion even to Omnipotence.

Satan *was now at hand, and from his Seat*
The Monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, Hell trembled as he ſtrode;
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd ———

THE

THE ſame Boldneſs and Intrepidity of Behaviour diſcovers itſelf in the ſeveral Adventures which he meets with during his Paſſage through the Regions of unformed Matter, and particularly in his Addreſs to thoſe tremendous Powers who are deſcribed as preſiding over it.

THE Part of *Moloch* is likewiſe in all its Circumſtances full of that Fire and Fury which diſtinguiſh this Spirit from the reſt of the fallen Angels. He is deſcribed in the firſt Book as beſmeared with the Blood of Human Sacrifices, and delighted with the Tears of Parents and the Cries of Children. In the Second Book he is marked out as the fierceſt Spirit that fought in Heaven: and if we conſider the Figure which he makes in the ſixth Book, where the Battle of the Angels is deſcribed, we find it every way anſwerable to the ſame furious enraged Character.

——*Where the might of* Gabriel *fought,*
And with fierce Enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc, *furious King, who him defy'd,*
And at his Chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy one of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.——

IT may be worth while to obſerve, that *Milton* has repreſented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried on by ſuch precipitate Paſſions, as the *firſt* that riſes in that Aſſembly, to give his Opinion upon their preſent Poſture of Affairs. Accordingly he declares himſelf abruptly for War, and appears incenſed at his Companions, for loſing ſo much Time as even to deliberate upon it. All his Sentiments are Raſh, Audacious, and Deſperate. Such is that of arming themſelves with their Tortures, and turning their Puniſhments upon him who inflicted them.

——*No, let us rather chooſe,*
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heavens high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the Tort'rer; when to meet the Noiſe
Of his almighty Engine he ſhall hear

Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning ſee
Black Fire and Horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne itſelf
Mixt with Tartarean *Sulphur, and ſtrange Fire,*
His own invented Torments ——

HIS preferring Annihilation to Shame or Miſery, is alſo highly ſuitable to his Character; as the Comfort he draws from their diſturbing the Peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory is Revenge, is a Sentiment truly Diabolical, and becoming the Bitterneſs of this implacable Spirit.

BELIAL is deſcribed in the firſt Book, as the Idol of the Lewd and Luxurious. He is in the ſecond Book, purſuant to that Deſcription, characteriſed as timorous and ſlothful; and if we look in the ſixth Book, we find him celebrated in the Battle of Angels for nothing but that ſcoffing Speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their ſuppoſed Advantage over the Enemy. As his Appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in theſe three ſeveral Views, we find his Sentiments in the Infernal Aſſembly every way conformable to his Character. Such are his Apprehenſions of a ſecond Battle, his Horrors of Annihilation, his preferring to be miſerable rather than *not to be*. I need not obſerve, that the Contraſt of Thought in this Speech, and that which precedes, gives an agreeable Variety to the Debate.

MAMMON's Character is ſo fully drawn in the Firſt Book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the Second. We were before told, that he was the firſt who taught Mankind to ranſack the Earth for Gold and Silver, and that he was the Architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the Infernal Palace where the Evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this Book is every way ſuitable to ſo depraved a Character. How proper is that Reflexion, of their being unable to taſte the Happineſs of Heaven were they actually there, in the Mouth of one, who, while he was in Heaven, is ſaid to have had his Mind dazzled with the outward Pomps and Glories of the Place, and to have been more intent on the Riches of the Pavement, than on the Beatifick Viſion. I ſhall alſo leave the Reader to judge

judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the ſame Character.

——— *This deep World*
Of Darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his Glory unobſcured,
And with the Majeſty of Darkneſs round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep Thunders roar
Muſtering their Rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our Darkneſs, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſart Soil
Wants not her hidden Luſtre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we Skill or Art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhew more?

BEELZEBUB, who is reckoned the ſecond in Dignity that fell, and is in the Firſt Book, the ſecond that awakens out of the Trance, and confers with *Satan* upon the Situation of their Affairs, maintains his Rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majeſty deſcribed in his riſing up to ſpeak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two oppoſite Parties, and propoſes a third Undertaking, which the whole Aſſembly gives into. The Motion he makes of detaching one of their Body in ſearch of a new World is grounded upon a Project deviſed by *Satan*, and curſorily propoſed by him in the following Lines of the firſt Book.

Space may produce new Worlds, whereof ſo rife
There went a Fame in Heav'n, that he ere-long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A Generation, whom his choice Regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n;
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt Eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this Infernal Pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyſs
Long under Darkneſs cover. But theſe Thoughts
Full Counſel muſt mature: ———

IT is on this Project that *Beelzebub* grounds his Propoſal.

——— What if we find
Some eaſier Enterpriſe? There is a Place
(If ancient and prophetick Fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy Seat
Of ſome new Race call'd MAN, *about this Time*
To be created like to us, though leſs
In Power and Excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his Will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That ſhook Heav'n's whole Circumference, confirm'd.

THE Reader may obſerve how juſt it was not to omit in the Firſt Book the Project upon which the whole Poem turns: As alſo that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper Perſon to give it Birth, and that the next to him in Dignity was the fitteſt to ſecond and ſupport it.

THERE is beſides, I think, ſomething wonderfully Beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's Imagination in this ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of Man. Nothing could ſhew more the Dignity of the Species, than this Tradition which ran of them before their Exiſtence. They are repreſented to have been the Talk of Heaven before they were created. *Virgil*, in Compliment to the *Roman* Commonwealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their State of Pre-exiſtence; but *Milton* does a far greater Honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a Glimpſe of them even before they are in Being.

THE riſing of this great Aſſembly is deſcribed in a very Sublime and Poetical Manner.

Their riſing all at once was as the Sound
Of Thunder heard remote———

THE Diverſions of the fallen Angels, with the particular Account of their Place of Habitation, are deſcribed with great Pregnancy of Thought, and Copiouſneſs of Invention. The Diverſions are every way ſuitable to Beings who had nothing left them but Strength and Knowledge miſapplied. Such are their Contentions at the Race, and in Feats of Arms, with their Entertainment in the following Lines.

Others

Others with vaſt Typhæan *rage more fell*
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In Whirlwind, Hell ſcarce holds the wild Uproar.

THEIR Muſick is employed in celebrating their own criminal Exploits, and their Diſcourſe in ſounding the unfathomable Depths of Fate, Free-will, and Foreknowledge.

THE ſeveral Circumſtances in the Deſcription of Hell are finely imagined; as the four Rivers which diſgorge themſelves into the Sea of Fire, the Extremes of Cold and Heat, and the River of Oblivion. The monſtrous Animals produced in that Infernal World are repreſented by a ſingle Line, which gives us a more horrid Idea of them, than a much longer Deſcription would have done.

——— *Nature breeds,*
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious Things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

THIS Epiſode of the fallen Spirits, and their Place of Habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the Mind of the Reader from its Attention to the Debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have ſpun out ſo many Circumſtances to a great Length, and by that means have weakned, inſtead of illuſtrated, the principal Fable.

THE Flight of *Satan* to the Gates of Hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my Opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finiſhed Piece in its kind, when it is not conſidered as a Part of an Epic Poem. The Genealogy of the ſeveral Perſons is contrived with great Delicacy. *Sin* is the Daughter of *Satan*, and *Death* the Offspring of *Sin*. The inceſtuous Mixture between *Sin* and *Death* produces thoſe Monſters and Hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the Bowels of her who gave them Birth. Theſe are the Terrors of an evil Conſcience, and the proper Fruits of *Sin*, which naturally riſe from

the Apprehenſions of *Death*. This laſt beautiful Moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the Speech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful Iſſue, ſhe adds,

Before mine Eyes in Oppoſition ſits
Grim *Death* my Son and Foe, who ſets them on,
And me his Parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other Prey, but that he knows
His End with mine involv'd———

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful Circumſtance in the laſt Part of this Quotation. He will likewiſe obſerve how naturally the three Perſons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common Intereſt to enter into a Confederacy together, and how properly *Sin* is made the Portreſs of Hell, and the only Being that can open the Gates to that World of Tortures.

THE deſcriptive Part of this Allegory is likewiſe very ſtrong, and full of Sublime Ideas. The Figure of *Death*, the Regal Crown upon his Head, his Menace of *Satan*: his advancing to the Combat, the Outcry at his Birth, are Circumſtances too noble to be paſt over in Silence, and extremely ſuitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the Juſtneſs of Thought which is obſerved in the Generation of theſe ſeveral Symbolical Perſons; that *Sin* was produced upon the firſt Revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appeared ſoon after he was caſt into Hell, and that the Terrors of Conſcience were conceived at the Gate of this Place of Torments. The Deſcription of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton*'s Spirit.

———*On a ſudden open fly*
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harſh Thunder, that the loweſt Bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. *She open'd, but to ſhut*
Excell'd her Pow'r; the Gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended Wings a banner'd Hoſt
Under ſpread Enſigns marching might paſs through
With Horſe and Chariots ranked in looſe Array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a Furnace Mouth
Caſt forth redounding Smoke and ruddy Flame.

IN

IN *Satan's* Voyage through the *Chaos* there are ſeveral Imaginary Perſons deſcribed, as reſiding in that immenſe Waſte of Matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the Taſte of thoſe Criticks who are pleaſed with nothing in a Poet which has not Life and Manners aſcribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleaſed moſt with thoſe Paſſages in this Deſcription which carry in them a greater Meaſure of Probability, and are ſuch as might poſſibly have happened. Of this kind is his firſt mounting in the Smoke that riſes from the infernal Pit, his falling into a Cloud of Nitre, and the like combuſtible Materials, that by their Exploſion ſtill hurried him forward to his Voyage; his ſpringing upward like a Pyramid of Fire, with his laborious Paſſage through that Confuſion of Elements which the Poet calls

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave.

THE Glimmering Light which ſhot into the *Chaos* from the utmoſt Verge of the Creation, with the diſtant Diſcovery of the Earth that hung cloſe by the Moon, are wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical. L.

N° 310 *Monday, February* 25.

Connubio jungam ſtabili—— Virg. Æn. 1. v. 77.

I'll tie th' indiſſoluble Marriage-knot.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a certain young Woman that love a certain 'young Man very heartily; and my Father and 'Mother were for it a great while, but now they ſay 'I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me 'love him, and I cannot unlove him. What muſt I do? 'ſpeak quickly.

Biddy Dow-bake.

Dear SPEC, *Feb.* 19, 1712.

'I Have lov'd a Lady entirely for this Year and half, tho' for a great Part of the Time (which has contributed not a little to my Pain) I have been debarred the Liberty of converſing with her. The Grounds of our Difference was this; that when we had inquired into each other's Circumſtances, we found that at our firſt ſetting out into the World, we ſhould owe five hundred Pounds more than her Fortune would pay off. My Eſtate is ſeven hundred Pounds a Year, beſides the Benefit of Tin Mines. Now, dear SPEC, upon this State of the Caſe, and the Lady's poſitive Declaration that there is ſtill no other Objection, I beg you'll not fail to inſert this, with your Opinion as ſoon as poſſible, whether this ought to be eſteemed a juſt Cauſe or Impediment why we ſhould not be joined, and you will for ever oblige

Yours ſincerely,

Dick Loveſick.

'*P. S.* SIR, if I marry this Lady by the Aſſiſtance of your Opinion, you may expect a Favour for it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have the Misfortune to be one of thoſe unhappy Men who are diſtinguiſhed by the Name of diſcarded Lovers; but I am the leſs mortified at my Diſgrace, becauſe the young Lady is one of thoſe Creatures who ſet up for Negligence of Men, are forſooth the moſt rigidly Virtuous in the World, and yet their Nicety will permit them at the Command of Parents to go to bed to the moſt utter Stranger that can be propoſed to them. As to me myſelf, I was introduced by the Father of my Miſtreſs; but find I owe my being at firſt received to a Compariſon of my Eſtate with that of a former Lover, and that I am now in like manner turned off to give way to an humble Servant ſtill richer than I am. What makes this Treatment the more extravagant is, that the young

'Lady

'Lady is in the Management of this way of Fraud, 'and obeys her Father's Orders on theſe Occaſions with-'out any Manner of Reluctance, but does it with the 'ſame Air that one of your Men of the World would 'ſignify the Neceſſity of Affairs for turning another 'out of Office. When I came home laſt Night, I found 'this Letter from my Miſtreſs.

SIR,

"I Hope you will not think it is any manner of Diſ-"reſpect to your Perſon or Merit, that the intended "Nuptials between us are interrupted. My Father ſays "he has a much better Offer for me than you can make, "and has order'd me to break off the Treaty between "us. If it had proceeded, I ſhould have behaved my-"ſelf with all ſuitable Regard to you, but as it is, I "beg we may be Strangers for the Future. Adieu.

LYDIA.

'THIS great Indifference on this Subject, and the 'mercenary Motives for making Alliances, is what I 'think lies naturally before you, and I beg of you to 'give me your Thoughts upon it. My Anſwer to *Lydia* 'was as follows, which I hope you will approve; for 'you are to know the Woman's Family affect a won-'derful Eaſe on theſe Occaſions, tho' they expect it 'ſhould be painfully received on the Man's Side.

MADAM,

"I Have received yours, and knew the Prudence of "your Houſe ſo well, that I always took care to be "ready to obey your Commands, tho' they ſhould be "to ſee you no more. Pray give my Service to all the "good Family.

Adieu.

"The Opera Subſcrip-"tion is full. Clitophon.

Memorandum. *THE Cenſor of Marriage to conſider this Letter, and report the common Uſages on ſuch Treaties, with how many Pounds or Acres are generally eſteemed ſufficient Reaſon for preferring a new to an old Pretender.*

der; with his Opinion what is proper to be determined in ſuch Caſes for the future.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an elderly Perſon lately left off Buſineſs and ſettled in our Town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the World; but he has brought with him ſuch an Inclination to Tale-bearing, that he diſturbs both himſelf and all our Neighbourhood. Notwithſtanding this Frailty the honeſt Gentleman is ſo happy as to have no Enemy: At the ſame time he has not one Friend who will venture to acquaint him with his Weakneſs. It is not to be doubted but if this Failing were ſet in a proper Light, he would quickly perceive the Indecency and evil Conſequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an Infirmity which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much Deference to you, I beg that when you are at leiſure, to give us a Speculation on Goſſiping, you would think of my Neighbour: You will hereby oblige ſeveral who will be glad to find a Reformation in their gray-haired Friend: And how becoming will it be for him, inſtead of pouring forth Words at all Adventures, to ſet a Watch before the Door of his Mouth, to refrain his *Tongue*, to check its Impetuoſity, and guard againſt the Sallies of that *little, pert, forward, buſy Perſon*; which, under a ſober Conduct, might prove a uſeful Member of a Society. In Compliance with whoſe Intimations, I have taken the Liberty to make this Addreſs to you.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obſcure Servant,

Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 16, 1712.

'THIS is to Petition you in Behalf of myſelf and many more of your gentle Readers, that at any time when you may have private Reaſons againſt letting us know what you think yourſelf, you would be pleaſed to pardon us ſuch Letters of your Correſpondents as ſeem to be of no Uſe but to the Printer.

'IT

'IT is further our humble Requeſt, that you would 'ſubſtitute Advertiſements in the Place of ſuch Epiſtles; 'and that in order hereunto Mr. *Buckley* may be autho-'riſed to take up of your zealous Friend Mr. *Charles 'Lillie*, any Quantity of Words he ſhall from time to 'time have occaſion for.

'THE many uſeful Parts of Knowledge which may 'be communicated to the Publick this Way, will, we 'hope, be a Conſideration in favour of your Petitioners.

And your Petitioners, &c.

Note, THAT particular Regard be had to this Petition; and the Papers marked Letter R may be carefully examined for the future. T

N° 311 *Tueſday, February* 26.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer eſt, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote ſagittæ.

Juv. Sat. 6. v. 137.

He ſighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry Hour:
Who won'd not do as much for ſuch a Dow'r?

DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM amaz'd that among all the Variety of Charac-'ters, with which you have enriched your Specula-'tions, you have never given us a Picture of thoſe 'audacious young Fellows among us, who commonly 'go by the Name of *Fortune-Stealers*. You muſt know, 'Sir, I am one who live in a continual Apprehenſion 'of this ſort of People that lie in wait, Day and 'Night, for our Children, and may be conſidered as 'a kind of Kidnappers within the Law. I am the Fa-'ther of a young Heireſs, whom I begin to look upon 'as Marriageable, and who has looked upon herſelf as 'ſuch for above theſe Six Years. She is now in the

'Eighteenth

'Eighteenth Year of her Age. The Fortune-hunters 'have already caſt their Eyes upon her, and take care 'to plant themſelves in her View whenever ſhe appears 'in any publick Aſſembly. I have myſelf caught a 'young Jackanapes with a pair of Silver Fringed 'Gloves in the very Fact. You muſt know, Sir, I 'have kept her as a Priſoner of State ever ſince ſhe was 'in her Teens. Her Chamber-Windows are croſs-barred; 'ſhe is not permitted to go out of the Houſe but with 'her Keeper, who is a ſtayed Relation of my own; I 'have likewiſe forbid her the uſe of Pen and Ink, for this 'Twelve-month laſt paſt, and do not ſuffer a Band-Box to 'be carried into her Room before it has been ſearched. 'Notwithſtanding theſe Precautions, I am at my Wits 'End for fear of any ſudden Surpriſe. There were, two 'or three Nights ago, ſome Fiddles heard in the Street, 'which I am afraid portend me no Good; not to men-'tion a tall *Iriſhman*, that has been ſeen walking before 'my Houſe more than once this Winter. My Kinſwoman 'likewiſe informs me, that the Girl has talked to her 'twice or thrice of a Gentleman in a fair Wig, and that 'ſhe loves to go to Church more than ever ſhe did in her 'Life. She gave me the ſlip about a Week ago, upon 'which my whole Houſe was in Alarm. I immediately 'diſpatched a Hue and Cry after her to the Change, to 'her Mantua-maker, and to the young Ladies that viſit 'her; but after above an hour's ſearch ſhe return'd of 'herſelf, having been taking a walk, as ſhe told me, 'by *Roſamond*'s Pond. I have hereupon turn'd off her 'Woman, doubled her Guards, and given new Inſtruc-'tions to my Relation, who, to give her her due, keeps 'a watchful Eye over all her Motions. This, Sir, keeps 'me in a perpetual Anxiety, and makes me very often 'watch when my Daughter ſleeps, as I am afraid ſhe is 'even with me in her Turn. Now, Sir, what I would 'deſire of you is, to repreſent to this fluttering Tribe 'of young Fellows, who are for making their Fortunes 'by theſe indirect Means, that ſtealing a Man's Daughter 'for the Sake of her Portion, is but a kind of a Tolerated 'Robbery; and that they make but a poor Amends to 'the Father, whom they plunder after this Manner, by 'going to Bed with his Child. Dear Sir, be ſpeedy in

'your

'your Thoughts on this Subject, that, if poſſible, they 'may appear before the Diſbanding of the Army.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Tim. Watchwell.

THEMISTOCLES, the great *Athenian* General, being aſk'd whether he would chooſe to marry his Daughter to an Indigent Man of Merit, or to a worthleſs Man of an Eſtate, replied, That he ſhould prefer a Man without an Eſtate, to an Eſtate without a Man. The worſt of it is, our Modern Fortune-hunters are thoſe who turn their Heads that way, becauſe they are good for nothing elſe. If a young Fellow finds he can make nothing of *Coke and Littleton*, he provides himſelf with a Ladder of Ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the Premiſes.

THE ſame Art of Scaling has likewiſe been practiſed with good Succeſs by many military Ingineers. Stratagems of this Nature make Parts and Induſtry ſuperfluous, and cut ſhort the way to Riches.

NOR is Vanity a leſs Motive than Idleneſs to this kind of Mercenary Purſuit. A Fop, who admires his Perſon in a Glaſs, ſoon enters into a Reſolution of making his Fortune by it, not queſtioning but every Woman that falls in his way will do him as much Juſtice as he does himſelf. When an Heireſs ſees a Man throwing particular Graces into his Ogle, or talking loud within her Hearing, ſhe ought to look to herſelf; but if withal ſhe obſerves a pair of red Heels, a Patch, or any other Particularity in his Dreſs, ſhe cannot take too much care of her Perſon. Theſe are Baits not to be trifled with, Charms that have done a world of Execution, and made their way into Hearts which have been thought impregnable. The Force of a Man with theſe Qualifications is ſo well known, that I am credibly informed there are ſeveral Female Undertakers about the Change, who upon the Arrival of a likely Man out of a neighbouring Kingdom, will furniſh him with proper Dreſs from Head to Foot, to be paid for at a double Price on the Day of Marriage.

WE muſt however diſtinguiſh between Fortune-hunters and Fortune-ſtealers. The firſt are thoſe aſſiduous Gentlemen

Gentlemen who employ their whole Lives in the Chace, without ever coming at the Quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered at the Ladies for thirty Years together, and taken his Stand in a Side-Box, 'till he is grown wrinkled under their Eyes. He is now laying the ſame Snares for the preſent Generation of Beauties, which he practis'd on their Mothers. *Cottilus*, after having made his Applications to more than you meet with in Mr. *Cowley*'s Ballad of Miſtreſſes, was at laſt ſmitten with a City Lady of 20000*l.* Sterling; but died of old Age before he could bring Matters to bear. Nor muſt I here omit my worthy Friend Mr. HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the Club, that for twenty years ſucceſſively, upon the death of a Childleſs rich Man, he immediately drew on his Boots, called for his Horſe, and made up to the Widow. When he is rallied upon his Succeſs, WILL. with his uſual Gaiety tells us, that he always found her Pre-engaged.

WIDOWS are indeed the great Game of your Fortune-hunters. There is ſcarce a young Fellow in the Town of ſix foot high, that has not paſſed in Review before one or other of theſe wealthy Relicts. *Hudibras*'s *Cupid*, who

——took his Stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,

is daily employed in throwing Darts, and kindling Flames. But as for Widows, they are ſuch a Subtle Generation of People, that they may be left to their own Conduct; or, if they make a falſe Step in it, they are anſwerable for it to no body but themſelves. The young Innocent Creatures who have no Knowledge and Experience of the World, are thoſe whoſe Safety I would principally conſult in this Speculation. The ſtealing of ſuch an one ſhould, in my Opinion, be as puniſhable as a Rape. Where there is no Judgment there is no Choice; and why the inveigling a Woman before ſhe is come to Years of Diſcretion, ſhould not be as Criminal as the ſeducing of her before ſhe is ten Years old, I am at a loſs to comprehend. L

Wedneſday,

N° 312. *Wednesday, February 27.*

Quod huic Officium, quæ Laus, quod Decus erit tanti, quod adipiſci cum dolore Corporis velit, qui dolorem ſummum malum ſibi perſuaſerit? Quam porrò quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, ſi id ſummum malum eſſe decreverit?

Tull.

What Duty will a Man perform, what Praiſe, what Honour will he think worth purchaſing at the expence of his Eaſe, who is perſuaded that Pain is the greateſt of Evils? And what Ignominy, what Baſeneſs will he not ſubmit to, in order to avoid Pain, if he has determined it to be the worſt of Misfortunes?

IT is a very melancholy Reflexion, that Men are uſually ſo weak, that it is abſolutely neceſſary for them to know Sorrow and Pain to be in their right Senſes. Proſperous People (for Happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond Senſe of their preſent Condition, and thoughtleſs of the Mutability of Fortune: Fortune is a Term which we muſt uſe in ſuch Diſcourſes as theſe, for what is wrought by the unſeen Hand of the Diſpoſer of all Things. But methinks the Diſpoſition of a Mind which is truly great, is that which makes Misfortunes and Sorrows little when they befal ourſelves, great and lamentable when they befal other Men. The moſt unpardonable Malefactor in the World going to his Death and bearing it with Compoſure, would win the Pity of thoſe who ſhould behold him; and this not becauſe his Calamity is deplorable, but becauſe he ſeems himſelf not to deplore it: We ſuffer for him who is leſs ſenſible of his own Miſery, and are inclined to deſpiſe him who ſinks under the Weight of his Diſtreſſes. On the other hand, without any Touch of Envy, a temperate and well-govern'd

govern'd Mind looks down on ſuch as are exalted with Succeſs, with a certain Shame for the Imbecillity of human Nature, that can ſo far forget how liable it is to Calamity, as to grow giddy with only the Suſpence of Sorrow, which is the Portion of all Men. He therefore who turns his Face from the unhappy Man, who will not look again when his Eye is caſt upon modeſt Sorrow, who ſhuns Affliction like a Contagion, does but pamper himſelf up for a Sacrifice, and contract in himſelf a greater aptitude to Miſery by attempting to eſcape it. A Gentleman, where I happened to be laſt Night, fell into a Diſcourſe which I thought ſhewed a good Diſcerning in him: He took notice that whenever Men have looked into their Heart for the Idea of true Excellency in human Nature, they have found it to conſiſt in Suffering after a right Manner and with a good Grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing Sorrows, ſtruggling with Adverſities, undergoing all kinds of Hardſhips, and having in the Service of Mankind a kind of Appetite to Difficulties and Dangers. The Gentleman went on to obſerve, that it is from this Secret Senſe of the high Merit which there is in Patience under Calamities, that the Writers of Romances, when they attempt to furniſh out Characters of the higheſt Excellence, ranſack Nature for things terrible; they raiſe a new Creation of Monſters, Dragons, and Giants; Where the Danger ends, the Hero ceaſes; when he won an Empire, or gained his Miſtreſs, the reſt of his Story is not worth relating. My Friend carried his Diſcourſe ſo far as to ſay, that it was for higher Beings than Men to join Happineſs and Greatneſs in the ſame Idea; but that in our Condition we have no Conception of ſuperlative Excellence, or Heroiſm, but as it is ſurrounded with a Shade of Diſtreſs.

IT is certainly the proper Education we ſhould give ourſelves, to be prepared for the ill Events and Accidents we are to meet with in a Life ſentenced to be a Scene of Sorrow: But inſtead of this Expectation, we ſoften ourſelves with Proſpects of conſtant Delight, and deſtroy in our Minds the Seeds of Fortitude and Virtue, which ſhould ſupport us in Hours of Anguiſh. The conſtant Purſuit of Pleaſure has in it ſomething inſolent and improper

proper for our Being. There is a pretty ſober Livelineſs in the Ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him, loud Mirth, or immoderate Sorrow, Inequality of Behaviour either in Proſperity or Adverſity, are alike ungraceful in Man that is born to die. Moderation in both Circumſtances is peculiar to generous Minds: Men of that Sort ever taſte the Gratifications of Health, and all other Advantages of Life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, reſign them with a Greatneſs of Mind which ſhews they know their Value and Duration. The Contempt of Pleaſure is a certain Preparatory for the Contempt of Pain: Without this the Mind is as it were taken ſuddenly by an unforeſeen Event; but he that has always, during Health and Proſperity, been abſtinent in his Satisfactions, enjoys, in the worſt of Difficulties, the Reflexion, that his Anguiſh is not aggravated with the Compariſon of paſt Pleaſures which upbraid his preſent Condition. *Tully* tells us a Story after *Pompey*, which gives us a good Taſte of the pleaſant Manner the Men of Wit and Philoſophy had in old Times of alleviating the Diſtreſſes of Life by the Force of Reaſon and Philoſophy. *Pompey*, when he came to *Rhodes*, had a Curioſity to viſit the famous Philoſopher *Poſſidonius*; but finding him in his ſick Bed, he bewailed the Misfortune that he ſhould not hear a Diſcourſe from him: But you may, anſwered *Poſſidonius*; and immediately entered into the Point of Stoical Philoſophy, which ſays Pain is not an Evil. During the Diſcourſe, upon every Puncture he felt from his Diſtemper, he ſmiled and cried out, Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troubleſome as you pleaſe, I ſhall never own that thou art an Evil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING ſeen in ſeveral of your Papers, a Concern for the Honour of the Clergy, and their 'doing every thing as becomes their Character, and 'particularly performing the Publick Service with a due 'Zeal and Devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay 'before them, by your Means, ſeveral Expreſſions uſed 'by ſome of them in their Prayers before Sermon, 'which I am not well ſatisfied in: As their giving ſome 'Titles and Epithets to great Men, which are indeed

'due

'due to them in their ſeveral Ranks and Stations, but not properly uſed, I think, in our Prayers. Is it not Contradiction to ſay, Illuſtrious, Right Reverend, and Right Honourable poor Sinners? Theſe Diſtinctions are ſuited only to our State here, and have no place in Heaven: We ſee they are omitted in the Liturgy; which I think the Clergy ſhould take for their Pattern in their own Forms of Devotion. There is another Expreſſion which I would not mention, but that I have heard it ſeveral times before a learned Congregation, to bring in the laſt Petition of the Prayer in theſe Words, *O let not the Lord be angry and I will ſpeak but this once*; as if there was no Difference between *Abraham*'s interceding for *Sodom*, for which he had no Warrant as we can find, and our aſking thoſe Things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more Reaſon to fear his Anger if they did not make ſuch Petitions to him. There is another pretty Fancy: When a young Man has a mind to let us know who gave him his Scarf, he ſpeaks a Parentheſis to the Almighty, Bleſs, *as I am in Duty bound to pray*, the right honourable the Counteſs; is not that as much as to ſay, Bleſs her, for thou knoweſt I am her Chaplain?

Your humble Servant,

T. J. O.

Thurſday,

№ 313 *Thurſday, February* 28.

Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut ſi quis cerâ vultum facit ——

Juv. Sat. 7. v. 237.

Bid him beſides his daily pains employ,
To form the tender Manners of the Boy,
And work him, like a waxen Babe, with Art,
To perfect Symmetry in ev'ry Part.

CR. DRYDEN.

I Shall give the following Letter no other Recommendation, than by telling my Readers that it comes from the ſame Hand with that of laſt *Thurſday*.

SIR,

'I Send you, according to my Promiſe, ſome farther Thoughts on the Education of Youth, in which I intend to diſcuſs that famous Queſtion, *Whether the Education at a publick School, or under a private Tutor, is to be preferr'd?*

'AS ſome of the greateſt Men in moſt Ages have been of very different Opinions in this Matter, I ſhall give a ſhort Account of what I think may be beſt urged on both ſides, and afterwards leave every Perſon to determine for himſelf.

'IT is certain from *Suetonius*, that the *Romans* thought the Education of their Children a Buſineſs properly belonging to the Parents themſelves; and *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Marcus Cato*, tells us, that as ſoon as his Son was capable of Learning, *Cato* would ſuffer no Body to teach him but himſelf, tho' he had a Servant named *Chilo*, who was an excellent Grammarian, and who taught a great many other Youths.

'ON the contrary, the *Greaks* ſeemed more inclined to Publick Schools and Seminaries. —

'A

'A private Education promiſes in the firſt place Virtue and Good-Breding; a publick School Manly Aſſurance, and an early Knowledge in the Ways of the World.

'Mr. *LOCKE*, in his celebrated Treatiſe *of Education*, confeſſes that there are Inconveniencies to be feared on both ſides; *If*, ſays he, *I keep my Son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young Maſter; If I ſend him Abroad, it is ſcarce poſſible to keep him from the reigning Contagion of Rudeneſs and Vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at Home, but more ignorant of the World, and more ſheepiſh when he comes Abroad.* However as this learned Author aſſerts, That Virtue is much more difficult to be attained than Knowledge of the World, and that Vice is a more ſtubborn, as well as a more dangerous Fault than Sheepiſhneſs, he is altogether for a private Education; and the more ſo, becauſe he does not ſee why a Youth, with right Management, might not attain the ſame Aſſurance in his Father's Houſe, as at a publick School. To this end he adviſes Parents to accuſtom their Sons to whatever ſtrange Faces come to the Houſe; to take them with them when they viſit their Neighbours, and to engage them in Converſation with Men of Parts and Breeding.

'IT may be objected to this Method, that Converſation is not the only thing neceſſary, but that unleſs it be a Converſation with ſuch as are in ſome meaſure their Equals in Parts and Years, there can be no room for Emulation, Contention, and ſeveral of the moſt lively Paſſions of the Mind; which, without being ſometimes moved by theſe means, may poſſibly contract a Dulneſs and Inſenſibility.

'ONE of the greateſt Writers our Nation ever produced obſerves, That a Boy who forms Parties, and makes himſelf Popular in a School or a College, would act the ſame Part with equal eaſe in a Senate or a Privy-Council; and Mr. *Oſborn*, ſpeaking like a Man verſed in the ways of the World, affirms, that the well-laying and carrying on of a deſign to rob an Orchard, trains up a Youth inſenſibly to Caution, Secrecy, and Circumſpection, and fits him for Matters of greater Importance.

'IN

'IN ſhort, a private Education ſeems the moſt natural Method for the forming of a virtuous Man; a Publick Education for making a Man of Buſineſs. The firſt would furniſh out a good Subject for *Plato*'s Republick, the latter a Member for a Community overrun with Artifice and Corruption.

'IT muſt however be confeſſed, that a Perſon at the head of a publick School has ſometimes ſo many Boys under his Direction, that it is impoſſible he ſhould extend a due proportion of his Care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the Fault of the Age, in which we often ſee twenty Parents, who, tho' each expects his Son ſhould be made a Scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any Man of a liberal Education to take upon him the care of their Inſtruction.

'IN our great Schools indeed this Fault has been of late Years rectified, ſo that we have at preſent not only Ingenious Men for the chief Maſters, but ſuch as have proper Uſhers and Aſſiſtants under them. I muſt nevertheleſs own, that for want of the ſame Encouragement in the Country, we have many a promiſing Genius ſpoiled and abuſed in thoſe little Seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this Opinion, having myſelf experienced the Uſage of two Rural Maſters, each of them very unfit for the Truſt they took upon them to diſcharge. The firſt impoſed much more upon me than my Parts, tho' none of the weakeſt, could endure; and uſed me barbarouſly for not performing Impoſſibilities. The latter was of quite another Temper; and a Boy, who would run upon his Errands, waſh his Coffee-pot, or ring the Bell, might have as little Converſation with any of the Claſſicks as he thought fit. I have known a Lad of this Place excuſed his Exerciſe for aſſiſting the Cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring Gentleman's Son was among us five Years, moſt of which time he employed in airing and watering our Maſter's gray Pad. I ſcorned to Compound for my Faults, by doing any of theſe Elegant Offices, and was accordingly the beſt Scholar, and the worſt uſed of any Boy in the School.

'I

'I ſhall conclude this Diſcourſe with an Advantage 'mentioned by *Quintilian*, as accompanying a Publick 'way of Education, which I have not yet taken notice 'of; namely, That we very often contract ſuch Friend-'ſhips at School, as are a Service to us all the following 'Parts of our Lives.

'I ſhall give you, under this Head, a Story very well 'known to ſeveral Perſons, and which you may depend 'upon as real Truth.

'EVERY one, who is acquainted with *Weſtminſter*-'School, knows that there is a Curtain which uſed to be 'drawn acroſs the Room, to ſeparate the upper School 'from the lower. A Youth happened, by ſome Miſ-'chance, to tear the above-mentioned Curtain: The 'Severity of the Maſter was too well known for the 'Criminal to expect any Pardon for ſuch a Fault; ſo 'that the Boy, who was of a meek Temper, was terri-'fied to Death at the Thoughts of his Appearance, 'when his Friend, who ſat next to him, bade him be 'of good Cheer, for that he would take the Fault on 'himſelf. He kept his word accordingly. As ſoon as 'they were grown up to be Men, the Civil War broke 'out, in which our two Friends took the oppoſite Sides, 'one of them followed the Parliament, the other the 'Royal Party.

'AS their Tempers were different, the Youth, who 'had torn the Curtain, endeavoured to raiſe himſelf on 'the Civil Liſt, and the other, who had born the blame 'of it, on the Military: The firſt ſucceeded ſo well, that 'he was in a ſhort time made a Judge under the Pro-'tector. The other was engaged in the unhappy En-'terpriſe of *Penruddock* and *Grove* in the Weſt. I ſup-'poſe, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the Event of 'that Undertaking. Every one knows that the Royal 'Party was routed, and all the Heads of them, among 'whom was the Curtain Champion, impriſoned at *Exeter*. 'It happened to be his Friend's Lot at that time to go 'the Weſtern Circuit: The Trial of the Rebels, as they 'were then called, was very ſhort, and nothing now re-'mained but to paſs Sentence on them; when the Judge 'hearing the name of his old Friend, and obſerving his 'Face more attentively, which he had not ſeen for

'many

'many Years aſked him, if he was not formerly a *Weſt-*
'*minſter*-Scholar; by the Anſwer, he was ſoon convinced
'that it was his former generous Friend; and, without
'ſaying any thing more at that time, made the beſt of
'his Way to *London*, where employing all his Power and
'Intereſt with the Protector, he ſaved his Friend from
'the Fate of his unhappy Aſſociates.

'THE Gentleman, whoſe Life was thus preſerv'd
'by the Gratitude of his School-Fellow, was afterwards
'the Father of a Son, whom he lived to ſee promoted
'in the Church, and who ſtill deſervedly fills one of the
'higheſt Stations in it. X

N° 314 *Friday, February* 29.

Tandem deſine Matrem
Tempeſtivâ ſequi viro.

Hor. Od. 23. l. 1. v. 11.

Attend thy Mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for Man, and ripe for Joy.

CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 7, 1711-12.

'I Am a Young Man about eighteen Years of Age,
'and have been in Love with a Young Woman of
'the ſame Age about this half Year. I go to ſee her
'ſix Days in the Week, but never could have the Hap-
'pineſs of being with her alone. If any of her Friends
'are at home ſhe will ſee me in their Company; but if
'they be not in the Way, ſhe flies to her Chamber. I
'can diſcover no Signs of her Averſion; but either a
'Fear of falling into the Toils of Matrimony, or a
'childiſh Timidity, deprives us of an Interview apart,
'and drives us upon the Difficulty of languiſhing out
'our Lives in fruitleſs Expectation. Now Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR, if you think us ripe for Oeconomy, per-
'ſuade the dear Creature, that to pine away into Bar-
'renneſs and Deformity under a Mother's Shade, is not

'ſo

'so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she 'would in full Bloom.

[*There is a great deal left out before he concludes.*]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your humble Servant,

Bob Harmleſs.

IF this Gentleman be really no more than Eighteen, I muſt do him the Juſtice to ſay he is the moſt knowing Infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet underſtand, that all he thinks of is another Woman; therefore, till he has given a further Account of himſelf, the young Lady is hereby directed to keep cloſe to her Mother.

The SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the Requeſt in Mr. *Trot*'s Letter; but let it go juſt as it came to my Hands for being ſo familiar with the old Gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. *Trot* has an Ambition to make him his Father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more Reſpect; beſides his Stile to me might have been more diſtant than he has thought fit to afford me: Moreover, his Miſtreſs ſhall continue in her Confinement, till he has found out which Word in his Letter is not rightly ſpelt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Shall ever own myſelf your obliged humble Ser-'vant for the Advice you gave me concerning my 'Dancing; which unluckily came too late: For, as I ſaid, 'I would not leave off Capering till I had your Opinion 'of the Matter; was at our famous Aſſembly the Day 'before I received your Papers, and there was obſerved 'by an old Gentleman, who was informed I had a Re-'ſpect for his Daughter; told me I was an inſignificant 'little Fellow, and ſaid that for the future he would take 'care of his Child; ſo that he did not doubt but to croſſe 'my amerous Inclinations. The Lady is confined to her 'Chamber, and for my part I am ready to hang myſelf 'with the Thoughts that I have danced myſelf out of

'Favour

'Favour with her Father. I hope you will pardon the 'Trouble I give; but ſhall take it for a mighty Fa-'vour, if you will give me a little more of your Advice 'to put me in a write Way to cheat the old Dragon and 'obtain my Miſtreſs. I am once more,

SIR,

York, Feb. 23, 1711-12. *Your obliged humble Servant,*

John Trot.

'Let me deſire you to make what Alterations you 'pleaſe, and inſert this as ſoon as poſſible. Pardon 'Miſtakes by Haſte.

I Never do pardon Miſtakes by Haſte.

The SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Feb.* 27, 1711-12.

'PRAY be ſo kind as to let me know what you 'eſteem to be the chief Qualification of a good 'Poet, eſpecially of one who writes Plays; and you will 'very much oblige,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,

N. B.

TO be a very well bred Man.

The SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are to know that I am naturally Brave, and 'love Fighting as well as any Man in *England*. 'This galant Temper of mine makes me extremely de-'lighted with Battles on the Stage. I give you this 'Trouble to complain to you, that *Nicolini* refuſed to 'gratify me in that Part of the Opera for which I have 'moſt Taſte. I obſerve it's become a Cuſtom, that 'whenever any Gentlemen are particularly pleaſed with 'a Song, at their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volto*, the 'Performer is ſo obliging as to ſing it over again. I was 'at the Opera the laſt time *Hydaſpes* was performed. 'At that Part of it where the Hero engages with the

'Lion, the graceful Manner with which he put that terrible Monſter to Death, gave me ſo great a Pleaſure, and at the ſame time ſo juſt a Senſe of that Gentleman's Intrepidity and Conduct, that I could not forbear deſiring a Repetition of it, by crying out, *Altro Volto*, in a very audible Voice; and my Friends flatter me, that I pronounced thoſe Words with a tolerable good Accent, conſidering that was but the third Opera I had ever ſeen in my Life. Yet, notwithſtanding all this, there was ſo little Regard had to me, that the Lion was carried off, and went to Bed, without being killed any more that Night. Now, Sir, pray conſider that I did not underſtand a Word of what Mr. *Nicolini* ſaid to this cruel Creature; beſides, I have no Ear for Muſick; ſo that during the long Diſpute between 'em, the whole Entertainment I had was from my Eyes; Why then have not I as much Right to have a graceful Action repeated as another has a pleaſing Sound, ſince he only hears as I only ſee, and we neither of us know that there is any reaſonable thing a doing? Pray, Sir, ſettle the Buſineſs of this Claim in the Audience, and let us know when we may cry *Altro Volto, Anglicè, again, again*, for the future. I am an *Engliſhman*, and expect ſome Reaſon or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may ſerve; but I expect your Anſwer.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Toby Rentfree.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 29.

'YOU muſt give me Leave, amongſt the reſt of your Female Correſpondents, to addreſs you about an Affair which has already given you many a Speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you have had a very happy Influence over the adult Part of our Sex: But as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obſtinate in the Purſuit of the Vanities, which have been bred up with us from our Infancy, and all of us quitting the Stage whilſt you are prompting us

'to

'to act our Part well; you ought, methinks, rather to 'turn your Inſtructions for the Benefit of that Part of 'our Sex, who are yet in their native Innocence, and 'Ignorant of the Vices and that Variety of Unhappi-'neſſes that reign amongſt us.

'I muſt tell you, Mr. SPECTATOR, that it is as 'much a Part of your Office to overſee the Education 'of the female Part of the Nation, as well as of the 'Male; and to convince the World you are not par-'tial, pray proceed to detect the Male-Adminiſtration 'of Governeſſes as ſucceſſively as you have expoſed that 'of Pedagogues; and reſcue our Sex from the Prejudice 'and Tyranny of Education as well as that of your 'own, who without your ſeaſonable Interpoſition are 'like to improve upon the Vices that are now in vogue.

'I who know the Dignity of your Poſt, as SPECTA-'TOR, and the Authority a ſkilful Eye ought to bear in 'the Female World, could not forbear conſulting you, 'and beg your Advice in ſo critical a Point, as is that 'of the Education of young Gentlewomen. Having al-'ready provided myſelf with a very convenient Houſe 'in a good Air, I am not without Hope but that you 'will promote this generous Deſign. I muſt farther 'tell you, Sir, that all who ſhall be committed to my 'Conduct, beſides the uſual Accompliſhments of the 'Needle, Dancing, and the *French* Tongue, ſhall not 'fail to be your conſtant Readers. It is therefore my 'humble Petition, that you will entertain the Town in 'this important Subject, and ſo far oblige a Stranger, 'as to raiſe a Curioſity and Inquiry in my Behalf, by 'publiſhing the following Advertiſement.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant Admirer,

M. W.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, *being laid down, there is now one ſet up almoſt oppoſite to it at the two Golden Balls, and much more convenient in every Re-*

ſpect; where, beſide the common Inſtructions given to young Gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole Art of Paſtry and Preſerving, with whatever may render them accompliſhed. Thoſe who pleaſe to make Trial of the Vigilance and Ability of the Perſons concerned, may inquire at the two Golden-Balls on Mile-End-Green *near* Stepney, *where they will receive further Satiſfaction.*

THIS is to give notice, that the SPECTATOR *has taken upon him to be Viſitant of all Boarding-Schools, where young Women are educated; and deſigns to proceed in the ſaid Office after the ſame Manner that the Viſitants of Colleges do in the two famous Univerſities of this Land.*

ALL Lovers who write to the SPECTATOR, *are deſired to forbear one Expreſſion which is in moſt of the Letters to him either out of Lazineſs, or want of Invention, and is true of not above two thouſand Women in the whole World; viz.* She has in her all that is valuable in Woman. T

N° 315 *Saturday, March* 1.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 191.

Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a Buſineſs worthy of a God.

ROSCOMMON.

HORACE adviſes a Poet to conſider thoroughly the Nature and Force of his Genius. *Milton* ſeems to have known perfectly well, wherein his Strength lay, and has therefore choſen a Subject intirely conformable to thoſe Talents, of which he was Maſter. As his Genius was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the nobleſt that could have entered into the Thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly great and

and aſtoniſhing, has a Place in it. The whole Syſtem of the intellectual World; the *Chaos*, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth, and Hell; enter into the Conſtitution of his Poem.

HAVING in the Firſt and Second Books repreſented the Infernal World with all its Horrors, the Thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the oppoſite Regions of Bliſs and Glory.

IF *Milton*'s Majeſty forſakes him any where, it is in thoſe Parts of his Poem, where the Divine Perſons are introduced as Speakers. One may, I think, obſerve, that the Author proceeds with a kind of Fear and Trembling, whilſt he deſcribes the Sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his Imagination its full Play, but chooſes to confine himſelf to ſuch Thoughts as are drawn from the Books of the moſt Orthodox Divines, and to ſuch Expreſſions as may be met with in Scripture. The Beauties therefore, which we are to look for in theſe Speeches, are not of a Poetical Nature, nor ſo proper to fill the Mind with Sentiments of Grandeur, as with Thoughts of Devotion. The Paſſions, which they are deſigned to raiſe, are a Divine Love and Religious Fear. The Particular Beauty of the Speeches in the Third Book, conſiſts in that Shortneſs and Perſpicuity of Stile, in which the Poet has couched the greateſt Myſteries of Chriſtianity, and drawn together, in a regular Scheme, the whole Diſpenſation of Providence, with reſpect to Man. He has repreſented all the abſtruſe Doctrines of Predeſtination, Free-Will and Grace, as alſo the great Points of Incarnation and Redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man) with great Energy of Expreſſion, and in a clearer and ſtronger Light than I ever met with in any other Writer. As theſe Points are dry in themſelves to the Generality of Readers, the conciſe and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewiſe that particular Art which he has made uſe of in the interſperſing of all thoſe Graces of Poetry, which the Subject was capable of receiving.

THE Survey of the whole Creation, and of every thing that is tranſacted in it is a Proſpect worthy of Omniſcience; and as much above that, in which *Virgil*

has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Chriſtian Idea of the Supreme Being is more Rational and Sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular Objects on which he is deſcribed to have caſt his Eye, are repreſented in the moſt beautiful and lively Manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
(From the pure Empyrean where he ſits
High thron'd above all height) bent down his Eye,
His own Works and their Works at once to view.
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as Stars, and from his Sight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt Utt'rance: On his right
The radiant Image of his Glory ſat,
His only Son. On Earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt Parents, yet the only two
Of Mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of Joy and Love;
Uninterrupted Joy, unrival'd Love,
In bliſsful Solitude. He then ſurvey'd
Hell and the Gulph between, and Satan *there*
Coaſting the Wall of Heav'n on this ſide Night,
In the dun air ſublime; and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land imboſom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreſeeing ſpake.

SATAN's Approach to the Confines of the Creation, is finely imaged in the Beginning of the Speech which immediately follows. The Effects of this Speech in the bleſſed Spirits, and in the Divine Perſon to whom it was addreſſed, cannot but fill the Mind of the Reader with a ſecret Pleaſure and Complacency.

Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spirits elect
Senſe of new Joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond Compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his Father ſhone

Subſtantially

Substantially expreſs'd; and in his face
Divine Compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure Grace.

I need not point out the Beauty of that Circumſtance, wherein the whole Hoſt of Angels are repreſented as ſtanding Mute; nor ſhew how proper the Occaſion was to produce ſuch a Silence in Heaven. The Cloſe of this Divine Colloquy, with the Hymn of Angels that follows upon it, are ſo wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical, that I ſhould not forbear inſerting the whole Paſſage, if the Bounds of my Paper would give me leave.

No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a Shout
(Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt Voices) utt'ring Joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c. ———

SATAN's Walk upon the Outſide of the Univerſe, which at a Diſtance appeared to him of a globular Form, but, upon his nearer Approach, looked like an unbounded Plain, is natural and noble: As his Roaming upon the Frontiers of the Creation between that Maſs of Matter, which was wrought into a World, and that ſhapeleſs unformed Heap of Materials, which ſtill lay in Chaos and Confuſion, ſtrikes the Imagination with ſomething aſtoniſhingly great and wild. I have before ſpoken of the *Limbo of Vanity*, which the Poet places upon this outermoſt Surface of the Univerſe, and ſhall here explain myſelf more at large on that, and other Parts of the Poem, which are of the ſame Shadowy Nature.

ARISTOTLE obſerves, that the Fable of an Epic Poem ſhould abound in Circumſtances that are both credible and aſtoniſhing; or as the *French* Criticks chooſe to phraſe it, the Fable ſhould be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This Rule is as fine and juſt as any in *Ariſtotle*'s whole Art of Poetry.

IF the Fable is only Probable, it differs nothing from a true Hiſtory; if it is only Marvellous, it is no better than a Romance. The great Secret therefore of Heroic Poetry is to relate ſuch Circumſtances as may produce

in the Reader at the ſame time both Belief and Aſtoniſhment. This is brought to paſs in a *well-choſen* Fable, by the Account of ſuch things as have really happened, or at leaſt of ſuch things as have happened according to the received Opinions of Mankind. *Milton*'s Fable is a Maſter-piece of this Nature; as the War in Heaven, the Condition of the fallen Angels, the State of Innocence, the Temptation of the Serpent, and the Fall of Man, though they are very aſtoniſhing in themſelves, are not only credible, but actual Points of Faith.

THE next Method of reconciling Miracles with Credibility, is by a happy Invention of the Poet; as in particular, when he introduces Agents of a ſuperior Nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary courſe of things. *Ulyſſes*'s Ship being turned into a Rock, and *Æneas*'s Fleet into a Shoal of Water-Nymphs, though they are very ſurpriſing Accidents, are nevertheleſs probable when we are told that they were the Gods who thus tranſformed them. It is this kind of Machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with ſuch Circumſtances as are wonderful, but not impoſſible, and ſo frequently produce in the Reader the moſt pleaſing Paſſion that can riſe in the Mind of Man, which is Admiration. If there be any Inſtance in the *Æneid* liable to Exception upon this Account, it is in the Beginning of the Third Book, where *Æneas* is repreſented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped Blood. To qualify this wonderful Circumſtance, *Polydorus* tells a Story from the Root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the Country having pierced him with Spears and Arrows, the Wood which was left in his Body took Root in his Wounds, and gave Birth to that bleeding Tree. This Circumſtance ſeems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural Cauſes, without the Interpoſition of any God, or other Supernatural Power capable of producing it. The Spears and Arrows grow of themſelves, without ſo much as the Modern Help of an Inchantment. If we look into the Fiction of *Milton*'s Fable, though we find it full of ſurpriſing Incidents, they are generally ſuited to our Notions of the Things and Perſons deſcribed, and tempered with

a

a due Meaſure of Probability. I muſt only make an Exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Epiſode of *Sin* and *Death*, and ſome of the imaginary Perſons in his *Chaos*. Theſe Paſſages are aſtoniſhing, but not credible; the Reader cannot ſo far impoſe upon himſelf as to ſee a Poſſibility in them; they are the Deſcription of Dreams and Shadows, not of Things or Perſons. I know that many Criticks look upon the Stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyſſey* and *Iliad*, to be Allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which, conſidering the Opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the Age of the Poet, might poſſibly have been according to the Letter. The Perſons are ſuch as might have acted what is aſcribed to them, as the Circumſtances in which they are repreſented, might poſſibly have been Truths and Realities. This Appearance of Probability is ſo abſolutely requiſite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Ariſtotle* obſerves the Ancient Tragic Writers made uſe of the Names of ſuch great Men as had actually lived in the World, tho' the Tragedy proceeded upon Adventures they were never engaged in, on purpoſe to make the Subject more Credible. In a word, beſides the hidden Meaning of an Epic Allegory, the Plain literal Senſe ought to appear Probable. The Story ſhould be ſuch as an ordinary Reader may acquieſce in, whatever Natural, Moral or Political Truth may be diſcovered in it by Men of greater Penetration.

SATAN, after having long wander'd upon the Surface, or outmoſt Wall of the Univerſe, diſcovers at laſt a wide Gap in it, which led into the Creation, and is deſcribed as the opening through which the Angels paſs to and fro into the lower World, upon their Errands to Mankind. His Sitting upon the Brink of this Paſſage, and taking a Survey of the whole Face of Nature that appeared to him new and freſh in all its Beauties, with the Simile illuſtrating this Circumſtance, fills the Mind of the Reader with as ſurpriſing and glorious an Idea as any that ariſes in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vaſt Hollow of the Univerſe with the Eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his firſt Book) with the Ken of an Angel. He ſurveys all the Wonders in this immenſe Amphitheatre that lie between both the Poles

of Heaven, and takes in at one View the whole round of the Creation.

HIS Flight between the ſeveral Worlds that ſhined on every ſide of him, with the particular Deſcription of the Sun, are ſet forth in all the Wantonneſs of a luxuriant Imagination. His Shape, Speech and Behaviour upon his transforming himſelf into an Angel of Light, are touched with exquiſite Beauty. The Poet's Thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar Opinion of Mankind is the moſt conſpicuous Part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a Circumſtance very finely contrived, and the more adjuſted to a Poetical Probability, as it was a received Doctrine among the moſt famous Philoſophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an Apoſtle in Sacred Writ is ſaid to have ſeen ſuch an Angel in the Sun. In the Anſwer which this Angel returns to the diſguiſed evil Spirit, there is ſuch a becoming Majeſty as is altogether ſuitable to a ſuperior Being. The Part of it in which he repreſents himſelf as preſent at the Creation, is very noble in itſelf, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requiſite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the Seventh Book.

I ſaw when at his Word the formleſs Maſs,
This World's material Mould, came to a Heap:
Confuſion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt Infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond Bidding Darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, &c.

IN the following Part of the Speech he points out the Earth with ſuch Circumſtances, that the Reader can ſcarce forbear fancying himſelf employed on the ſame diſtant View of it.

Look downward on the Globe whoſe hither Side
With Light from hence, tho' but reflected, ſhines;
That Place is Earth, the Seat of Man, that Light
His Day, &c.

I muſt not conclude my Reflexions upon this Third Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, without taking notice of that celebrated Complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deſerves all the Praiſes that have been given

given it; tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an Excreſcence, than as an eſſential Part of the Poem. The ſame Obſervation might be applied to that beautiful Digreſſion upon Hypocriſy, in the ſame Book. L.

N° 316 *Monday, March* 3.

Libertas; quæ ſera tamen reſpexit Inertem.
Virg. Ecl. 1. v. 28.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' ſlow to come.
DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a Letter which is ſent with the 'more Pleaſure for the Reality of its Complaints, 'this may have Reaſon to hope for a favourable Ac-'ceptance; and if Time be the moſt irretrievable Loſs, 'the Regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the 'moſt juſtifiable. The regaining of my Liberty from a 'long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and the Deſire 'of reſiſting the farther Incroachment of Idleneſs, make 'me apply to you; and the Uneaſineſs with which I 'recollect the paſt Years, and the Apprehenſions with 'which I expect the Future, ſoon determined me to it.

'IDLENESS is ſo general a Diſtemper, that I can-'not but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of 'univerſal Uſe. There is hardly any one Perſon with-'out ſome Allay of it; and thouſands beſides myſelf 'ſpend more Time in an idle Uncertainty which to be-'gin firſt of two Affairs, than would have been ſufficient 'to have ended them both. The Occaſion of this ſeems 'to be the Want of ſome neceſſary Employment, to put 'the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their 'Lethargy: If I had leſs Leiſure, I ſhould have more; 'for I ſhould then find my Time diſtinguiſhed into Por-'tions, ſome for Buſineſs, and others for the indulging of 'Pleaſures: But now one Face of Indolence overſpreads

'the

'the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct myſelf 'by. Were one's Time a little ſtraitned by Buſineſs, like 'Water inclos'd in its Banks, it would have ſome deter-'mined Courſe; but unleſs it be put into ſome Channel 'it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without either 'Uſe or Motion.

'WHEN *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the '*Turks*, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm 'in the Battles he had won from them, imagined that 'by wearing a piece of his Bones near their Heart, they 'ſhould be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that 'which inſpired him when living. As I am like to be 'but of little uſe whilſt I live, I am reſolved to do what 'Good I can after my Deceaſe; and have accordingly 'ordered my Bones to be diſpoſed of in this Manner for 'the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with 'too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters, upon 'wearing me, would in a ſhort time be brought to en-'dure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit 'them with Regret at Ten: Inſtead of hurrying away 'to teize a poor Animal, and run away from their own 'Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot would be thought the 'moſt deſirable Means of performing a Remove from 'one Place to another. I ſhould be a Cure for the un-'natural Deſire of *John Trot* for Dancing, and a Spe-'cifick to leſſen the Inclination Mrs. *Fidget* has to Mo-'tion, and cauſe her always to give her Approbation to 'the preſent Place ſhe is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* Mum-'my was ever half ſo uſeful in Phyſick, as I ſhould be 'to theſe feveriſh Conſtitutions, to repreſs the violent 'Sallies of Youth, and give each Action its proper 'Weight and Repoſe.

'I can ſtifle any violent Inclination, and oppoſe a Tor-'rent of Anger, or the Solicitations of Revenge, with 'Succeſs. But Indolence is a Stream wich flows ſlowly 'on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Vir-'tue. A Vice of a more lively Nature were a more 'deſirable Tyrant than this Ruſt of the Mind, which 'gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action of ones 'Life. It were as little Hazard to be toſt in a Storm, as 'to lie thus perpetually becalmed: And it is to no Pur-'poſe to have within one the Seeds of a thouſand good

'Qualities,

'Qualities, if we want the Vigour and Reſolution neceſ-
'ſary for the exerting them. Death brings all Perſons
'back to an Equality; and this Image of it, this Slumber
'of the Mind, leaves no Difference between the greateſt
'Genius and the meaneſt Underſtanding: A Faculty of
'doing things remarkably praiſe-worthy thus concealed,
'is of no more uſe to the Owner, than a Heap of Gold
'to the Man who dares not uſe it.

'TO-MORROW is ſtill the fatal Time when all
'is to be rectified. To-morrow comes, it goes, and ſtill
'I pleaſe myſelf with the Shadow, whilſt I loſe the
'Reality, unmindful that the preſent Time alone is
'ours, the future is yet unborn, and the paſt is dead,
'and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the
'Actions it has produced.

'THE Time we live ought not to be computed by
'the Number of Years, but by the Uſe has been made
'of it; thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly
'Rent which gives the Value to the Eſtate. Wretched
'and thoughtleſs Creatures, in the only Place where
'Covetouſneſs were a Virtue we turn Prodigals! No-
'thing lies upon our hands with ſuch Uneaſineſs, nor
'has there been ſo many Devices for any one Thing, as
'to make it ſlide away imperceptibly and to no purpoſe.
'A Shilling ſhall be hoarded up with Care, whilſt that
'which is above the Price of an Eſtate, is flung away
'with Diſregard and Contempt. There is nothing now-
'a-days ſo much avoided, as a ſolicitous Improvement
'of every Part of Time; 'tis a Report muſt be ſhunned
'as one tenders the Name of a Wit and a fine Genius,
'and as one fears the dreadful Character of a laborious
'Plodder: But notwithſtanding this, the greateſt Wits
'any Age has produced thought far otherwiſe; for who
'can think either *Socrates* or *Demoſthenes* loſt any Reputa-
'tion, by their continual Pains both in overcoming the
'Defects and improving the Gifts of Nature. All are
'acquainted with the Labour and Aſſiduity with which
'*Tully* acquir'd his Eloquence. *Seneca* in his Letters to
'*Lucelius* aſſures him, there was not a Day in which he
'did not either write ſomething, or read and epitomize
'ſome good Author; and I remember *Pliny* in one of his
'Letters, where he gives an account of the various Me-
'thods

'thods he uſed to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after 'ſeveral Employments which he enumerates; ſometimes, 'ſays he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a 'Pocket-book, that whilſt my Servants are buſied in 'diſpoſing of the Nets and other Matters, I may be em-'ployed in ſomething that may be uſeful to me in my 'Studies; and that if I miſs of my Game, I may at the 'leaſt bring home ſome of my own Thoughts with me, 'and not have the Mortification of having caught no-'thing all Day.

'THUS, Sir, you ſee how many Examples I recal to 'mind, and what Arguments I uſe with myſelf, to re-'gain my Liberty: But as I am afraid 'tis no Ordinary 'Perſuaſion that will be of Service, I ſhall expect your 'Thoughts on this Subject, with the greateſt Impatience, 'eſpecially ſince the Good will not be confined to me 'alone, but will be of univerſal Uſe. For there is no 'Hopes of Amendment where Men are pleas'd with their 'Ruin, and whilſt they think Lazineſs is a deſirable Cha-'racter: Whether it be that they like the State itſelf, 'or that they think it gives them a new Luſtre when 'they do exert themſelves, ſeemingly to be able to do 'that without Labour and Application, which others 'attain to but with the greateſt Diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

Samuel Slack.

CLYTANDER *to* CLEONE.

MADAM,

'PERMISSION to love you is all that I deſire, 'to conquer all the Difficulties thoſe about you 'place in my Way, to ſurmount and acquire all thoſe 'Qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the 'Honour of being,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble Servant,

CLYTANDER.

Nº 317 *Tueſday, March* 4.

———*fruges conſumere nati.*
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 27.

———*Born to drink and eat.* CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death aſked his Friends, who ſtood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving ſuch an Anſwer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then*, ſays he, *go off the Stage with your Applauſe*; uſing the Expreſſion with which the *Roman* Actors made their *Exit* at the Concluſion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wiſh that Men, while they are in Health, would conſider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of thoſe they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be ſuitable to a reaſonable Being; in ſhort, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satiriſt, or the Good Companion, conſider with himſelf, when his Body ſhall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul paſs into another State of Exiſtence, how much it would redound to his praiſe to have it ſaid of him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jeſt, or that he never went to Bed before he had diſpatched his third Bottle. Theſe are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceaſed Perſons who have acted among Mankind with ſome Figure and Reputation.

BUT if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are ſuch as are not likely to be remembred a Moment after their Diſappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Exiſtence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted

regretted by the Rich, nor celebrated by the Learned. They are neither miſſed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Perſons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much leſs Dignity than thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the Faculty of Reaſon. An eminent *French* Author ſpeaks ſomewhere to the following purpoſe; I have often ſeen from my Chamber-window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reaſon. Theſe two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two ſmooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phraſe it, in poliſhing Marble.

MY Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were ſitting in the Club laſt Night, gave us an Account of a ſober Citizen, who died a few Days ſince. This honeſt Man being of greater Conſequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for ſome Years paſt kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW ſhewed us one Week of it. Since the Occurrences ſet down in it mark out ſuch a Road of Action as that I have been ſpeaking of, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having firſt inform'd him, that the Deceaſed Perſon had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himſelf not ſo well turned for Buſineſs, he had for ſeveral Years laſt paſt lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight o'clock.* I put on my Clothes, and walked into the Parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my Knee-ſtrings, and waſhed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of *Virginia.* Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant.* Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Niſby*'s Opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for miſlaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs and no Suet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby*'s Opinion about the Peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to Bed, ſlept ſound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Roſe as uſual.

Nine o'clock. Waſhed Hands and Face, ſhaved, put on my double-ſoaled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a walk to *Iſlington*.

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob*'s Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as uſual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-houſe. Read the News. A Diſh of Twiſt. Grand Viſier ſtrangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby*'s Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Viſier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my Shoe-Buckle Broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the laſt Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-houſe. More Work in the North. Stranger in a Black Wig aſk'd me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as uſual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Diſh. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careleſs.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-houſe. Advice from *Smyrna* that the Grand Viſier was firſt of all ſtrangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body elſe came. Mr. *Nisby* of opinon that the Grand Viſier was not ſtrangled the Sixth Inſtant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, *Nine o'clock.* Staid within till Two o'clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promiſe.

Two in the Afternoon. Sat down to Dinner. Loſs of Appetite. Small-Beer ſour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a Box on the Ear. Turned off my Cook-maid. Sent a Meſſenger to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine o'clock.

FRIDAY, Paſſed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glaſs of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-houſe. Met Mr. *Niſby* there. Smoked ſeveral Pipes. Mr. *Niſby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six o'clock. At the Club as Steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small-Beer with the Grand Viſier.

SATURDAY, Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields, Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried myſelf.

Two. Mr. *Niſby* dined with me. Firſt Courſe, Marrow-bones; Second, Ox-cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three o'clock. Overſlept myſelf.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fall'n into a Gutter. Grand Viſier certainly Dead. *&c.*

I queſtion not but the Reader will be ſurpriſed to find the above-mentioned Journaliſt taking ſo much care of a Life that was filled with ſuch inconſiderable Actions, and received ſo very ſmall Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converſe with, we ſhall find that moſt of our Hours are taken up

up in thoſe three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking, and Sleeping. I do not ſuppoſe that a Man loſes his Time, who is not engaged in publick Affairs, or in an Illuſtrious Courſe of Action. On the contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in ſuch Tranſactions as make no Figure in the World, than in ſuch as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiſer and better by ſeveral Methods of Employing one's Self in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noiſe or Oſtentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and ſetting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themſelves, and incline them to conſider ſeriouſly what they are about. One Day would rectify the Omiſſions of another, and make a Man weigh all thoſe indifferent Actions, which, though they are eaſily forgotten, muſt certainly be accounted for. L

Nº 318 *Wedneſday, March* 5.

——— *non omnia poſſumus omnes.*

Virg. Ecl. 8. v. 63.

With different Talents form'd, we variouſly excel.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'A Certain Vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been conſidered by you as growing ſo deep in the Heart of Man, that the Affectation outlives the Practice of it. You muſt have obſerved that Men who have been bred in Arms preſerve to the moſt extreme and feeble old Age a certain Daring in their Aſpect: In like manner, they who have paſs'd their time in Galantry and Adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the Appearance of it, and carry a petu-

'petulant Inclination to their laſt Moments. Let this 'ſerve for a Preface to a Relation I am going to give 'you of an old Beau in Town, that has not only been 'amorous and a Follower of Women in general, but 'alſo, in ſpite of the Admonition of gray Hairs, been 'from his ſixty third Year to his preſent ſeventieth, in 'an actual Purſuit of a young Lady, the Wife of his 'Friend, and a Man of Merit. The gay old *Eſcalus* 'has Wit, good Health, and is perfectly well-bred; but 'from the Faſhion and Manners of the Court when he 'was in his Bloom, has ſuch a natural Tendency to 'amorous Adventure, that he thought it would be an 'endleſs Reproach to him to make no uſe of a Familia-'rity he was allowed at a Gentleman's Houſe, whoſe 'Good-humour and Confidence expoſed his Wife to the 'Addreſſes of any who ſhould take it in their head to 'do him the good Office. It is not impoſſible that '*Eſcalus* might alſo reſent that the Huſband was par-'ticularly negligent of him; and tho' he gave many In-'timations of a Paſſion towards the Wife, the Huſband 'either did not ſee them, or put him to the Contempt 'of over-looking them. In the mean time *Iſabella*, for 'ſo we ſhall call our Heroine, ſaw his Paſſion, and re-'joiced in it as a Foundation for much Diverſion, and an 'Opportunity of Indulging herſelf in the dear Delight 'of being admired, addreſſed to, and flattered, with no 'ill Conſequence to her Reputation. This Lady is of a 'free and diſengaged Behaviour, ever in Good-humour, 'ſuch as is the Image of Innocence with thoſe who are 'Innocent, and an Encouragement to Vice with thoſe 'who are abandoned. From this Kind of Carriage, 'and an apparent Approbation of his Galantry, *Eſcalus* 'had frequent Opportunities of laying amorous Epiſtles 'in her Way, of fixing his Eyes attentively upon her 'Action, of performing a thouſand little Offices which 'are neglected by the Unconcerned, but are ſo many 'Approaches towards Happineſs with the Enamoured. 'It was now, as is above hinted, almoſt the End of 'the ſeventh Year of his Paſſion, when *Eſcalus* from ge-'neral Terms, and the ambiguous Reſpect which crimi-'nal Lovers retain in their Addreſſes, began to bewail 'that his Paſſion grew too violent for him to anſwer any

'longer

'longer for his Behaviour towards her; and that he 'hoped ſhe would have Conſideration for his long and 'patient Reſpect, to excuſe the Motions of a Heart now 'no longer under the Direction of the unhappy Owner 'of it. Such for ſome Months had been the Language 'of *Eſcalus* both in his Talk and his Letters to *Iſabella*; 'who returned all the Profuſion of kind Things which 'had been the Collection of fifty Years with *I muſt not 'hear you; you will make me forget that you are a Gentle-'man; I would not willingly loſe you as a Friend*; and the 'like Expreſſions, which the Skilful interpret to their 'own Advantage, as well knowing that a feeble Denial 'is a modeſt Aſſent. I ſhould have told you, that '*Iſabella*, during the whole Progreſs of this Amour, 'communicated it to her Huſband; and that an Ac-'count of *Eſcalus*'s Love was their uſual Entertainment 'after half a Day's Abſence: *Iſabella* therefore, upon 'her Lover's late more open Aſſaults, with a Smile told 'her Huſband ſhe could hold out no longer, but that 'his Fate was now come to a Criſis. After ſhe had 'explained herſelf a little farther, with her Huſband's 'Approbation ſhe proceeded in the following Manner. 'The next Time that *Eſcalus* was alone with her, and 'repeated his Importunity, the crafty *Iſabella* looked on 'her Fan with an Air of great Attention, as conſider-'ing of what Importance ſuch a Secret was to her; and 'upon the Repetition of a warm Expreſſion, ſhe looked 'at him with an Eye of Fondneſs, and told him he was paſt 'that Time of Life, which could make her fear he would 'boaſt of a Lady's Favour; then turned away her Head 'with a very well acted Confuſion, which favoured the 'Eſcape of the Aged *Eſcalus*. This Adventure was Mat-'ter of great Pleaſantry to *Iſabella* and her Spouſe; and 'they had enjoyed it two Days before *Eſcalus* could re-'collect himſelf enough to form the following Letter.

MADAM,

"WHAT happened the other Day, gives me a "lively Image of the Inconſiſtency of human "Paſſions and Inclinations. We purſue what we are "denied, and place our Affections on what is abſent, "tho' we neglected it when preſent. As long as you

"refuſed

" refuſed my Love, your Refuſal did ſo ſtrongly excite " my Paſſion, that I had not once the Leiſure to think of " recalling my Reaſon to aid me againſt the Deſign upon " your Virtue. But when that Virtue began to comply " in my Favour, my Reaſon made an Effort over my " Love, and let me ſee the Baſeneſs of my Behaviour " in attempting a Woman of Honour. I own to you, " it was not without the moſt violent Struggle, that I " gained this Victory over myſelf; nay, I will confeſs " my Shame, and acknowledge I could not have pre- " vailed but by Flight. However, Madam, I beg that " you will believe a Moment's Weakneſs has not de- " ſtroyed the Eſteem I had for you, which was con- " firmed by ſo many Years of Obſtinate Virtue. You " have Reaſon to rejoice that this did not happen with- " in the Obſervation of one of the young Fellows, who " would have expoſed your Weakneſs, and gloried in " his own Brutiſh Inclinations.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt devoted Humble Servant.

" *Iſabella*, with the Help of her Huſband, returned " the following Anſwer.

SIR,

" I Cannot but account myſelf a very happy Wo- " man, in having a Man for a Lover that can write " ſo well, and give ſo good a Turn to a Diſappoint- " ment. Another Excellence you have above all other " Pretenders I ever heard of; on Occaſions where the " moſt reaſonable Men loſe all their Reaſon, you have " yours moſt powerful. We are each of us to thank our " Genius, that the Paſſion of one abated in Proportion " as that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet " come into your Head, to imagine that I knew my " Compliance was the greateſt Cruelty I could be guilty " of towards you? In return for your long and faith- " ful Paſſion, I muſt let you know that you are old " enough to become a little more Gravity; but if you " will leave me and coquet it any where elſe, may your " Miſtreſs yield.

ISABELLA.

N° 319 *Thurſday, March* 6.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 90.

What Chain can hold this varying Proteus *faſt?*
CREECH.

I Have endeavoured, in the Courſe of my Papers, to do Juſtice to the Age, and have taken care as much as poſſible to keep myſelf a Neuter between both Sexes. I have neither ſpared the Ladies out of Complaiſance, nor the Men out of Partiality; but notwithſtanding the great Integrity with which I have acted in this Particular, I find myſelf taxed with an Inclination to favour my own half of the Species. Whether it be that the Women afford a more fruitful Field for Speculation, or whether they run more in my Head than the Men, I cannot tell, but I ſhall ſet down the Charge as it is laid againſt me in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Always make one among a Company of young Fe-
'males, who peruſe your Speculations every Morn-
'ing. I am at preſent Commiſſioned, by our whole
'Aſſembly, to let you know, that we fear you are a
'little inclined to be partial towards your own Sex. We
'muſt however acknowledge, with all due Gratitude,
'that in ſome Caſes you have given us our Revenge on
'the Men, and done us Juſtice. We could not eaſily have
'forgiven you ſeveral Strokes in the Diſſection of the
'*Coquette*'s *Heart*, if you had not much about the ſame
'time made a Sacrifice to us of a *Beau*'s *Scull*.

'YOU may further, Sir, pleaſe to remember, that
'not long ſince you attacked our Hoods and Commodes
'in ſuch manner, as, to uſe your own Expreſſion, made
'very many of us aſhamed to ſhew our Heads. We
'muſt, therefore, beg leave to repreſent to you, that we
'are in Hopes, if you would pleaſe to make a due In-

'quiry,

'quiry, the Men in all Ages would be found to have 'been little leſs whimſical in adorning that Part, than 'ourſelves. The different Forms of their Wigs, to-'gether with the various Cocks of their Hats, all flatter 'us in this Opinion.

'I had an humble Servant laſt Summer, who the firſt 'time he declared himſelf was in a Full-Bottom'd Wig; 'but the Day after, to my no ſmall Surpriſe, he accoſted 'me in a thin Natural one. I received him, at this our 'ſecond Interview, as a perfect Stranger, but was ex-'tremely confounded, when his Speech diſcovered who 'he was. I reſolved, therefore, to fix his Face in my 'Memory for the future; but as I was walking in the 'Park the ſame Evening, he appeared to me in one of 'thoſe Wigs that I think you call a *Night-cap*, which 'had altered him more effectually than before. He after-'wards played a Couple of Black Riding Wigs upon me, 'with the ſame Succeſs; and in ſhort, aſſumed a new Face 'almoſt every Day in the firſt Month of his Courtſhip.

'I obſerved afterwards, that the Variety of Cocks in-'to which he moulded his Hat, had not a little contri-'buted to his Impoſitions upon me.

'YET, as if all theſe Ways were not ſufficient to 'diſtinguiſh their Heads, you muſt doubtleſs, Sir, have 'obſerved, that great Numbers of young Fellows have, 'for ſeveral Months laſt paſt, taken upon them to wear 'Feathers.

'WE hope, therefore, that theſe may, with as much 'Juſtice, be called *Indian Princes*, as you have ſtiled a 'Woman in a coloured Hood an *Indian* Queen; and 'that you will, in due time, take theſe airy Gentlemen 'into Conſideration.

'WE the more earneſtly beg that you would put a 'Stop to this Practice, ſince it has already loſt us one of 'the moſt agreeable Members of our Society, who after 'having refuſed ſeveral good Eſtates, and two Titles, 'was lured from us laſt Week by a *mixed Feather*.

'I am ordered to preſent you the Reſpects of our 'whole Company, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,

DORINDA.

Note,

Note. *THE Perſon wearing the Feather, tho' our Friend took him for an Officer in the Guards, has proved to be an arrant Linen-Draper.*

I am not now at leiſure to give my Opinion upon the Hat and Feather; however to wipe off the preſent Imputation, and gratify my Female Correſpondent, I ſhall here print a Letter which I lately received from a Man of Mode, who ſeems to have a very extraordinary Genius in his way.

SIR,

'I Preſume I need not inform you, that among Men 'of Dreſs it is a common Phraſe to ſay *Mr.* Such a 'one *has ſtruck a bold Stroke*; by which we underſtand, 'that he is the firſt Man who has had Courage enough 'to lead up a Faſhion. Accordingly, when our Tailors 'take Meaſure of us, they always demand *whether we 'will have a plain Suit, or ſtrike a bold Stroke.* I think 'I may without Vanity ſay, that I have ſtruck ſome of 'the boldeſt and moſt ſucceſsful Strokes of any Man 'in *Great Britain.* I was the firſt that ſtruck the long 'Pocket about two Years ſince; I was likewiſe the Author of the Froſted Button, which when I ſaw the Town 'came readily into, being reſolved to ſtrike while the 'Iron was hot, I produced much about the ſame time 'the Scallop Flap, the knotted Cravat, and made a fair 'Puſh for the Silver-clocked Stocking.

'A few Months after I brought up *the modiſh Jacket*, 'or the Coat with cloſe Sleeves. I ſtruck this at firſt in 'a plain *Doily*; but that failing, I ſtruck it a ſecond time 'in blue Camblet; and repeated the Stroke in ſeveral 'kinds of Cloth, till at laſt it took effect. There are two 'or three young Fellows at the other End of the Town, 'who have always their Eye upon me, and anſwer me 'Stroke for Stroke. I was once ſo unwary as to mention my Fancy in relation to a new-faſhion'd *Surtout* 'before one of theſe Gentlemen, who was diſingenuous 'enough to ſteal my Thought, and by that means prevented my intended Stroke.

'I have a Deſign this Spring to make very conſiderable Innovations in the Waſtecoat; and have already

'begun with a *Coup d'eſſai* upon the Sleeves, which 'has ſucceeded very well.

'I muſt further inform you, if you will promiſe to 'encourage or at leaſt to connive at me, that it is my 'Deſign to ſtrike ſuch a ſtroke the Beginning of the 'next Month, as ſhall ſurpriſe the whole Town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all 'the Particulars of my intended Dreſs; but will only 'tell you as a Sample of it, that I ſhall very ſpeedily 'appear at *White*'s in a *Cherry-coloured Hat*. I took 'this Hint from the Ladies Hoods, which I look upon 'as the boldeſt Stroke that Sex has ſtruck for theſe 'hundred Years laſt paſt.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, moſt Humble Servant,

Will Sprightly.

I have not Time at preſent to make any Reflexions on this Letter, but muſt not however omit, that having ſhewn it to WILL HONEYCOMB, he deſires to be acquainted with the Gentleman who writ it. X

Nº 320 *Friday, March 7.*

——————non pronuba Juno,
Non Hymenæus adeſt, non illi Gratia lecto:
Eumenides ſtravere torum——————

Ovid. Met. l. 6. v. 428.

Nor Hymen, *nor the Graces here preſide,*
Nor Juno *to befriend the blooming Bride;*
But Fiends with fun'ral Brands the Proceſs led,
And Furies waited at the Genial Bed. CROXAL.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have given many Hints in your Papers to 'the Diſadvantage of Perſons of your own Sex, 'who lay Plots upon Women. Among other 'hard Words you have publiſhed the Term *Male-Coquets*,

'and

'and been very ſevere upon ſuch as give themſelves the
'Liberty of a little Dalliance of Heart, and playing faſt
'and looſe, between Love and Indifference, till perhaps
'an eaſy young Girl is reduced to Sighs, Dreams and
'Tears; and languiſhes away her Life for a careleſs Cox-
'comb, who looks aſtoniſhed, and wonders at ſuch an
'Effect from what in him was all but common Civility.
'Thus you have treated the Men who are irreſolute in
'Marriage; but if you deſign to be impartial, pray be
'ſo honeſt as to print the Information I now give you,
'of a certain Set of Women who never Coquet for the
'Matter, but with an high Hand marry whom they
'pleaſe to whom they pleaſe. As for my Part, I ſhould
'not have concerned myſelf with them, but that I un-
'derſtand I am pitched upon by them, to be married,
'againſt my Will, to one I never ſaw in my Life. It has
'been my Misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice
'in a plentiful Fortune, of which I am Maſter, to be-
'ſpeak a fine Chariot, to give Direction for two or three
'handſom Snuff-boxes, and as many Suits of fine Clothes;
'but before any of theſe were ready, I heard Reports
'of my being to be married to two or three different
'young Women. Upon my taking notice of it to a
'young Gentleman who is often in my Company, he
'told me ſmiling, I was in the Inquiſition. You may
'believe I was not a little ſtartled at what he meant, and
'more ſo when he aſked me if I had beſpoke any thing
'of late that was fine. I told him ſeveral; upon which
'he produced a Deſcription of my Perſon from the
'Tradeſmen whom I had employed, and told me that
'they had certainly informed againſt me. Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR, Whatever the World may think of me, I am
'more Coxcomb than Fool, and I grew very Inquiſitive
'upon this Head, not a little pleaſed with the Novelty.
'My Friend told me, there were a certain Set of Wo-
'men of Faſhion, whereof the Number of ſix made a
'Committee, who ſat thrice a Week, under the Title
'of the Inquiſition on Maids and Bachelors. It ſeems,
'whenever there comes ſuch an unthinking gay Thing
'as myſelf to Town, he muſt want all Manner of Ne-
'ceſſaries, or be put into the Inquiſition by the firſt
'Tradeſman he employs. They have conſtant Intelli-

'gence with Cane-ſhops, Perfumers, Toymen, Coach-'makers, and China-houſes. From theſe ſeveral Places, 'theſe Undertakers for Marriages have as conſtant and 'regular Correſpondence, as the Funeral-Men have with 'Vintners and Apothecaries. All Bachelors are under 'their immediate Inſpection, and my Friend produced 'to me a Report given into their Board, wherein an 'old Uncle of mine who came to Town with me, and 'myſelf, were inſerted, and we ſtood thus; the Uncle 'ſmoky, rotten, poor; the Nephew raw, but no Fool, 'ſound at preſent, very rich. My Information did 'not end here, but my Friend's Advices are ſo good, 'that he could ſhew me a Copy of the Letter ſent to 'the young Lady who is to have me; which I incloſe 'to you.

Madam,

'THIS is to let you know, that you are to be 'married to a Beau that comes out on *Thurſ-'day* Six in the Evening. Be at the Park. You can-'not but know a Virgin Fop; they have a mind to 'look ſaucy, but are out of Countenance. The Board 'has denied him to ſeveral good Families. I wiſh you 'Joy.

Corinna.

WHAT makes my Correſpondent's Caſe the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the Report from my Cenſor of Marriages, the Friend he ſpeaks of is employed by the Inquiſition to take him in, as the Phraſe is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one Woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the Lady Commiſſioners have devoted him to another than the Perſon againſt whom they have employed their Agent his Friend to alarm him. The Plot is laid ſo well about this young Gentleman, that he has no Friend to retire to, no Place to appear in, or Part of the Kingdom to fly into, but he muſt fall into the Notice, and be ſubject to the Power of the Inquiſition. They have their Emiſſaries and Subſtitutes in all Parts of this united Kingdom. The firſt Step they uſually take, is to find from a Correſpondence, by their Meſſengers and

and Whiſperers, with ſome Domeſtick of the Bachelor (who is to be hunted into the Toils they have laid for him) what are his Manners, his Familiarities, his good Qualities or Vices; not as the Good in him is a Recommendation, or the Ill a Diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main Inquiry, What Eſtate he has in him? When this Point is well reported to the Board, they can take in a wild roaring Fox-hunter, as eaſily as a ſoft, gentle young Fop of the Town. The Way is to make all Places uneaſy to him, but the Scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His Brother Huntſmen, Bottle Companions, his Fraternity of Fops, ſhall be brought into the Conſpiracy againſt him. Then this Matter is not laid in ſo barefaced a Manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. Such a one would make him a very proper Wife; but by the Force of their Correſpondence they ſhall make it (as Mr. *Waller* ſaid of the Marriage of the Dwarfs) as impracticable to have any Woman beſides her they deſign him, as it would have been in *Adam* to have refuſed *Eve*. The Man named by the Commiſſion for Mrs. Such a one, ſhall neither be in Faſhion, nor dare ever to appear in Company, ſhould he attempt to evade their Determination.

THE Female Sex wholly govern domeſtick Life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can ſow Diſſenſions between the deareſt Friends, nay, make Father and Son irreconcilable Enemies in ſpite of all the Ties of Gratitude on one Part, and the Duty of Protection to be paid on the other. The Ladies of the Inquiſition underſtand this perfectly well; and where Love is not a motive to a Man's chooſing one whom they allot, they can, with very much Art, inſinuate Stories to the Diſadvantage of his Honeſty or Courage, till the Creature is too much diſpirited to bear up againſt a general ill Reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed Wedlock for Shelter. I have a long Letter bearing Date the fourth Inſtant, which gives me a large Account of the Policies of this Court; and find there is now before them a very refractory Perſon who has eſcaped all their Machinations for two Years laſt paſt: But they have prevented two ſucceſſive Matches which were of his own Inclina-

tion, the one, by a Report that his Miſtreſs was to be married, and the very Day appointed, Wedding-Clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the ſecond time by inſinuating to all his Miſtreſs's Friends and Acquaintance, that he had been falſe to ſeveral other Women, and the like. The poor Man is now reduced to profeſs he deſigns to lead a ſingle Life; but the Inquiſition give out to all his Acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the Gentleman's own Welfare and Happineſs. When this is urged he talks ſtill more humbly, and proteſts he aims only at a Life without Pain or Reproach; Pleaſure, Honour, and Riches, are things for which he has no taſte. But notwithſtanding all this and what elſe he may defend himſelf with, as that the Lady is too old or too young, of a ſuitable Humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impoſſible they can ever do other than wrangle from *June* to *January*, every Body tells him all this is Spleen, and he muſt have a Wife; while all the Members of the Inquiſition are unanimous in a certain Woman for him, and they think they altogether are better able to judge, than he or any other private Perſon whatſoever.

SIR, *Temple, March* 3, 1711.

'YOUR Speculation this Day on the Subject of Idleneſs has employed me, ever ſince I read it, 'in ſorrowful Reflexions on my having loitered away 'the Term (or rather the Vacation) of ten Years in 'this Place, and unhappily ſuffered a good Chamber 'and Study to lie idle as long. My Books (except thoſe 'I have taken to ſleep upon) have been totally neg-'lected, and my Lord *Coke* and other venerable Authors 'were never ſo ſlighted in their Lives. I ſpend moſt 'of the Day at a Neighbouring Coffee-houſe, where 'we have what I may call a lazy Club. We generally 'come in Night-Gowns, with our Stockings about our 'Heels, and ſometimes but one on. Our Salutation at 'Entrance is a Yawn and a Stretch, and then without 'more Ceremony we take our Place at the Lolling 'Table; where our Diſcourſe is, what I fear you would 'not read out, therefore ſhall not inſert. But I aſſure

'you,

'you, Sir, I heartily lament this Loſs of Time, and 'am now reſolved (if poſſible, with double Diligence) 'to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the Ar-'guments of Mr. *Slack* out of the Senſeleſs Stupidity 'that has ſo long poſſeſſed me. And to demonſtrate 'that Penitence accompanies my Confeſſion, and Con-'ſtancy my Reſolutions, I have locked my Door for a 'Year, and deſire you would let my Companions know 'I am not within. I am with great Reſpect,

SIR, Your moſt obedient Servant,

T N. B.

N° 321 *Saturday, March* 8.

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, dulcia ſunto.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 99.

'Tis not enough a Poem's finely writ;
It muſt affect and captivate the Soul.

THOSE, who know how many Volumes have been written on the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, will eaſily pardon the Length of my Diſcourſe upon *Milton*. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is looked upon by the beſt Judges, as the greateſt Production, or at leaſt the nobleſt Work of Genius in our Language, and therefore deſerves to be ſet before an *Engliſh* Reader in its full Beauty. For this Reaſon, tho' I have endeavoured to give a general Idea of its Graces and Imperfections in my Six firſt Papers, I thought myſelf obliged to beſtow one upon every Book in particular. The firſt Three Books I have already diſpatched, and am now entring upon the Fourth. I need not acquaint my Reader that there are Multitudes of Beauties in this great Author, eſpecially in the Deſcriptive Parts of this Poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my Intention to point out thoſe only,

which appear to me the moſt exquiſite, or thoſe which are not ſo obvious to ordinary Readers. Every one that has read the Critics who have written upon the *Odyſſey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their Opinions of the great Beauties in thoſe Poems, they have nevertheleſs each of them diſcovered ſeveral Maſter-Strokes, which have eſcaped the Obſervation of the reſt. In the ſame manner, I queſtion not, but any Writer, who ſhall treat of this Subject after me, may find ſeveral Beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I muſt likewiſe obſerve, that as the greateſt Maſters of Critical Learning differ among one another, as to ſome particular Points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound myſelf ſcrupulouſly to the Rules which any one of them has laid down upon that Art, but have taken the Liberty ſometimes to join with one, and ſometimes with another, and ſometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the Reaſon of the thing was on my ſide.

We may conſider the Beauties of the Fourth Book under three Heads. In the firſt are thoſe Pictures of Still-Life, which we meet with in the Deſcription of *Eden*, *Paradiſe*, *Adam*'s Bower, *&c.* In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the Speeches and Behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the laſt is the Conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the principal Actors in the Poem.

IN the Deſcription of *Paradiſe*, the Poet has obſerved *Ariſtotle*'s Rule of laviſhing all the Ornaments of Diction on the weak unactive Parts of the Fable, which are not ſupported by the Beauty of Sentiments and Characters. Accordingly the Reader may obſerve, that the Expreſſions are more florid and elaborate in theſe Deſcriptions, than in moſt other Parts of the Poem. I muſt further add, that tho' the *Drawings* of Gardens, Rivers, Rainbows, and the like dead Pieces of Nature are juſtly cenſured in an Heroic Poem, when they run out into an unneceſſary length; the Deſcription of *Paradiſe* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the Scene of the Principal Action, but as it is requiſite to give us an Idea of that Happineſs from which our firſt Parents fell. The Plan of it is wonder-

wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the ſhort Sketch which we have of it in holy Writ. *Milton*'s Exuberance of Imagination has poured forth ſuch a Redundancy of Ornaments on this Seat of Happineſs and Innocence, that it would be endleſs to point out each Particular.

I muſt not quit this Head, without further obſerving, that there is ſcarce a Speech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole Poem, wherein the Sentiments and Alluſions are not taken from this their delightful Habitation. The Reader, during their whole Courſe of Action, always finds himſelf in the Walks of *Paradiſe*. In ſhort, as the Critics have remarked, that in thoſe Poems wherein Shepherds are Actors, the Thoughts ought always to take a Tincture from the Woods, Fields, and Rivers, ſo we may obſerve, that our firſt Parents ſeldom loſe Sight of their happy Station in any thing they ſpeak or do; and, if the Reader will give me leave to uſe the Expreſſion, that their Thoughts are always *Paradiſiacal*.

WE are in the next Place to conſider the Machines of the Fourth Book. *Satan* being now within Proſpect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the Glories of the Creation, is filled with Sentiments different from thoſe which he diſcovered whilſt he was in Hell. The Place inſpires him with Thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy Condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a Speech that is ſoftned with ſeveral tranſient Touches of Remorſe and Self-accuſation: But at length he confirms himſelf in Impenitence, and in his Deſign of drawing Man into his own State of Guilt and Miſery. This Conflict of Paſſions is raiſed with a great deal of Art, as the opening of his Speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing Glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whoſe Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminiſh'd Heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly Voice; and add thy name
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy Beams,
That bring to my Remembrance from what State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere,

THIS Speech is, I think, the fineſt that is aſcribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his Diſcoveries concerning our firſt Parents, and to learn after what manner they may be beſt attacked. His bounding over the Walls of *Paradiſe*; his ſitting in the Shape of a Cormorant upon the Tree of Life, which ſtood in the Centre of it, and overtopped all the other Trees of the Garden; his alighting among the Herd of Animals, which are ſo beautifully repreſented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*, together with his transforming himſelf into different Shapes, in order to hear their Converſation; are Circumſtances that give an agreeable Surpriſe to the Reader, and are deviſed with great Art, to connect that Series of Adventures in which the Poet has engaged this Artificer of Fraud.

THE Thought of *Satan*'s Transformation into a Cormorant, and placing himſelf on the Tree of Life, ſeems raiſed upon that Paſſage in the *Iliad*, where two Deities are deſcribed, as perching on the Top of an Oak in the Shape of Vultures.

HIS planting himſelf at the Ear of *Eve* under the form of a Toad, in order to produce vain Dreams and Imaginations, is a Circumſtance of the ſame nature; as his ſtarting up in his own Form is wonderfully fine both in the Literal Deſcription, and in the Moral which is concealed under it. His Anſwer upon his being diſcovered, and demanded to give an Account of himſelf, is conformable to the Pride and Intrepidity of his Character.

Know ye not then, ſaid Satan, *fill'd with Scorn,*
Know ye not Me! ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where you durſt not ſoar;
Not to know Me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng ———

ZEPHON's Rebuke, with the Influence it had on *Satan*, is exquiſitely Graceful and Moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the Guardian Angels, who kept watch in *Paradiſe*. His diſdainful Behaviour on this Occaſion is ſo remarkable a Beauty, that the moſt ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of it.

it. *Gabriel*'s diſcovering his Approach at a Diſtance, is drawn with great Strength and Livelineſs of Imagination.

O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble Feet
Haſting this Way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel *and* Zephon *through the ſhade,*
And with them comes a third of Regal Port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanor ſeems the Prince of Hell:
Not likely to part hence without conteſt:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

THE Conference between *Gabriel* and *Satan* abounds with Sentiments proper for the Occaſion, and ſuitable to the Perſons of the two Speakers. *Satan* clothing himſelf with Terror when he prepares for the Combat is truly ſublime, and at leaſt equal to *Homer*'s Deſcription of Diſcord celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of Fame in *Virgil*, who are both repreſented with their Feet ſtanding upon the Earth, and their Heads reaching above the Clouds.

While thus he ſpake, th' Angelick Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned Horns
Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported Spears, &c.
——*On th' other ſide* Satan *alarm'd,*
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood
Like Teneriff, *or* Atlas, *unremov'd:*
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Creſt
Sat Horror plum'd; ——

I muſt here take notice, that *Milton* is every where full of Hints and ſometimes literal Tranſlations, taken from the greateſt of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. But this I may reſerve for a Diſcourſe by itſelf, becauſe I would not break the Thread of theſe Speculations, that are deſigned for *Engliſh* Readers, with ſuch Reflexions as would be of no uſe but to the Learned.

I muſt however obſerve in this Place, that the breaking off the Combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the Golden Scales in Heaven, is a Refinement upon *Homer*'s Thought, who tells us, that before the

the Battle between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter* weighed the Event of it in a pair of Scales. The Reader may ſee the whole Paſſage in the 22d *Iliad*.

VIRGIL, before the laſt deciſive Combat, deſcribes *Jupiter* in the ſame manner, as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful Circumſtance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only inſert it as a Poetical Embelliſhment, like the Authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful uſe of it for the proper carrying on of his Fable, and for the breaking off the Combat between the two Warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more juſtified in this Paſſage, as we find the ſame noble Allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked Prince, ſome few Hours before he was aſſaulted and ſlain, is ſaid to have been *weighed in the Scales, and to have been found wanting*.

I muſt here take notice under the Head of the Machines, that *Uriel*'s gliding down to the Earth upon a Sun-beam, with the Poet's Device to make him *deſcend*, as well in his Return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a Prettineſs that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but ſeems below the Genius of *Milton*. The Deſcription of the Hoſt of armed Angels walking their nightly Round in *Paradiſe*, is of another Spirit.

So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the Moon;

as that Account of the Hymns which our firſt Parents uſed to hear them ſing in theſe their Midnight Walks, is altogether Divine, and inexpreſſibly amuſing to the Imagination.

WE are, in the laſt Place, to conſider the Parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the Fourth Book. The Deſcription of them, as they firſt appeared to *Satan*, is exquiſitely drawn, and ſufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that Aſtoniſhment, and thoſe Emotions of Envy, in which he is repreſented.

Two of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
God-like erect! with native honour clad
In naked Majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all;

And

And worthy ſeem'd: for in their looks divine
The Image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, Wiſdom, Sanctitude ſevere and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye ſublime, declar'd
Abſolute rule; and Hyacinthin *Locks*
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, down to her ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden Treſſes wore
Diſ-ſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the Sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met.

THERE is a fine Spirit of Poetry in the Lines which follow, wherein they are deſcribed as ſitting on a Bed of Flowers by the ſide of a Fountain, amidſt a mixed Aſſembly of Animals.

THE Speeches of theſe two firſt Lovers flowe qually from Paſſion and Sincerity. The Profeſſions they make to one another are full of Warmth; but at the ſame time founded on Truth. In a word, they are the Galantries of *Paradiſe*.

———*When* Adam *firſt of Men*—
Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; ———
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful Taſk,
To prune thoſe growing plants, and tend theſe flow'rs:
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve *reply'd. O thou for whom,*
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right,
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee

Preeminent

Preeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find, &c.

THE remaining Part of *Eve*'s Speech, in which ſhe gives an Account of herſelf upon her firſt Creation, and the Manner in which ſhe was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a Paſſage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatſoever. Theſe Paſſages are all worked off with ſo much Art, that they are capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate Reader, without offending the moſt ſevere.

That Day I oft remember, when from Sleep, &c.

A Poet of leſs Judgment and Invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled theſe tender Parts of the Poem with Sentiments proper for a State of Innocence; to have deſcribed the Warmth of Love, and the Profeſſions of it, without Artifice or Hyperbole; to have made the Man ſpeak the moſt endearing things, without deſcending from his natural Dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the Modeſty of her Character; in a word, to adjuſt the Prerogatives of Wiſdom and Beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper Force and Lovelineſs. This mutual Subordination of the two Sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the Speech of *Eve* I have before mentioned, and upon the Concluſion of it in the following Lines.

So ſpake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of Conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt Father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior Love. ———

THE Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with Envy at the ſight of ſo much Happineſs.

WE have another View of our firſt Parents in their Evening Diſcourſes, which is full of pleaſing Images and Sentiments ſuitable to their Condition and Characters.

The

The Speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dreſſed up in ſuch a ſoft and natural Turn of Words and Sentiments, as cannot be ſufficiently admired.

I ſhall cloſe my Reflexions upon this Book, with obſerving the Maſterly Tranſition which the Poet makes to their Evening Worſhip in the following Lines.

Thus at their ſhady Lodge, arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open Sky, ador'd
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heav'n,
Which they beheld, the Moon's reſplendent Globe,
And ſtarry Pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, *&c.*

MOST of the Modern Heroick Poets have imitated the Ancients in beginning a Speech without premiſing, that the Perſon ſaid thus or thus; but as it is eaſy to imitate the Ancients in the Omiſſion of two or three Words, it requires Judgment to do it in ſuch a manner as they ſhall not be miſſed, and that the Speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine Inſtance of this Kind out of *Homer*, in the Twenty Third Chapter of *Longinus*. L.

THE

THE INDEX.

A.

ACademy for Politics, Number 305. The Regulations of it, *&c. ibid.*

Admiration, ſhort-liv'd, N. 256.

Age. A comfortable old Age, the Reward of a well-ſpent Youth, N. 260.

Agreeable Man, who, N. 280.

Ambition, never ſatisfy'd, N. 256. The End of it, N. 255. The Effects of it in the Mind, N. 256. ſubjects us to many Troubles, N. 257. The true Object of a laudable Ambition, *ibid.*

Appetites the Incumbrances of old Age, N. 260.

Ariſtotle, his Definition of an intire Action of Epic Poetry, N. 267. His Senſe of the Greatneſs of the Action in a Poem; his Method of examining an Epic Poem, N. 273. An Obſervation of that Critic's, *ibid.* One of the beſt Logicians in the World, N. 291. His Diviſion of a Poem, N. 297. Another of his Obſervations, *ibid.* His Obſervation on the Fable of an Epic Poem, N. 315.

Art of Criticiſm, the *Spectator's* Account of that Poem, N. 253.

Audiences, at preſent void of common Senſe, N. 290.

Auguſtus, his Requeſt to his Friends at his Death, N. 317.

B.

BEAU's Head, the Diſſection of one, N, 275.

Beauty in a virtuous Woman makes her more virtuous, N. 302.

Bills of Mortality, the Uſe of them, N. 289.

Boccalini, his Animadverſions upon Critics, N. 291.

C.

Cæſar, (*Julius*) a frequent Saying of his, N. 256: Calamities, the Merit of Suffering patiently under them, N. 312.
Camillus, his Deportment to his Son, N. 263.
Canidia, an antiquated Beauty, deſcribed, N. 301.
Capacities of Children not duly regarded in their Education, N. 307.
Cenſor of Marriages, N. 308.
Charity-Schools, great Inſtances of a public Spirit, N. 294.
Clavius, proving uncapable of any other Studies, became a celebrated Mathematician, N. 307.
Compariſons in *Homer* and *Milton*, defended by Monſieur *Boileau* againſt Monſieur *Perrault*, N. 303.
Coquette's Heart diſſected, N. 281.
Coverley (Sir *Roger de*) his Return to Town, and Converſation with the *Spectator* in *Gray's-Inn* Walks, N. 269. His intended Generoſity to his Widow, N. 295.
Courtſhip, the pleaſanteſt Part of a Man's Life, N. 261,
Credit undone with a Whiſper, N. 320.
Criminal Love, ſome Account of the State of it, N. 274.
Critic, the Qualities requiſite to a good one, N. 291.

D.

Death, Deaths of eminent Perſons, the moſt improving Paſſages in Hiſtory, N. 289.
Decency, nearly related to Virtue, N. 292.
Decency of Behaviour, generally tranſgreſſed, N. 292.
Delicacy; the difference betwixt a true and falſe Delicacy, N. 286. The Standard of it, *ibid.*
Dependents, Objects of Compaſſion, N. 282.
Diſtreſt Mother, a new Tragedy, recommended by the *Spectator*, N. 290.

E.

Eating; Drinking and Sleeping, with the generality of People, the three important Articles of Life, N. 317.
Education; whether the Education at a public School, or under a private Tutor, be to be preferred, N. 313. The Advantage of a public Education, *ibid.*

Elizabeth, (Queen) her Medal on the Defeat of the *Spaniſh Armada*, N. 293.
Emilia, an Excellent Woman, her Character, N. 302.
Envy; the Abhorrence of Envy, a certain Note of a great Mind, N. 253.
Eyes; the prevailing Influence of the Eye inſtanced in ſeveral Particulars, N. 252.

F.

FAble of a Drop of Water, N. 293.
Fame, the Difficulty of obtaining and preſerving it, N. 255. The Inconveniences attending the Deſire of it, *ibid.*
Fop, what ſort of Perſons deſerve that Character, N. 280.
Fortune often unjuſtly complained of, N. 282. To be controlled by nothing but infinite Wiſdom, N. 293.
Fortune-Stealers, who they are that ſet up for ſuch, N. 311. Diſtinguiſh'd from Fortune-Hunters, *ibid.*
Fribblers, who, N. 288.

G.

GIfts of Fortune, more valued than they ought to be, N. 294.
Government, what Form of it the moſt reaſonable, N. 287.
Gracefulneſs of Action, the Excellency of it, N. 292.
Greeks and *Romans*, the different Methods obſerved by them in the Education of their Children, N. 313.

H.

Homer's Excellence in the Multitude and Variety of his Characters, N. 273. He degenerates ſometimes into Burleſk, N. 279.
Honeycomb (*Will*) his great Inſight into Galantry, N. 265. His Application to rich Widows, N. 311.
Hoods, colour'd, a new Invention, N. 265.

I.

JANE (Mrs.) a great Pickthank, N. 272.
Idleneſs, a great Diſtemper, N. 316.
Jeſuits, their great Sagacity in diſcovering the Talent of a young Student, N. 307.
Indolence, an Enemy to Virtue, N. 316.

Journal, a Week of a deceaſed Citizen's Journal preſented by Sir *Andrew Freeport* to the *Spectator*'s Club, N. 317. The Uſe of ſuch a Journal, *ibid.*
Irus; the great Artifice of *Irus*, N. 264.

K.

KNowledge, the main Sources of it, N. 287.

L.

Ladylove (*Bartholomew*) his Petition to the *Spectator*, N. 334.
Letters to the *Spectator*; from *Mary Heartfree*, deſcribing the powerful Effects of the Eye, N. 252. From *Barbara Crabtree*, to know if ſhe may not make uſe of a Cudgel on her Sot of a Huſband, *ibid.* from a Lawyer whoſe Wife is a great Orator, *ibid.* from *Lydia* to *Harriot*, a Lady newly married, N. 254. *Harriot*'s Anſwer, *ibid.* to the *Spectator*, from a Gentleman in Love with a Beauty without Fortune, *ibid.* from *Ralph Crotchet*, for a *Theatre* of *Eaſe* to be erected, N. 258. from Mr. *Clayton*, &c. *ibid.* from *Jack Afterday*, an old Bachelor, who is grown dead to all other Pleaſures but that of being worth 50000*l.* N. 260. from a Lover, with an incloſed Letter to his humourſom Miſtreſs, *ibid.* from a Father diſcourſing on the relative Duties betwixt Parents and their Children, N. 263. from a Mother to her undutiful Son, *ibid.* the Son's Anſwer, *ibid.* to the *Spectator*, from *Richard Eſtcourt*, with one incloſed from Sir *Roger de Coverley*, N. 264. from *James Eaſy*, who had his Noſe abuſed in the Pit, N. 268. from *A. B.* on the mercenary Views of Perſons when they marry, *ibid.* from *Anthony Gape*, who had the Misfortune to run his Noſe againſt a Poſt, whilſt he was ſtaring at a Beauty, *ibid.* from—— about the new-faſhioned Hoods, *ibid.* from one at *Oxford* in Love with *Patetia*, *ibid.* from *Tom Trippit*, on a *Greek* Quotation in a former *Spectator*, N. 271. from *C. D.* on Sir *Roger*'s return to Town, *ibid.* from *S. T.* who has a *Show* in a Box of a Man, a Woman, and a Horſe, *ibid.* from *Cleanthes*, complaining of Mrs. *Jane*, an old Maid, and a Pickthank, N. 272. from—— with an incloſed Letter from a Bawd to a noble Lord,

N. 274. From *Frank Courtley*, reproving the *Spectator* for ſome Freedoms he had taken, N. 276. from *Celia* incenſed at a Gentleman, who had named the Words *luſty Fellow* in her preſence, *ibid.* from *Pucella*, kept by an old Bachelor, *ibid.* from *Hezekiah Broadbrim*, accuſing the *Spectator*, for not keeping his Word, *ibid.* from *Teraminta* on the Arrival of a Madamoiſelle completely dreſſed from *Paris*, N. 277. from *Betty Croſs ſtitch* the Owner of Madamoiſelle, *ibid.* from a Shop-keeper whoſe Wife is too learned for him, N. 278. from *Florinda*, who writes for the *Spectator*'s Advice in the Choice of a Huſband, after ſhe is married, *ibid.* from *Clayton*, &c. on the ſame Subject with their former Letter, *ibid.* from *Jenny Simper*, complaining of the Clerk of the Pariſh who has overdeckt the Church with Greens, N. 282. from the Clerk in his own juſtification, N. 284. from—concerning falſe Delicacy, N. 286. from *Philobrune* of *Cambridge*, inquiring which is the moſt beautiful, a fair or a brown Complexion, *ibid.* from *Melainia* on *Male Jilts*, N. 288. from *Peter Motteux* who from an Author is turned Dealer, *ibid.* from *George Powel* who is to play the Part of *Oreſtes*, in a new Tragedy called *The Diſtreſt Mother*, N. 290. from *Sophia*, to know if the Gentleman ſhe ſaw in the Park with a ſhort Face was the *Spectator*, ibid. The *Spectator*'s Anſwer, *ibid.* To the *Spectator* from *Jezebel* a Woman poor and proud, N. 292. from *Joſiah Fribble* on Pin-Money, N. 295. from *J. M.* adviſing the *Spectator* to prefix no more *Greek* Mottoes to his Papers, N. 296. from *Aurelia Careleſs*, concerning the uſe of the Window in a beautiful Lady, *ibid.* from *Euphues* deſiring the *Spectator*'s Advice, *ibid.* from *Suſannah Lovebane*, againſt Lampooners, *ibid.* from *Charity Froſt*, ibid. from *John Trot*, ibid. from *Chaſtity Loveworth*, on the general Notion Men have of the other Sex, N. 298. from Sir *John Enville*, married to a Woman of Quality, N. 299. from *Suſannah Loveworth*, on the Behaviour of married People before Company, N. 300. from *Philanthropos*, on the Terms of Converſation with the Fair Sex, *ibid.* from *Miranda* on valetudinary Friendſhip, *ibid.* from *D. G.* thanking the *Spectator* for his Criticiſm

ticiſm on *Milton*, ibid. to *Chloe* from her Lover, giving her an Account of his Dreams, N. 301. from *Clitander*, a ſilent Lover, N. 304. from *Partheniſſa*, whoſe Face is damaged by the Small-Pox, N. 306. from *Corinna* to *Amilcar*, on the ſame Occaſion, *ibid.* *Amilcar*'s Anſwer, *ibid.* from—on the Education of Children, N. 307. from *Mules Palfrey*, with a Project for the better regulating of Matches, N. 308. from a Tradeſman married to a Woman of Quality, *ibid.* from *Reader Gentle* on a new Paper called *The Hiſtorian*, ibid. from *Elizabeth Sweepſtakes* complaining of *John Trot* the *Dancer*, ibid. from *Biddy Doughbake*, who having been bid to Love cannot unlove, N. 310. from *Dick Loveſick* in Love with a Lady, whoſe Fortune will not pay off his Debts by 500 *l.* *ibid.* from a diſcarded Lover, with a Letter to him from his Miſtreſs, and his Anſwer, *ibid.* from *Philanthropos*, on a Tale-bearer, *ibid.* from *Tim Watchwell*, on Fortune-Stealers, N. 311. from *J. O.* on the Expreſſions uſed by ſeveral of the Clergy in their Prayers before Sermon, N. 312. from——containing further Thoughts on Education, N. 313. from *Bob Harmleſs*, complaining of his Miſtreſs, N. 314. from *John Trot*, deſiring the Spectator's Advice, *ibid.* from *Toby Rentfree*, with a Complaint againſt *Signior Nicolini*, ibid. from *M. W.* on the Education of young Gentlewomen, *ibid.* from *Samuel Slack* on Idleneſs, N. 316. from *Clitander* to *Cleone*, ibid. to the *Spectator*, with an Account of the Amours of *Eſcalus* an old Beau, N. 318. from *Dorinda* complaining of the *Spectator*'s Partiality, N. 319. from *Will Sprightly*, a Man of Mode, concerning Faſhions, *ibid.* from—complaining of a Female Court called the *Inquiſition on Maids and Bachelors*, N. 320. The Power and Management of this Inquiſition, *ibid.* from *N. B.* a Member of the lazy Club, *ibid.*

Liberality, wherein the Decency of it conſiſts, N. 292.

Liberty of the People when beſt preſerved, N. 287.

Liddy (Miſs) the Difference betwixt her Temper, and that of her Siſter *Martha*, and the Reaſons of it, N. 396.

Life, we are in this Life nothing more than Paſſengers, N. 289. Illuſtrated by a Story of a travelling Der-

viſe,

vise, *ibid.* The three important Articles of it, N. 317.

M.

MALE Jilts, who, N. 288.
Man. Men differ from one another, as much in Sentiments as Features, N. 264. Their Corruption in general, *ibid.*
Marriage. Those Marriages the most happy, that are preceded by a long Courtship, N. 261. Unhappy ones, from whence proceeding, N. 268.
Merit, no Judgment to be formed of it from Success, N. 293.
Milton's Paradise Lost. The *Spectator*'s Criticism, and Observations on that Poem, N. 267, 273, 279, 285 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321. His Subject conformable to the Talents of which he was Master, N. 315. His Fable, a Master-Piece, *ibid.*
Moderation a great Virtue, N. 312.

O.

OUtrageously virtuous, what Women so called, N. 266.

P.

PArents too Mercenary in the Disposal of their Children in Marriage, N. 304. Too sparing in their Encouragement to Masters for the well Educating of their Children, N. 313.
Passions, the Use of them, N. 255.
Pedants in Breeding, as well as Learning, N. 286.
Petticoat Politicians, a Seminary to be established in *France*, N. 305.
Pin-Money condemned, N. 295.
Poems. Epic Poem, the chief things to be considered in it, N. 267.
Poets. Bad Poets given to Envy and Detraction, N. 253. the chief Qualification of a good Poet, N. 314.
Polycarpus, a Man beloved by every body, N. 280.
Power despotic, an unanswerable Argument against it, N. 287.
Prudence, the Influence it has on our good or ill Fortune in the World, N. 293.

R.

Rabelais, his Device, N, 283.
Recreation, the Neceſſity of it, N. 258.
Rich. To be Rich, the way to pleaſe, N. 280. The Advantages of being rich, N. 283. The Art of growing rich, *ibid.* The proper Uſe of Riches, N. 294.
Richlieu, Cardinal, his Politics made *France* the Terror of *Europe*, N. 305.

S.

SAlutation, ſubject to great Enormities, N. 259.
Scaramouth, an Expedient of his at *Paris*, N. 283.
School-Maſters, the Ignorance and Undiſcerning of the generality of them, N. 313.
Scornful Lady, the *Spectator*'s Obſervations at that Play, N. 270.
Sherlock (Dr.) the Reaſon his Diſcourſe of Death hath been ſo much peruſed, N. 289.
Slavery, what kind of Government the moſt removed from it, N. 287.
Smithfield-Bargain, in Marriage, the Inhumanity of it, N. 304.
Snape (Dr.) a Quotation from his Charity Sermon, N. 294.
Solitude. Few Perſons capable of a religious, learned, or philoſophic Solitude, N. 264.
Spartans, the Method uſed by them in the Education of their Children, N. 307.
Spectator, (the) his Averſion to pretty Fellows, and the Reaſon of it, N. 261. His Acknowledgments to the Public, N. 262. His Advice to the *Britiſh* Ladies, N. 265. His Adventure with a Woman of the Town, N. 266. His Deſcription of a *French* Puppet newly arrived, N. 277. His Opinion of our Form of Government and Religion, N, 287. Sometimes taken for a Pariſh Sexton, and why, N. 289.
Starch political, its Uſe, N. 305.
Stroke, to ſtrike a bold one, what meant by it, N. 319.

T.

THemiſtocles, his Anſwer to a Queſtion relating to the marrying his Daughter, N. 311.
Time, how the Time we live ought to be computed, N. 316.

Title-Page (*Anthony*) his Petition to the *Spectator*, N. 304.
Trade, the moſt likely Means to make a Man's private Fortune, N. 283.

V.

Virgil, wherein ſhort of *Homer*, N. 273.
Virtue, when the Sincerity of it it may reaſonably be ſuſpected, N. 266.

W.

Wasps and Doves in publie, who, N. 300.
Widows, the great Game of Fortune-hunters, N. 311.
Woman, a Definition of Woman by one of the Fathers, N. 265. the general Depravity of the inferior Part of the Sex, N. 274. they wholly govern domeſtick Life, N. 320.

The End of the Fourth Volume.